OLD WEST

Summer, 1968

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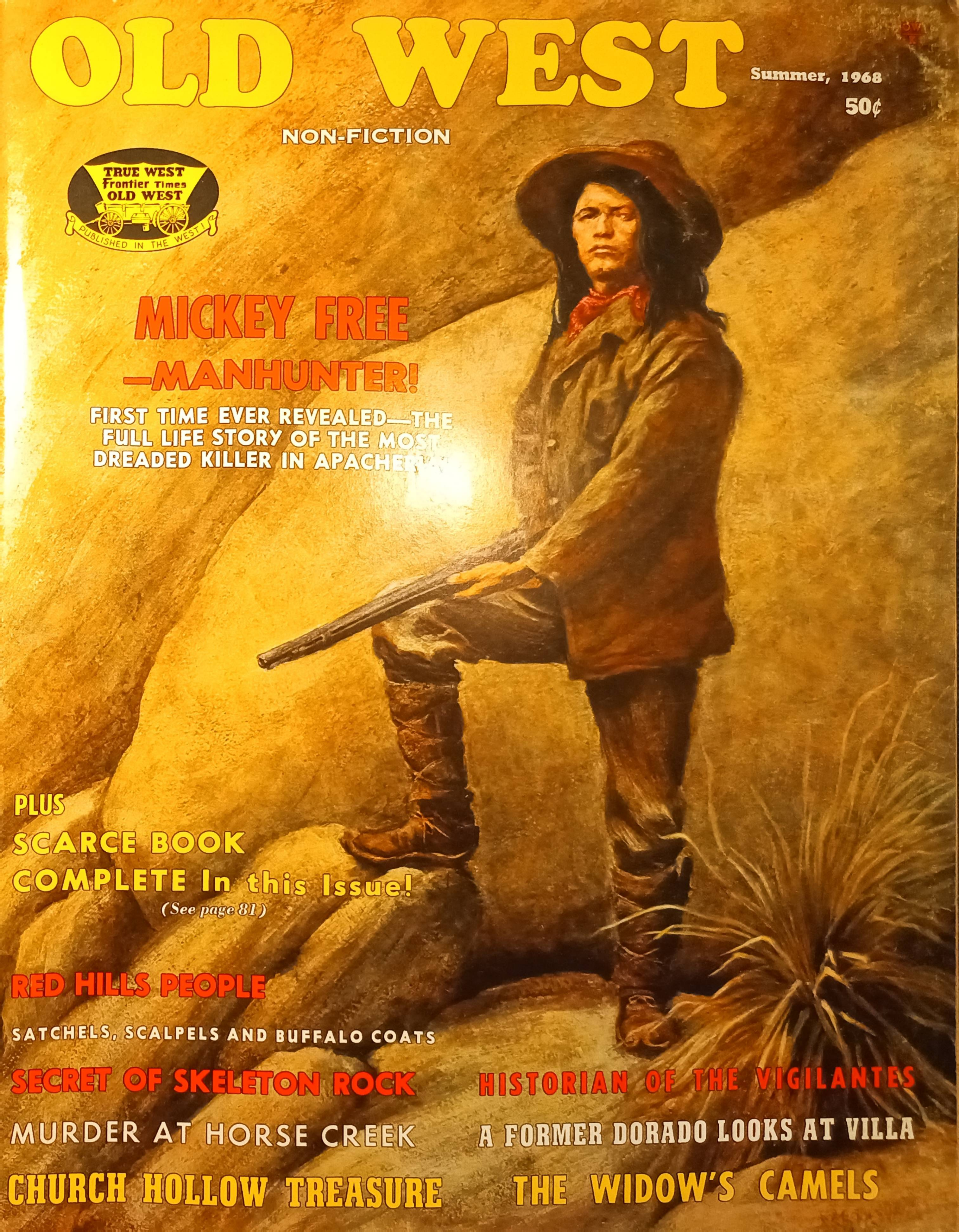

MICKEY FREE —MANHUNTER!

FIRST TIME EVER REVEALED—THE FULL LIFE STORY OF THE MOST DREADED KILLER IN APACHERIA

PLUS

SCARCE BOOK COMPLETE In this Issue!
(See page 81)

RED HILLS PEOPLE

SATCHELS, SCALPELS AND BUFFALO COATS

SECRET OF SKELETON ROCK

HISTORIAN OF THE VIGILANTES

MURDER AT HORSE CREEK

A FORMER DORADO LOOKS AT VILLA

CHURCH HOLLOW TREASURE

THE WIDOW'S CAMELS

OLD WEST

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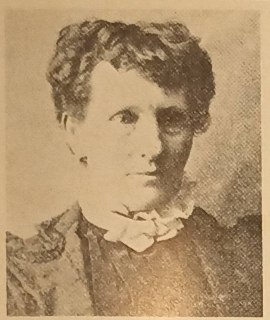


Ellen Crockford Canaga

BOOK BONUS!

SCARCE BOOK

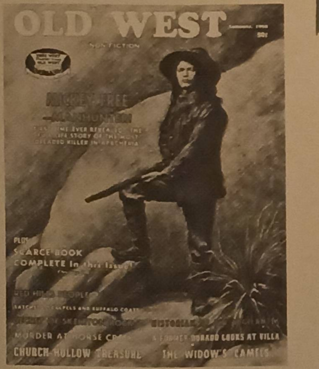
Reprinted **COMPLETE** In This Issue!

ECHOES of the PLAINS

By IDA CANAGA MILES
. . . Begins on Page 81

SPECIAL FEATURE!

MICKEY FREE —MANHUNTER!



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Put on the Coffee Pot!

IT'S SO MUCH FUN to get out on the road and meet some of you readers! I have been kept pretty close the past three years with a series of ailments. I won't bother you folks with details. You know the old saying—sympathy for one ailment will last just so long, so if you want to continue to enjoy bad health you had better change ailments! Well, what with increasingly itching feet, I wasn't particularly interested in enjoying bad health but I did keep in style by having a chain of "miseries" that would irritate a sweet-tempered wart hog—and, man, have I missed circulating around! I have been able to take short trips lately, and if things keep going right I can soon take off across country in a fog of asafoetida and that's when I'll be seeing more of you gents and gentresses.

For instance, for the last two years I have been planning to get together with Walt Coburn—and if I'd just happened to have been in his neck of the woods right before Christmas, he and I might have had the longest game of checkers since he left the line camp on the Circle C. Here's a recent letter from him:

"To bring you up to date on why you haven't heard from me lately, it started snowing the night of December 12, and continued without a let-up for about ten days. With five feet on the level and more than six drifted in the low places, it caught everybody in this part of northern Arizona with their britches down.

"Now, in most states where it snows heavily they are prepared to take care of it, but not Arizona and especially our town. The city and county had to wait for heavy equipment to move in to help remove the snow that tied up traffic for nearly a week. And all the "cats" (which were rented for $3,000 per day) could do was to pile the snow about ten feet high in the center of streets to melt. Luckily we have four lane streets around the center of town, but not the side streets. Out here in the forest we just didn't get plowed out for two weeks. The electricity went off for four days and nights. We had no water, as our electric pump went off, no lights, and no stove for cooking. Had to melt snow for water in front of the fireplace and cook on a small Mexican grill we happened to have.

"Everything was at a complete standstill for days. A cameraman working for a movie company making a Walt Disney picture had just rented a house near us—a tall, long-legged guy in his early thirties, an ex-Marine and a mountain climber. He'd spent a year or two in Alaska with the Eskimos and a few years ago climbed Mt. McKinley. Luckily he had his snowshoes and skis with him and a Marine pack for his back. He made the round trip to Prescott on snowshoes every few days and brought us some food, drugs and our mail. He was the only human being that moved in this neck of the woods and he sure saved the day.

"It will be something to remember and be glad we survived as well as we did. No sickness. No cabin fever. No shooting or carving each other with butcher knives. But as one lawyer in Prescott remarked, 'I've had more divorce cases since the storm than ever before'."

Walt wound up by saying he'd been doing considerable shoveling and I got the impression that snow is a little heavier than it used to be. I can't vouch for whether snow's changed or not, but I know for sure that a lot of other things have. To name a few, waistbands don't have as much material in them as they used to, stairs seem to be built steeper, and a funny kind of glass is being used nowadays in mirrors.

Well, I'm sorry to hear all those Arizona ladies flew the coop at one time. You sure never can tell about a female person—sometimes they'll put up with durn nigh anything and other times they won't put up with nothing.

NOW for a few notes about a very special feature in this issue, before I run clear out of space. Much has been written about Mickey Free but never until now has there been a complete life story. The author met him as an old man, and also is acquainted with his descendants, so writing about his life became principally a matter of digging through hundreds of records to learn if this Mexican-Apache could have possibly done all the things attributed to him, and if he did do them, why. It's a fascinating story about a very hated man—hated by some, that is. Our problem was getting such a long story into our magazine, and we certainly didn't want to cut it. This issue carries the first half; it will wind up in the next.

In addition to our feature story, we'd like to point out that you have something else "exclusive" as far as the old book goes. Only fifty or so copies were published and the one we worked from belongs to the grandson of Nellie, who at eighty-five is the only surviving member of the Canaga family described in this book.

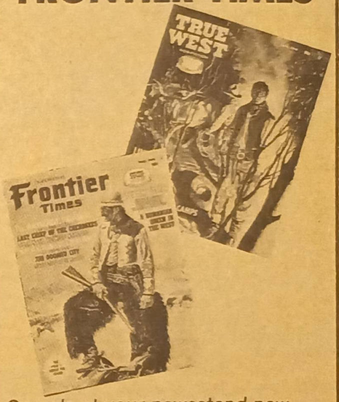
There are also fourteen or fifteen more stories about one thing and another, so if any of the rest of you get snowed in like Walt did, maybe this issue will help you pass the time.

And don't forget to look for me this spring. I've sure got it in my mind to shuck off the moss and roll out your way about the time things start greenin' up. Better keep that coffee pot boiling!
—Hosstail.

YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING!

That's right folks! You haven't read even half of the ALL-TRUE, ALL FACT western reading that's in store for you each month . . . if you haven't latched on to the other two-thirds of this OLD WEST combination!

TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES



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FIRST TIME EVER REVEALED—THE FULL LIFE STORY OF THE MOST DREADED KILLER IN APACHERIA!

By
A. KINNEY GRIFFITH
Photos Courtesy Author

Mickey Free—MANHUNTER!

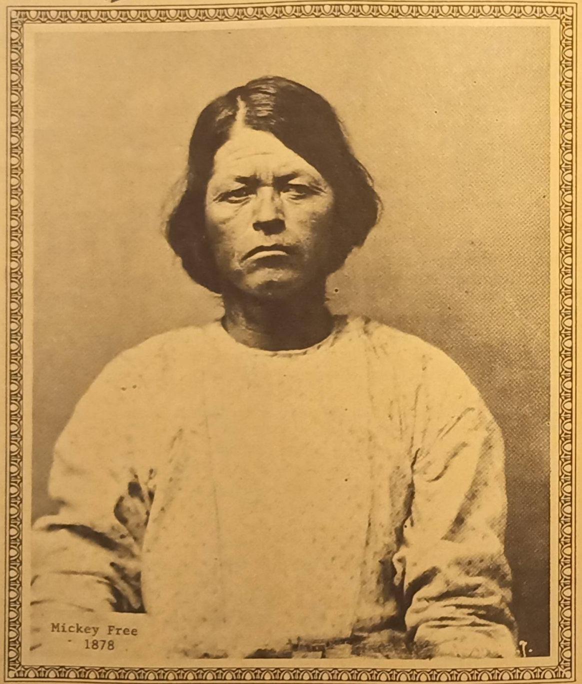
HE WAS BORN on the dirt floor of an old wikiup in a Pinaleno Apache *rancheria* in October, 1851. His mother was Josefa Salvador, a *captiva.* His father was a Pinal warrior named Maht-la. The *rancheria* was in the remote Sonoita hills along the upper Santa Cruz River in Sonora, Mexico.

When her son was four days old Josefa carried him into the hills, seeking the Bartlett boundary party which was making a preliminary survey for the new border between the United States and Mexico. The baby was sickly and needed help of the kind she could not give; his left eye had something wrong with it. Several days later she walked into the encampment of the Bartlett Boundary Commission.

John R. Bartlett and his associates were glad to see Josefa. They already knew part of her tragic story. When the survey party first entered the vast arboreal region on June 27, 1851, while making explorations along a general line between the walled towns of Calabasas and Santa Cruz, the 130 Americans and 61 Mexicans were virtually mobbed by swarms of beseeching natives. They pleaded the case of Inez Gonzales, daughter of one of Santa Cruz's "First Families." The year before, in September, 1850, Inez, along with her friend Josefa Salvador, her aunt Dolores Pascheco, her older brother Juan, and her cousin Francisco, had left Santa Cruz to make the annual pilgrimage to Padre Kino's grave in Magdalena, a two-days' ride to the south. Their road led through Cocospera Canyon to Santa Cruz Springs, a much needed watering place for all people within fifty kilometers. The two towns, about twelve kilometers apart, were in constant fear of Apache raiding parties who also used the springs.

Although escorted by ten *soldatos*, their party was ambushed in Cocospera Canyon just a few kilometers south by a band of Pinal Apaches (also Pinalero and Pinaleno) led by Chief Poramuca. Juan and eight *soldatos* were slain, two deserted under fire, and Inez, Josefa, Dolores and Francisco were captured.

The urgency now was that a band of Comancheros had been seen at the springs that morning and they had Inez a prisoner. Would the *Señor* Bartlett and his brave dragoons rescue her?



Mickey Free, 1878

They would try! The dragoon squadron under Captain John C. Cremony intercepted the Comancheros and freed Inez. It then developed that the Pinals, a few days before, had traded Inez to the Comancheros who intended to take her to the slave market in Santa Fe. Commissioner Bartlett, Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Craig, Captain Cremony and Doctor Thomas H. Webb heard her pitiable story of captivity, how she had survived, how Aunt Dolores had suffered and died, and that Josefa was still a *captiva d'los Mansos* and had been forced into marriage with Maht-la and was now heavy with child.

WEEKS PASSED before Cremony and his dragoons located the Pinal tribe in the Sonoita-Patagonia Mountains and after confronting Chief Poramuca and overcoming the objections of Maht-la, Josefa too was freed.

Josefa Salvador resembled Inez Gonzales; both girls had the characteristics of the *bien nacida,* except that Josie's dark hair showed a tint of burnished copper when the sunrays slanted through her unkempt locks. Neither girl showed any sign of Indian blood, which was unusual as most all Mexican nationals of that day did show some admixture which harked back to the days of Coronado.

Inez was restored to her kinfolk, but Josie, an orphan, elected to remain with the American boundary party. It was believed she was justifiably reluctant to return to her former friends because of her pregnancy.

John Bartlett put her under the care of Doctor Webb. Shortly before her child was due, she disappeared. A month later, in October, 1851, she suddenly returned to the survey party, then working just west of Nogales on the 31° parallel and projected to Bahia De San Jorge on the Golfo De California.

Josie explained she had returned to the Pinal *rancheria* for the birth of her baby, and she proudly displayed her infant son in his back-to-back cradleboard. He was a fine baby boy with Indian-black hair which also shimmered with burnished copper when the sun was right.

The condition which concerned Doctor Webb, though, was the baby's left eye. The right eye was black and direct, but the left was swollen and partly covered with a cataract or trachomatous growth. His examination led him to believe that some foreign matter—possibly a grain of sand—had lodged itself between the cornea and the eyelid, probably immediately after birth, and nature had spread a mucus around it, never to be removed without risking permanent damage to the eye. He did what he could to arrest the affliction and let it go at that.

Several months later, during which Josie had served as cook and all-around camp helper, she again disappeared. A search party failed to find her or her baby.

Neither Bartlett nor Cremony heard what had happened to Josie until some years after the final survey had passed into history.

JOHN WARD grew up in South-central Texas. Things were going well enough for him until his best girl suddenly took off with another man. Ward decided he would do something about that.

Opportunity knocked when a Kentuckian, Charles DeBrille Poston, came through San Antonio recruiting strong young men to accompany him into the wilds of Arizona and help him develop a fabulous Spanish silver mine that had been abandoned because of the Apaches. Ward packed his spare clothes into a bundle and joined up.

The Poston party arrived at the silver lode in the Cerro Colorado (Red Hill) Mountains near Tubac in 1856. Ward worked there about a year then struck out for himself and went into the cattle business. He branded every maverick he could get a rope on and soon had a fair-sized herd.

The silver and gold mines within a twenty-mile radius of Tubac were booming and employed many men; the U. S. Army had built a fort called Buchanan (1857-61) up Sonoita Creek, and these men needed beef. Ward did all right by himself and acquired the dubious reputation of being a "borderman" but reliable in keeping a promise and delivering the goods.

In the autumn of 1859, having driven a herd of steers to Fort Buchanan, he met Josefa Salvador. She was a clerk in the post sutler's store.

They arrived at a mutual agreement and she and her eight-year-old son moved into Ward's remote adobe ranch house. Whether they were ever married is not on record, but this was the move she wanted. She had been ostracized by the Pinal Apaches, and had banished herself from Santa Cruz. Ward, too, was a freebooter, and they got along well together.

Josie's son didn't care. Josie had given him the Apache name of Mig-ga-n'-la-iae, meaning "The First and The Last." Ward found that name hard to pronounce so he nicknamed the boy Mickey, which came easy.

Life went smoothly for about a year until Ward came home one day in late December, 1860 from a trip to Tubac and found Josie in tears. She was frantic. Mig-ga-n'-la-iae was gone! He was all she had! While Ward was away, a band of Pinal Apaches had stolen the boy and nearly all of their cattle and horses.

Ward wasted little time consoling his woman. He remounted and struck out on the trail of the marauders. The trail was easy to follow and it led east toward the homelands of the mighty Chiricahua Apaches under Chief Cochise.

After following the trail several days Ward realized he would find nothing but death with the Chiricahui whom he was now sure had stolen his stock and kidnapped Josie's son even though Josie had seen the raiding warriors and recognized them as Pinalenos—and she should know, having been their captive for more than a year.

He left the trail and cut over to Fort Buchanan and told Lieutenant-Colonel B. L. E. Bonneville what had happened.

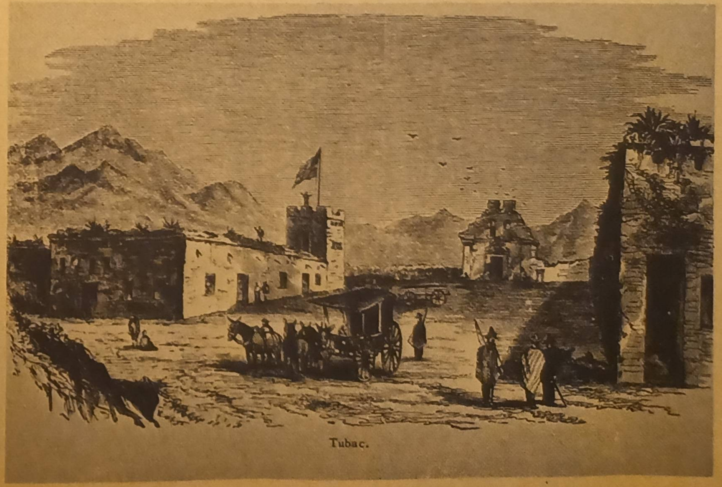
Mickey Free, 1st Sergeant of Scouts, Interpreter.

Bonneville reported the event to Colonel Pitcairn Morrison, the Post Commander. Morrison happened to be entertaining General James H. Carleton, who was on an inspection tour from Tucson, and although neither cared much about a mere cattle theft, the kidnapping of a civilian boy was of passing interest.

Ward hung around the post for days pleading to "help save my boy Mickey," so to placate him, Morrison told Bonneville to take some sort of action.

Bonneville forthwith ordered a young shavetail named George Nicholas Bascom, West Point Class of '59, and now attached to the 7th Infantry Regiment, to take a platoon and go recover the boy

Poston's Tubac, 1850.



Fort Bowie and Apache Pass, 1888.

and the stolen stock. Bonneville made no mention of that fact that riding into Chiricahua country was like riding into a cougar's den.

BASCOM had graduated 27th out of a class of 28, but the spirit of loyalty West Point instills into its sons was strong within the young officer's breast, and he did not stop to wonder about this strange order. With Ward as trail guide, Bascom rode out of Fort Buchanan on January 28, 1861, and arrived at Dragoon Springs in Apache Pass on Sunday, February 3.

He ordered camp made; he was tired. He knew he was in Apacheland but very little else, and he ignored all advice from Ward.

His first visitor was Mose Carson, a scout for the Butterfield Overland Stage Line whose station was nearby. Mose advised Bascom that the Chiricahui had been sending up smoke signals for the past three days telling of the troops' approach.

Ward had also informed Bascom that they were under Apache surveillance, but neither man's warning had much effect. Sergeant Ruben F. Bernard, acting on his own initiative, did post a guard and alert the soldiers.

The following morning, probably out of curiosity, Chief Cochise, accompanied by five warriors and a white trader friend, Ben Wallace, rode into Bascom's camp.

Bascom, who had been at a loss as to his next move, had the solution dropped right into his lap. He tried to pose as a big *nant-an*, and looked down his nose at a real chief! All he could see was "just another dirty Indian." The strong smell of the wild permeated the Sibley-Fremont tent and may have helped cause the nasal contraction. Chief Cochise noticed the lieutenant's behavior; however he made nothing of it at the time.

Bascom demanded the release of the Ward boy, Mickey. Cochise denied knowing anything about him, but offered to find out. After some outrageous charges made by Bascom and calm denials by the proud chieftain, the confrontation which had begun with good intentions, at least on the part of Cochise, ended in treachery, and the aftermath was to cost thousands of lives during the next thirty years before it was settled.

The immediate results were that five of Cochise's clansmen were hanged by Bascom. Ben Wallace, Walter Lyons, Mose Culver and Dan Walsh, Butterfield employes, and two others were captured and killed by Cochise. Mickey, the unwitting cause of it all, and the livestock were not recovered. The Pinalenos were riding the horses, had eaten the cattle, and kept Mickey captive. He was half Pinaleno anyway and was right at home with his father.

APRIL 15, 1861, the Civil War broke out in the East and soon ninety per cent of the U. S. troops were moved out of the region between the Rio Colorado and the Rio Grande and sent to war. Only token forces were left at Forts Buchanan and Breckenridge (1860-73). Many settlers pulled out; John Ward among them. He returned to his native Texas and took his chances in the conflict. Josefa and their infant son Santiago were abandoned to fend for themselves.

The insulting way Bascom had treated Cochise put the Chiricahui and all other Apache tribes on the warpath. When Mangas Colorados was treacherously slain in January, 1863, Cochise vowed no white man would look upon his face and live; he kept that vow—with one exception (Thomas Jeffords)—until he was too old to do much about it.

General Carleton, in command of the Southwest Department, issued his infamous edict: "Kill all Apaches on sight," and thousands of both white men and red men suffered for his and Bascom's mistakes.

President Lincoln signed the Congressional Proclamation that Arizona become a Territory, separate from the Territory of New Mexico, on February 24, 1863. Charles DeBrille Poston, the original southwestern delegate, had sponsored the enactment. The War Department placed General J. R. West in command of the Arizona Department, and the massacres continued.

Chief Poramuca of the Pinals gave Chief Cochise of the Chiricahui strong support on his war against the whites, and the waging of incessant war caused a food shortage among the Mansos. When winter of 1863-64 came, Cochise sent Poramuca to join the Northern Pinals in the annual deer and elk hunt. With Maht-la as his warchief, Poramuca led a party of twenty braves armed with bows, arrows and lances. An equal number of women and strong boys were along to gather up the meat and pack it to their home *rancheria.* The hunters rode north into the mountain meadows well known to Poramuca but, oddly enough, he rode into bad luck.

Shortly after crossing the Rio Gila, having avoided Camp Grant (1860-71) at the Aravaipa, the hunting party was ambushed by the heavily armed forty-man goldseeking expedition of King Woolsey, a notorious Indian hater, whose chief of scouts was Tonto Jack, a half-breed Maricopa offspring of the James O. Pattie party some thirty years before. During the brief running battle in an area to become known as "Bloody Tanks" or "The Pinole Party," the white men shot the Pinals out of the saddle. The whites had only three men wounded and one killed, the latter Cyrus Lennan, a close friend of Charles Poston and at the moment a minerologist attached to the Woolsey party. When the Bloody Tanks battle was over, the entire Pinal hunting party had been rubbed out, except one boy and three women. These were made captive as they were "prime and purty" according to Tonto Jack.

The only male survivor of the massacre was Mig-ga-n'-la-iae, the son of Maht-la, who had been part of the horse and packmule guard. Mickey worked his way clear with some of the horses. As far as he knew he was now an orphan and entirely on his own. He rode back south and cut the Butterfield road between Fort Bowie (1862-94), and Fort Lowell (1860-90). When a heavily laden wagon drawn by eight mules came rumbling along, driven by a bearded white man, Mickey spoke to him in Mexican and got Mexican right back.

William Neal Freeman, owner and operator of a small freight line, thought he saw something worthwhile in the thirteen-year-old lad with the oddly cocked eye and the smell of Apache about him. Freeman needed help and Mickey soon showed him he knew how to handle mules as well as horses. Help was scarce those days, what with the Apaches on the rampage and so many good men gone to the Civil War.

Mickey stayed with Willy Freeman two years. He worked hard and for his services got clothes, food, a Green River belt knife with a twelve-inch dagger blade, and an unexpectedly good instructor in how to speak English. The Apaches attacked them now and then but it seemed luck was on Freeman's side as he had a "cock-eyed, half-ass Apache kid" with him who had poise and could reason with the warriors in their own tongue and talk them into looking elsewhere for loot.

Mexican nationals were doing most of the manual labor along the border, but frequently they formed into moonlighter bands of *gambrusinos* and waylaid travelers who believed that night travel was safest as Apaches would be home with their women. Just the same, the Apaches usually got the blame for any depredations. A band of about twenty *banditos* ambushed Freeman's wagon along the Santa Cruz road to the Poston *hacienda* at Tubac one full-moon night. Willy Freeman was killed, along with one helper, and his outfit looted. Young Mickey, wounded, and probably left for dead, managed to crawl away after killing two of the attackers.

Mickey had taken kindly to William Neal Freeman, but not to Cyrus Mitchell who became boss after the ambush. Mickey recuperated at the Poston *hacienda,* then stayed over several months to pay for his keep. Poston had recognized two of the slain *banditos* as former employees and men who had been in the band that killed his brother John in 1861. Charles was everlastingly grateful to Mickey for his help.

When Mickey was ready to set out on his own again, he adopted the name Freeman: Mickey Freeman, which he soon cut short to Mickey Free.

THE YEAR 1866 rolled around and the Civil War was over. U.S. soldiers began to march back to Arizona. In the meanwhile Cochise, Cuchillonegro, Delgadito, Beduiat (Victorio), Nanay, Golthlay (Geronimo), Juh, Loco, and others were running rampant, spreading terror and death on both sides of the border. But with the American cavalrymen back, staffed by many veterans, the Apache chieftains would not have it so easy anymore.

By this time Mickey Free had developed an inherent intelligence which told him the white man had come to stay, and more would be on the way. He also realized that the motivation of the white man was money—be it gold, silver, or paper—and none seemed to have any scruples as to how he acquired it.

That he was uninviting in appearance never entered Mickey's mind. That many other characteristics about him were awesome to the white man also never entered his mind. What he was fully aware of, however, was that he could speak three languages—the three most used in the Southwest—and that this was an asset few others could claim.

What predisposed some whites in his favor, besides his linguistic ability, was his sharp mind and glib tongue, violent emotions that did not show, and poise and feline quickness in movement when something needed to be done.

That he had no fear or indecision became apparent at an opportune time. Riding a burro he arrived at Fort Bowie one night, hungry and thirsty; living off the land was slim pickings that time of the year. A regiment of cavalry, the 6th, commanded by Colonel E. A. Carr, had just returned to the Fort and the local brass were throwing a big ball for their valiant compatriots. These festivities did not include a welcome for some trail-begrimed, wall-eyed stray.

But Mickey found a welcome and a heaping plate of food at the enlisted men's mess tent. After he had drunk and eaten his fill, he went looking for a suitable place to bed down for the night. He was spreading his blanket near the picketline when he heard a woman scream. She screamed so loud in fear and terror that she should have been heard above the music of the band in the officers' clubhouse.

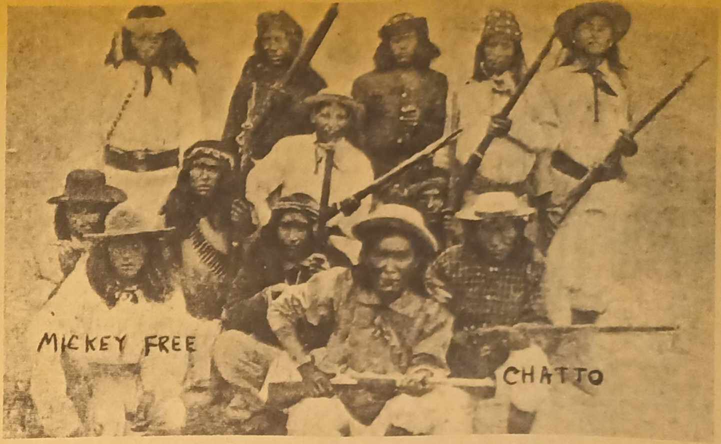
Before the inebriated officers could gather their wits, or the corporal of the guard could investigate, Mickey went into action. He found two Mexicans raping a blond woman; one was holding her while the other accomplished the act. Mickey rushed in and deftly cut the throats of the rapists. He was cleaning his Green River when the soldiers finally arrived and realized what had happened. The victim was the wife of a young captain and feelings ran high. That she had been unaccompanied, walking off the effects of too much liquor, did not matter.

A torrent of wrath poured out on the Mexican contingent—men who had been hired laborers at the army post. The soldiers swarmed in, bent on revenge; the Mexicans fled in a body. Some were caught, quirted and mercilessly beaten, and all were run out of the camp.

Although Mickey's swift strokes of justice were appreciated by the suddenly sobered officers, his method was abhorred.

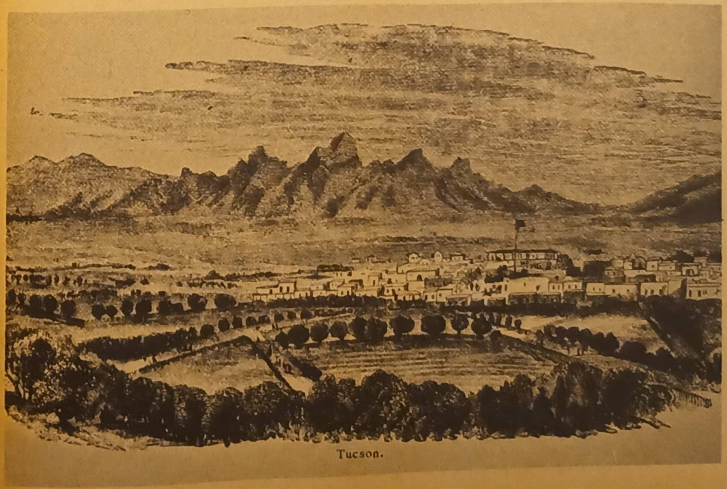
"Get that executioner out of here!" Colonel Carr had gulped.

The episode wound up the next morning when Mickey Free got a letter of commendation from Lt. Col. N. H. Davis, Post Adjutant.



Mickey Free and twelve scouts. Very early photo.

American flag first raised over Tucson January 1, 1854.



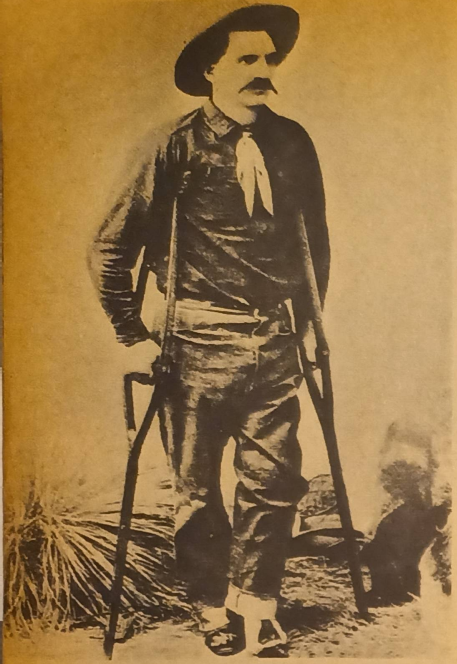
MICKEY FREE traded the burro for a horse and rode west to Tucson, determined to find out what his nationality status was in the eyes of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He got little satisfaction, but some good advice—learn to read and write in English.

Mickey then rode south, up the Santa Cruz to visit the man who had befriended him, Charles D. Poston at Tubac. Poston was preparing to leave on one of his many trips to Washington, and assured Mickey he would look into his citizenship while there; in answer to his other question, Poston told him that his mother and her other son, Mickey's half-brother Santiago Ward, had left recently without even saying goodbye. When Poston departed for the East, Mickey continued south, seeking a man named Hughes who had been with the Boundary Commission survey party and was believed to be living in the Santa Cruz Springs area and might possibly furnish him with information about his mother. Mickey found only a clue to Hughes and it led him to El Paso.

He eventually found Hughes at Ysleta, but Hughes said he had not seen Josie for many months. He had heard she had gone to San Francisco. Knowing that few white men cottoned to him, Mickey had the feeling that Hughes was lying.

Hughes was the paymaster of *La Yglesia Compania del Exploracion,* engaged in excavating a Tewa pueblo of the Tiguex period. The company also had a project underway at Boca Grande (Casas Grande), about a hundred kilometers southwest in Chihuahua. Hughes had his hands full being comptroller for this crew of American-Mexican archaeologists and a gang of Indian-Mexican diggers. He obviously needed a trustworthy helper who knew the languages.

Mickey asked for the job on the hunch that when Hughes got to know him



Al Sieber, 1888, San Carlos.

better he might get confidential and tell what he really knew. Although not yet full grown, and never to be a big man, and although he was expected to be a guard as well as an interpreter, Mickey did all right for about a year.

The big blow came when a pair of white gunmen—both displaced war veterans—tried to take over the payroll. Mickey shot one of the gunmen; Hughes shot the other; but in the duel Hughes himself was killed.

Mickey had killed his first American. Since this happened in Mexico it did not bother him, although he was still not sure whether he was a Mexican or an American. What did bother him was that the white man was virtually a law unto himself and a committee of some twenty ex-patriots came looking for him. Mickey promptly returned to the U.S.A.

He made his way to Fort Cummings (1863-'80), New Mexico; then Fort Grant (1861-'73), Fort McDowell (1865-'90), and Fort Whipple (1864-1913) in Arizona. This meandering took over a year, and on only a few occasions—all of his own choosing—was he ever seen by anyone. With little on his mind other than self-preservation as he moseyed along, he cogitated on the number of men he had slain to date: one Anglo, three Indians, and five Mexicans—and strange as it may seem, all but two with his long-knife.

At Prescott, determined to see if there was an official record of his nationality, he looked up Henry Bendell whom he had casually known as the assistant to R. A. Wilbur. The latter was U.S. Special Indian Agent in Tucson under Charles Poston, first Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Mickey was surprised to find that Bendell was now Superintendent of Indian Affairs for all Arizona Territory and that Prescott (Arizona City), was his headquarters. To Mickey's further surprise, Bendell remembered him and gladly lent a helping hand. He told Mickey he was an American and suggested, among other things, that Mickey join the U. S. Army's Indian scout force, and added he would recommend him to the general. When Mickey inquired about his mother, Bendell became solemn. He informed Mickey that Josefa had died in Tucson a year before (December, 1869) and was buried there. Forthwith Mickey made a quick ride down to Tucson, saw his mother's grave, then returned to Fort Whipple to enlist.

The outcome was that Mickey Free, at age twenty, was enlisted as a regular interpreter and Apache Scout, Number F-1, in the U. S. Army forces under General George Stoneman, then in command of the Department of Arizona. This was in December, 1870.

MANY scholars are misinformed on the subject of Mickey Free (Mig-ga-n'-la-iae). That he was a controversial character is undeniable. He was born into controversy, and he died that way.

To set the record straight, I started searching back in 1912, when I was a lad of fifteen on my parents' ranch in Arizona, the year the Territory became a State. It almost became an obsession. An old history professor once told me that a researcher's job is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to see through prejudice and history-by-rumor, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound.

Of the many inconsistencies which kept popping up, the principal ones concerned these questions:

Where was Mickey Free born? When was he born? What was his true ancestry? Which eye was cocked? What kind of man was he? What did he do between the time he was born and when he first enlisted into the Indian Scouts? Did he kill Massai and the Apache Kid? What did he do after he was finally discharged as a scout? When and where did he die? Where was he buried?

Those who have read this far now know about his life up to the time of his first enlistment. As an adult he stood 5 feet, 7½ inches in his moccasins and weighed 125 pounds, according to his first enlistment record. He was a man of violence, tireless, emotionless yet deadly of purpose. To some Indians he was someone to be shunned.

My father and grandfather, both Arizona Territory pioneers, knew Mickey 'way back when, and accepted him for what he was and let it go at that. To many other settlers, he was "just another Injun", or "a damn gut-eater", or "a greaser kid", or "that cock-eyed rascal"—but mainly he was ignored as long as he did not cause trouble. On the other hand there was a minority who firmly believed he was one of the finest, bravest men ever born, but some of them were reluctant to praise him for fear of offending those who were in the majority.

His black hair, hanging over his shoulders, shimmered with a weird copperish hue when it caught the light of the sun. He was seldom seen without a hat for long, and his latest one was his best regardless of what it looked like or how he had "found" it. His right eye, or shooting eye, was bright black and looked straight forward; his other was cocked left, and seemed to be white or gray, depending on lighting.

One of Mickey's photographers, an itinerant who sold to *Overland Monthly*, made a fine photo of Mickey but while printing the plate got it flopped. The facial view of the young scout showed his cocked eye on the wrong side. Others copied it and the result sometimes showed his cocked eye on the wrong side. One well-known book shows the same photo twice with the eye cocked in on one side, and cocked out on the other, presumably under a different date; and another book shows a "doctored" photo with no cocked eye at all!

His eye had an affliction of uncertain origin, as herein related, but it in no way hampered Mickey's activities, except it helped to establish myths which added to the infamous aura that was woven around him in following years.

One historian wrote that Mickey Free was half Irish, half Mexican, half Indian, half Devil. That eye-catching description must have been pleasing to the readers, for it stuck in spite of the fallacy that any man could be four halves! Other writings compounded the error until the excellent volumes by John R. Bartlett, head of the Boundary Commission—and other history-makers who were there with him—set the facts straight.

I not only knew Mickey Free (in his declining years) but spent days and years on end searching all the old Apache Reservations and Army Posts in Arizona, New Mexico and Northern Mexico, digging into time-worn BIA files, pioneer church records, and centuries-old Catholic mission records. I went to the National Archives, state and private libraries, interviewed hundreds of people, some of whom were Mickey's descendants—and many old Indians and white who knew him when. I also had the expert assistance of Harry L. Stevens, himself part Apache, who spent thirty-two years in the BIA before he retired, but is still active in Indian welfare work.

APACHE SCOUTS were enlisted in 1870-'71 and a company was trained at Fort Whipple (activated 1864, inactivated 1913). Daniel "Dan" O'Leary was Chief of Scouts. He was a redheaded Irish-Shawnee, and already famous along the frontier as the most devil-may-care mountain man west of the Rockies. He killed Indians for the sport of it. He first showed up as a trail guard with the Weaver-Walker-Peeples gold-hunting party before Prescott was laid out in 1863.

Mickey Free and five other halfbreeds, several whites, and a score of Tonto-Mogollon Apache braves were enlisted. Albert "Al" Sieber was general scout with the company.

Their first field operation was against the Hualapai and Mojaves along the Fort Mojave (1864-'90) to Fort Whipple (Hardyville to Prescott) road. Their next campaign was against the Yavapai Apaches along Granite Creek and Mint Creek Canyons near Prescott.

The scouts soon proved to be savage fighters and far more sagacious than the white soldiers—and far more insubordinate. Soon another company of Apaches was recruited. Dan O'Leary remained in charge of the original company; Al Sieber was made chief of the second.

Sieber was a big, blond man who was overheard making a slurring remark about "a bunch o' damn breeds," and it rankled Mickey. Nevertheless, Sieber got three breeds assigned to his command: Mickey Free, Archie MacIntosh and Sam Bowman—and none liked Sieber.

Ration day at San Carlos.

Bowman was a halfbreed Bannock from Fort Bridger (1858-'90) country and had the confidence of General Stoneman. MacIntosh was a halfbreed Scottish-Chippewa, born September 15, 1843, at Fort William, Canada. He had been a faithful scout under General Crook in the Pacific-Northwest Indian campaigns, and had come to Arizona Territory when that peerless campaigner took over command in June, 1871.

The second company was assigned to the cavalry units in the Yavapai-Verde hills and were based at Fort Verde (1864-'91) and Fort Reno (1865-'71). From the start Mickey made good as an interpreter and tracker and was a member of the first group of scouts assigned to San Carlos when that reservation was established by Executive Order on November 9, 1871.

Mickey got along well enough with Sieber while on duty. Sieber was a perfectionist when dealing with his men and liked the quiet, ruthless efficiency of this little halfbreed scout, but while off duty they had nothing to do with each other.

The incident which "cured" Sieber happened while they were moving the company from Camp Verde to San Carlos. Included in the group were twenty Tonto Apache scouts, the three halfbreeds, sixteen cavalrymen, and Sieber.

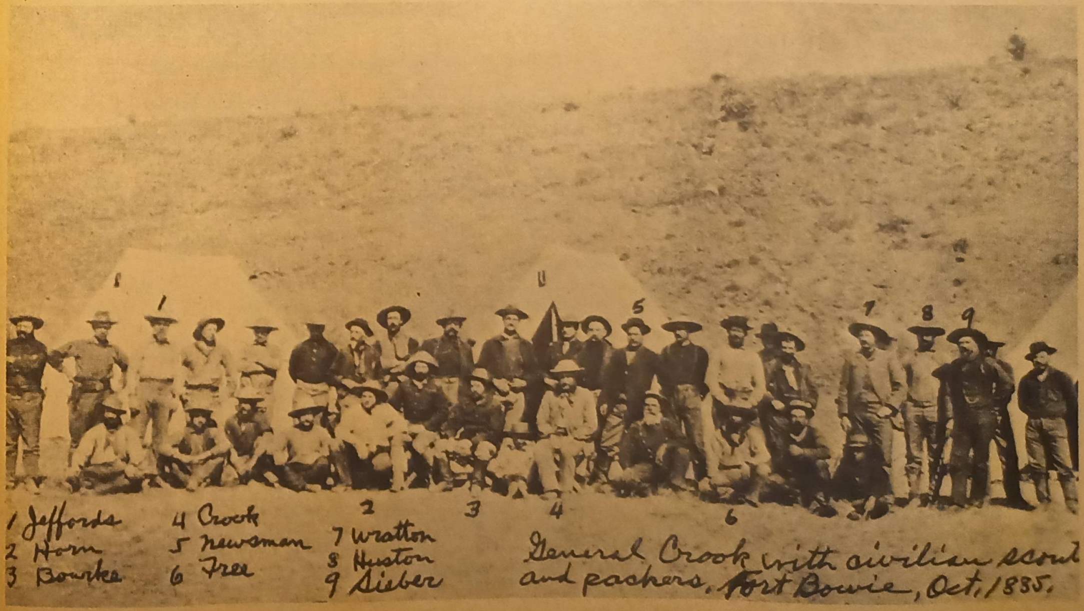
They were herding forty-four Yavapai prisoners, of all ages and both sexes, and were delivering them to Fort Apache (1864-1924) Reservation en route to the San Carlos. While crossing the Mogollon Rim they were hit by a snowstorm. This was three-shirt weather and in the pine forest, visibility was almost zero. The horse directly behind Sieber stumbled and fell into a rocky crevice and broke its neck. One of its riders, a half-grown boy, was thrown clear and broke his leg; the boy's mother tumbled clear and came up spitting snow and pine needles and unkind remarks.

When the confusion subsided Sieber took the injured young buck up behind him on the saddle skirt. They were hardly started when Sieber felt a sharp stab in his back. As he jerked around he felt the pain lessen and saw his own Bowie knife flash in the boy's hand for another stab. The next instant revealed an ear-to-ear gash spurting blood on the boy's chest and yet another knife that caused it—Mickey Free's.

There followed wild yells from the nearest Indians, then gunfire, and a woman in the group fell, shot through the head at close range. Sieber saw Mickey's smoking rifle move, ready for another shot if needed. The boy's mother had somehow concealed an old cavalry saber under her voluminous dress. Twice in the space of a few breaths Mickey Free had saved Al Sieber's life. Sieber said nothing; neither did Mickey. The next day a baby was born to one of the squaws, so the column arrived at Fort Apache with forty-three prisoners.

THE COMPANY of scouts and the cavalry platoon from Fort Verde—with more on the way—arrived at San Carlos on December 4, 1871. The following week an executive order came ordering Crook to suspend military operations. It was winter in the mountain country and building military accommodations was a necessity, as Crook saw it. Months passed while the soldiers put in dawn-to-dark work building a community somewhat worthy of the name "reservation." The scouts, however, were kept busy searching for the *Netdahe* (Avowed Killers) of the Apache tribes who, along with their families, were numerous and quite active. Mickey Free, never classed as a worker as far as manual labor went, spent countless days and nights in the wintry hills, tracking down some killer or malcontent—alone except for the sudden snap of a rifle bullet or the zip of

General Crook with civilian scouts and packers, Fort Bowie, October, 1885.



an arrow or the swish of a lance, as the *Netdahe* instinctively shot at any stranger.

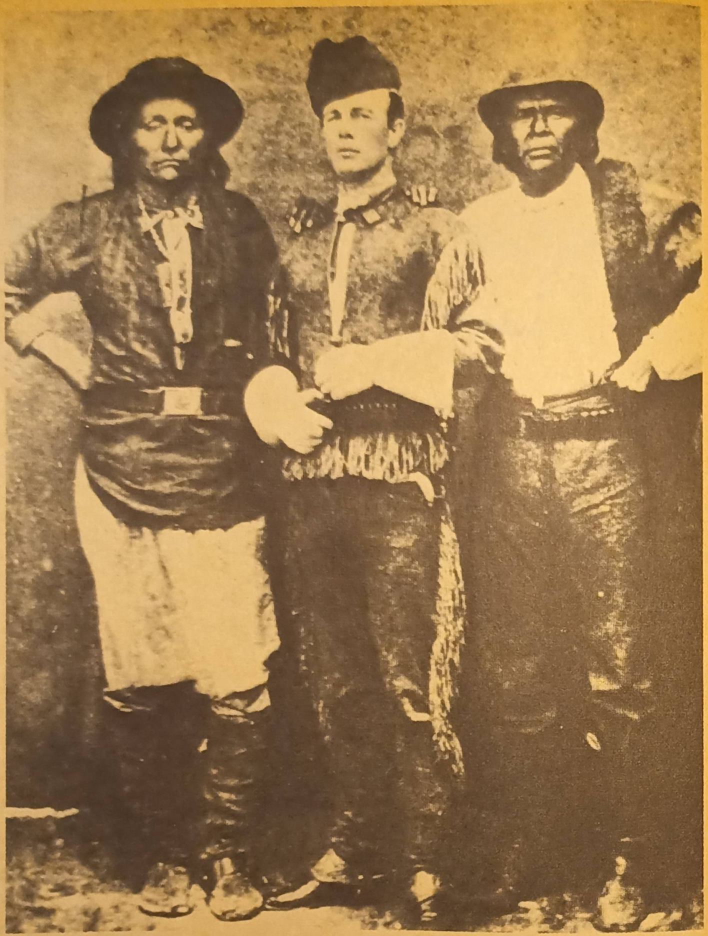
The assignment which made Mickey a full-fledged manhunter came when Sieber, ailing with "a touch o' roomitiz," ordered him to go fetch an elderly but stalwart Manso *Netdahe* called Nah-Tah-n'tran (Somber Spirit) who had killed a cavalry corporal named Munger over a Gilaeno woman, then stole a jug of whiskey and disappeared. After several days of tracking, Mickey found where Nah-Tah-n'tran had killed a peaceful Aravaipa Apache and stolen his horse and rifle. Between the snow squalls of one spring day and their melting the next, Mickey rode the fading trail. In Doubtful Canyon he found a plain trail bypassing Stein's Peak and pointing toward the border. He helped himself to a fresh horse at a familiar station on the Overland Mail wagon road and a night later found fresh spoor. A hastily abandoned night camp told Mickey that his quarry had sensed his pursuit.

The trail zigged to Skeleton Canyon, crossed the border in Guadalupe Pass and disappeared in the Sierra Medio (Half Mountain) north of the Bavispe Big Bend. Living off the land as he followed, Mickey realized the thing he had least of was time, and that Nah-Tat-n'tran was nearing his native land where the Apache tribes had a dozen strongholds in the mighty mountains along the Bavispe. Two canyons farther on Mickey found the Manso's horse. Some of the flesh of its neck had recently been cut out for man food, and Mickey sliced a good chunk for himself, then proceeded to make time run out. Pushing on, his own horse became increasingly footsore and had to be abandoned. He hid the saddle in a small cave, hoping to come back for it someday. He could make better time walking than riding in this roll-lava country, anyway; there were no tracks, not even animal trails, so instinct and judgment guided him. In a wind-swept pass overlooking the Bavispe Barranca—like a gray ghost flitting through equally gray rocks—Mickey slipped up on his quarry who was lying in ambush, watching his back trail.

The deadly Green River did its work and the manhunter had a new problem. He had to show "Sibi" that he had caught his man; but how to fetch him back to San Carlos—over 300 miles, not counting the ups and downs? The head would be sufficient evidence, but even it was too heavy to pack that far.

After some thought, Mickey carefully started his knife-point at the base of the head under the tangle of long hair, made a bone-deep incision up and over the crown and down to the eyebrows. He then firmly grasped the hair on each side of the incision and made a swift downward jerk. The skull popped out. He then cut behind the features and around the neck and he had all the evidence he needed. He stripped the leather "squaw-jacket" off the body and rolled the bloody mask into it, tied it by the sleeves around his own waist, and was on his return trip.

The following day he caught a loose horse near a small rancho and crossed the border that night. He arrived back at San Carlos three weeks from the day he left, and handed the jacket with its grisly trophy to Sieber. The Chief of Scouts grunted his appreciation; this was an accomplishment he wouldn't forget. He gave Mickey a bottle of whiskey and told him to go wash up and get a good meal at the cookshack, then he'd take him to the paymaster and settle up for the payday he'd missed. When Mickey left, Sieber tossed the jacket and its evidence out the back where some wandering dog would get it. He had a clerk make a note on Mickey's exploit in the Scouts Journal, as all scouts' activities were recorded once a month for General Crook.


John P. Clum, Diablo left; Eskiminzin at right. San Carlos, 1875.

IN 1872-3-4 the Indians in the western region of the Territory were more pestiferous than elsewhere. The Apache Nation numbered about 30,000 people and battle zones such as Bloody Basin, Salt River Caves, Chino, Peeples, Williamson, Verde and Skull Valleys were on every white man's tongue; the Prescott *Arizona Miner* (John H. Marion, Editor) saw to it that those names and places and the depredations committed therein became known the length and breadth of the country.

From the Cerbat Range to the Tonto Basin the Yavapai Apaches, joined by the Hualapai, Mojaves, Moqui, Shivwits, and Paiutes, made travel from California via the Hardyville-Prescott road a terrible gamble. The odds against a safe journey were so great that the Butterfield Stage line discontinued its service for a time. General George Crook (1829-1890) received orders from Washington instructing him to reopen that road and keep it open. Back to Forts McDowell, Whipple and Mojave, Camp Beale (1871-74) and Camp Date Creek (1867-74) went the enlarged Companies A and B of the scouts, and the 5th Cavalry.

"Ever since the massacre of the Oatman family in 1851, over twenty years ago," cried the *Arizona Miner*, "that road has not been safe for travel between Arizona and California! Since then the Apaches and the Mojaves have become more brazen and more numerous until yesterday when, only a few miles from town, three more miners were killed and mutilated in Granite Dells!"

Mickey Free, who had been earnestly striving in his scanty spare time—he actually was something of a perfectionist—to improve his meager knowledge of reading, sniffed as he labored through that editorial.

"What-at they know what-at happening is to people in Chi-hui-ca-hui country," he muttered, "now that Chies-Co-Chise on reservaation is."

Before long the two original companies of scouts had been joined with new companies, and the scout force now totaled nearly 200 men under the command of Major George M. Randall (1841-1918), 23rd Infantry. Skeleton troops of cavalry had been beefed-up to about 3,000 men. The vast area was patrolled, and within two years a score of skirmishes took place, and battles were fought at Artillery Point, Beale's Springs, Black Mesa, Bill Williams Crossing, Bloody Basin, Cave Creek, Date Creek, Four Peaks, Hassayampa, Lost River, Pinto Creek, Red Rocks, Salt River Cave, and Turret Mountain.

Although not in the order here listed, one of the outstanding battles took place in a Salt River cave on the morning of December 27, 1872. Commanded by Major Wm. H. Brown, 5th Cavalry, an assault force of over 200 men, including Pima auxiliaries and Apache scouts, trapped and annihilated 75 warriors, women and children belonging to Chief Chuntz's tribe of Gilaenos; about 30 others survived, although half died later of wounds. Brown's attacking force lost one killed and two wounded. Captain John G. Bourke, who was there, gives a graphic description of the event but winds up with an apologetic stance at the end. Vincent Colyer, who was never near the scene, filed a scathing report with the U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1872-1873.

It was hoped by the military authorities that this battle would "teach 'em a lesson" but retaliatory raids grew in number and intensity and by April, 1873, another Apache clan found themselves trapped. Major G. M. Randall led his force of scouts and infantrymen against Chief Delshay's clan of Yavapai, who had a stronghold on Turret Mountain. The assault force made a clean sweep of the sky-high rancheria and for a time the Northern Apache tribes quieted down into an uneasy peace while they pondered their lot in life.

There were many battlefield promotions as the campaign wore on, and one went to Mickey Free in time for his April, 1873 re-enlistment. He was promoted to First Sergeant of Scouts and Senior Interpreter and his pay rose to $125.00 a month. Scouts' pay varied from $20.00 a month for a buck private to $125.00 for a top-rated scout-interpreter with seniority. Within a month of this promotion Mickey was tried and demoted to private for "insubordination" and fined $15.00 for one month, but his duty was in no way affected.

Mickey had participated in some of the events that found Chief Iretaba and his 2,000 Mojaves forced onto the Mojave Reservation after nearly half that many of his people had been slain; Chief Ochocama and 2,000 Hualapai, Shivwits, Moqui and Paiutes (Digger Indians) were captured and corraled; Chief Delshay was captured with 800 Yavapai; Chief Casodore with over 1,000 Coyoteros; Chief Mazatzal and 800 Mazatzales; Chief Pedro and his son Alchesay and nearly 2,000 Cibicu-Mogollones were subdued and confined at Fort Apache; Chief Cochinay, or Cochine (not to be confused with Chief Cochise of the Chiricahui) was in a perpetual stupor from too much *tulepa*, so Chief Unojo (known to the cavalrymen as "One-Eye Riley") surrendered voluntarily for Cochinay with 1,200 Tonto tribespeople. Altogether about 9,000 Indians had been corraled after suffering losses of about 20 per cent of their warriors. In the campaigns nearly 400 soldiers and civilians had been killed and a like number wounded, and only 20 Indian scouts. For a time there was a state of near-peace along the western half of the Territory.

Al Sieber, Mickey Free, Archie MacIntosh, Sam Bowman, Ed Clark, Marijilda Grijalba, Severaino, and half the troops were ordered back to San Carlos. Mickey was glad to be back. It was one-shirt weather in San Carlos, which he liked, and the nearest place to what he might have called home.

JOHN PHILIP CLUM (1851-1932) had arrived at the sprawling and remote—roughly 4,400 square miles—San Carlos Reservation as Agent on August 8, 1874. The first white man to greet him was George H. Stevens (1844-1920), the current Agency Treasurer, who was happily married to Francesca, a Coyotero. He soon demonstrated to Clum that he could speak Apache as well as English. A friendship developed, although this friendship became ephemeral.

Clum immediately relieved Agent J. R. Roberts, and promoted Mart Sweeney to Chief Clerk. Agent Clum then proceeded to institute a new set of rules that at first heralded the dawn of a new era. Months of "wait and see" passed and in March, 1875, Brigadier General August V. Kautz (1828-1895) took over command of the Arizona Department. Under Clum's political influence, General Kautz soon received orders from the War Department to remove all troops from the vicinity of the San Carlos Agency compound. The general objected, but left the Agency to the civilians and moved his troops two miles downriver to the flats. With the exception of several hotel-type officers' quarters, and a clubhouse and a polo field already under construction, the area became so jammed with tents that one observer called it Sibley City.

Within a short time the San Carlos Indians (mostly Southern Apaches) were again in a state of dissatisfaction and confusion. There was hunger and hate on the reservation, so there could be no peace. True, Roberts had gone, but he had been no worse than Brown, Jacobs and Larabee before him. Clum had promised the Apaches much more than he could deliver.

Senior scouts had been assigned to police duty and Mickey Free soon saw that his peculiar talents were badly needed. In January, 1876 he was assigned to free-lance among the discontented Indians, from San Carlos to sub-Agency Camp Goodwin, to Fort Apache, and find out what was wrong and how to correct it. He was to report to Colonel C. H. Oakes, 6th Cavalry, Sibley City. The Apache people as a whole began to have confidence in Mickey and his Chiricahau-Pinal Manso accent sounded like "brother" to them. Some of the white officials, however, became a bit leery as it seemed Mickey was able to talk the Indians into things too easily. It might be he was promising more than the civilian agencies could, or would want to, deliver.

John Clum, Agent at San Carlos, to whom Mickey reported only when so directed by the military, was the first to doubt him. Mickey, not overly sharp on the devious ways of officialdom, innocently suggested Clum appoint Indians as policemen with authority to judge and enforce laws with Clum himself as Chief Judge and chieftains of each tribe as associate judges, and that Indians be called as witnesses at trials of lawbreakers. Under this system all Apache offenders would be arrested by Apache police, brought before an Apache court with Apache complainants and witnesses and, if convicted, be sentenced by Apache judges and delivered into the custody of Apache police who would carry out the sentences.

Clum ridiculed Mickey and his suggestion, but later Clum put the plan into effect and pronounced it his idea from the start. He set up an Apache Police force, copied Army regulations in ranking them, put them in fancy uniforms (paid for out of reservation funds over Stevens' objection), enlisted six prominent chieftains, and held a big parade and barbecue. Clum wanted things done his way—and not being able to understand more than a few Apache words as yet, even with the earnest help of George Stevens—he put Marijilda Grijalba on Mickey Free's trail as a spy.

This might have been good strategy on Clum's part, but he picked the wrong man. Mickey and Grijalba were already distrustful of each other. Grijalba was a Mexican who had been a captive of the Chiricahui from childhood, until he managed to escape at age twenty. Mickey did not like Mexicans. The feeling was mutual, as the Mexican did not like the trilingual Mickey, classing him as neither Anglo, Mexican nor Indian but a low-life Mixteca. By now this embroilment had come to the attention of certain clans and it spread a cloud of doubt around Mickey Free—whose side was he on?

At an inter-tribal council there was unanimous agreement that all white men were liars. From then on, Clum, always the showman and politician, ignored Mickey and Grijalba and in their place put Severaino, also a Mexican but one with good Apache blood in his veins.

IN MAY, 1876 Clum received orders from Washington to clear all the Chiricahui out of the Chiricahua Reservation and to remove them to San Carlos. He was in the process of reorganizing his police force when the telegram came, and now he was worried. He already had over 3,500 rebellious Apaches on his hands and even with his enlarged police force, if he moved a thousand wild Chiricahui onto the San Carlos he'd have far more than he could handle. He already had spurned the military and had alienated the good will of such men as Free, Sieber and Stevens (but Lady Luck was with Clum, for without his knowing it the Territorial Governor had requested General Kautz to put a strong detachment of troops on standby in case of trouble).

Clum's only chance was, as far as he knew, the help and support of old frontiersman Tom Jeffords, the Chiricahua Agent. When Clum contacted Jeffords, he was flatly told by Tom that he refused to have anything to do with this heavy-handed breaking of the treaty set up by the late Chief Cochise, General Oliver Otis Howard (1830-1909) and himself in 1872. "You've made your bed, Clum, so lie in it," Taglito said flatly, and left for Tucson. He resigned in protest, and applied to have his $50,000 fidelity bond refunded. Taglito would not be a part to any more breaking of promises to his beloved Chiricahui.

Clum accepted the help of the cavalry, but to compound his troubles he soon discovered that a clan of about forty of the Chiricahua tribe had somehow escaped his military escort while en route to the San Carlos and undoubtedly had

Geronimo's braves, not yet surrendered. One brave is taking aim.

fled into Mexico. Once more he appealed to Tom Jeffords, and once more Taglito refused by replying, "Call them Mansos and list them on your reservation records as The Nameless Ones."

The world was about to tumble down on John Clum's head, and those forty escapees were the bane of his existence, but he didn't give up easily. Under existing treaty regulations, he knew the military could not cross the border and pursue them, but how about the scouts? He swallowed his pride and asked the military for Mickey Free. This procedure had to include Al Sieber as he was Chief of Scouts. Sieber informed Clum that he was "kinda under th' wather," and that Free, his first assistant, must stay and take care of the outfit.

That let out the scouts. Clum wrote to Washington and asked for help, but it was slow in coming. He had to go after it. Clum gave it some thought, then chose the Indian chieftains he felt he could trust: Tah-zay (Tahza) Chief of the Chiricahui; Eskiminzin, Chief of the Aravaipa; and Casodoro, Chief of the Coyoteros, and between them they cooked up a plan to go to Washington and meet the Great White Father, President Grant—he would straighten out everything.

The Centennial Exposition (1776-1876) was being held in Philadelphia, and they hoped to put on a show of Wild Apaches being routed by charging cavalrymen—and make enough money to meet expenses. It was a risky decision to make.

The BIA said neither yes or no to the proposed trip, but Anson Peacely Killen Safford (1830-1891), Territorial Governor, Tucson, was all for it, and he had plenty of political influence in Washington. In addition to the three top chieftains, Clum chose a party of nineteen other Apaches, along with Doctor S. B. Chapin, the Agency physician. Al Sieber told him he'd need a good interpreter and volunteered to join the party. Clum said no; he did not want any white men along other than himself and the doctor, just to show the Easterners that he could handle the Wild Apaches. Sieber then suggested Mickey Free; Mickey turned thumbs down on that. Clum compromised by taking Grijalba, and Mickey rather wished he had not been quite so hasty in his refusal.

Following a gala "Good Luck" party, the group left on July 29, 1876. They stopped at numerous cities and staged performances showing wild Apaches scalping white settlers in a realistic fashion. All had a good time though they barely made expenses. The party arrived in Washington in late autumn.

The trip produced the expected interviews, but the damp eastern weather was not good for the mountain and desert-bred Apaches. Many of them got sick with colds; the doctor did what he could, but Tahza caught pneumonia and died. He was buried in Congressional Cemetery in an unmarked grave.

THE REST of the party, without Clum, returned to Arizona. Clum had taken leave to marry his lifelong sweetheart, Mary Dennison Ware, on November 8. When he returned to San Carlos with his bride a month later, he found the old furor was now worse than ever. The first to meet him was Chief Naiche, who accused Clum of killing his brother Tahza while in the land of the white man. Through interpreter Grijalba, Doctor Chapin, and Chief Eskiminzin, Clum patiently explained the cause and result to the enraged chieftain, but got nowhere. Only the presence of Mickey Free and some white scouts saved Clum from the Apache.

Golthlay, already gathering fame under the Mexican name of Geronimo, stood by, glaring silently, while Naiche, the youngest son of the late Chief Cochise growled his intense hatred. Those two embittered Chiricahui were not about to be buffaloed by a bunch of mealy-mouthed politicians and forked-tongued halfbreeds, nor would they be policed by the Tontos or any other boot-licking tribesmen. Beduiat, a Mimbreno already famous as Victorio, joined the Chiricahua *Netdahe* and suggested they hold council.

On a hunch and at great risk to his life, Mickey Free crept close to the outer council fire that night and listened. The primitive heritage of the Indian's savage spirit and the white man's craft and cunning had always been close to the surface within the breast of Mickey Free, and after all he had seen perpetrated by both white man and red man in his twenty-six years of life, he had acquired a scale of right and wrong. Common sense had a tug of war with heritage as Mickey overheard the *Netdahe* make plans to jump the reservation.

His decision was "to hell with them," but it wasn't a good one. He shrugged, went to his scrapwood shack, rolled up in his blankets and had a good sleep. At daybreak he rode bareback over to the Chiricahua camp, which he found half deserted. Geronimo, Naiche, Victorio, Nolgee, Juh, Chi-hua-hua and Ulzanny, and 450 followers had mounted their ponies and disappeared into the cold December night. Mickey rode over to Sieber's shack; Sieber was eating breakfast and invited Mickey to the table. While they ate they talked about the outbreak, then went and apprised John Clum.

Filled with rage, Clum's first act was to send a courier with a message to be wired to the Territorial Capitol advising all points that a large war party had broken out. Clum was in a dilemma. Undoubtedly those Southern Apaches would head for warm Mexico where the U. S. troops couldn't follow them. International borders meant nothing to the Indians.

Governor Safford, in full support of Clum, on February 8, 1877, asked the Territorial Legislature to appropriate $10,000 to enlist and equip sixty San Carlos Apache Militiamen to go out and hunt down the renegades.

CLUM, always a good organizer, got busy. Soon news came that the Wild Ones had made several bloody raids along the border, then later that they had holed up near Ojo Caliente (Warm Springs), a wilderness area that had been Mimbreno land under Mangas Coloradas and was now a reservation subagency in New Mexico.

Lieutenant M. B. Henley, leading a patrol, located the big war party. He sent a courier to General Hatch, commander of the Department of New Mexico in Santa Fe. He should have reported to General Kautz, commander of the Department of Arizona. Hatch, instead of notifying Kautz in Tucson, notified the War Department in Washington. The War Department passed the buck to the Department of Interior. The Secretary of Interior passed the information on to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. On March 20, 1877, three weeks after Henley had discovered Geronimo's hideout, BIA Commissioner Smith notified Clum to arrest the renegades and return them to San Carlos. General John Pope, General Edward Hatch, General Philip H. Sheridan (1831-1888) along with Mr. Vincent Colyer (1824-1888), got to exchanging caustic messages, with Brigadier General A. V. Kautz caught in the middle.

The following day Clum received a telegram by courier from Governor Safford ordering him to take his Apache Militia and go capture Geronimo. Having anticipated this, Clum had promoted his crony, Clay Beauford, a former cavalry sergeant, to captain of the militia which was temporarily stationed at Fort Thomas (1876-92). He wired Beauford to meet him on April 8 in Silver City, New Mexico, and await his arrival with the Apache police.

Clum, with Al Sieber and Mickey Free as outriders, and Chieftains Eskiminzin, Goo-dhah, Tau-'l-cylee and Sneezer, and their closest followers along with the Agency police, set forth on foot for Silver City about 200 miles across untracked wilderness. They arrived on April 9—the white man trail-worn, the regular scouts and Apache police as fresh as the dew on the golden poppies now in bloom.

A messenger out of Fort Bayard (1866-96) brought a dispatch from Hatch notifying Clum that Major S. Wade, then at Ojo de Vaca, with three skeleton troops of cavalry would meet him at Ojo Caliente Agency to assist in apprehending the renegades. Clum asked Sieber to read the message to the Apache police; Sieber had Mickey read it. He did and it had the effect which Mickey had predicted.

The Apache chieftains stared silently at each other, then Eski spoke: "We do not like this. You enlist Apaches to catch Apaches. You bring us ten suns across the mountains. No horses. Now you bring White-Eye soldiers to fight Apache. Geronimo and his people will see soldiers—but not see us—and his people will escape to Mexico and we be blamed."

Their resentment over what they considered dishonesty on the part of Clum, showed on their swarthy faces. It was up to Sieber and Free to placate them, but they could not still the rumors. That evening Clum managed to get horses from nearby Fort Bayard, and the Apaches seemed to calm down.

Next morning the two outriders reported seeing a band of *Netdahe* about five miles this side of Geronimo's camp, and the police brightened up. Since the militia was already a mounted force, Beauford rode out first. The police got mounted and followed. They were within a mile of a small mountain meadow when a volley of rifle shots echoed off the surrounding hills. Thinking the Netdahe were ambushing the militia, the police quirted into a gallop. Police or not, these were Apache warriors and knew what to do when on the war trails.

They met the returning militiamen. The Apaches to a man dismounted and took cover turning their horses loose. The mounts soon scattered as no horse guard had been set. By then the distant rifle fire had died down to a few scattered shots. After a few minutes of silence several warriors began to reconnoiter the area from the nearby hilltop. Seeing nothing moving, much less any sign of the Wild Ones sneaking up on them, Clum asked Sieber what he thought of the situation.

"We'll know afore too long, I reckon," the chief of scouts replied. "I done sent Free ahead to see what's what."

By mid-morning Mickey rode back into camp. "A hunting party," he reported. "jumped a herd of antelope—their women are now cleaning twenty antelope the hunters shot."

The police had rounded up their spooked horses and by sundown Clum's entire force was mounted and headed for the Ojo Caliente Agency compound. Chuck Harrison, the superintendent, informed Clum it was about five miles to Geronimo's *rancheria* but that unless he hurried he'd find the camp empty, because the Wild Ones—most of them—had been in early that morning and had drawn rations which indicated they were stocking up for a long ride. Harrison also informed Clum that Geronimo had been irritable and sharply alert, as if expecting that pursuit was not far behind. Clum asked Sieber what he thought of it.

"I'll take Free for a look-see before too dark," Sieber replied.

"Half-moon tonight, Sibi," nodded Mickey.

Mickey and Sieber soon left on foot to scout the hostiles' encampment. They returned after midnight and reported that the *Netdahe* had all their horses corraled, their equipment bundled up, and were ready to ride, probably at dawn. Clum asked Mickey to go back and inform Geronimo and his warchiefs that Clum and just a few men were at the Agency and wanted to parley. Clum stressed the guileful method which Mickey was to use—as if he didn't already know—to entice the runaways in for a council. With nothing but a cup of black coffee under his belt, Mickey Free disappeared into the night.

Clum, a man of deeply ingrained prejudices—as his later writings and many speeches revealed—intensely disliked Mickey Free and ignored him on all except extreme occasions as in this predicament, knowing full well Mickey was the only man in the camp who could accomplish the mission. Clum also had little influence with the Apaches. He rarely mentioned either man in his official dispatches, but the military officers understood and made their decisions accordingly.

CLUM placed Beauford and his militia Indians in groups of ten in the adobe buildings surrounding the compound. Two groups of twelve police under

(Continued on page 70)

Apache group photographed about 1871 shows Mickey Free at center, rear.

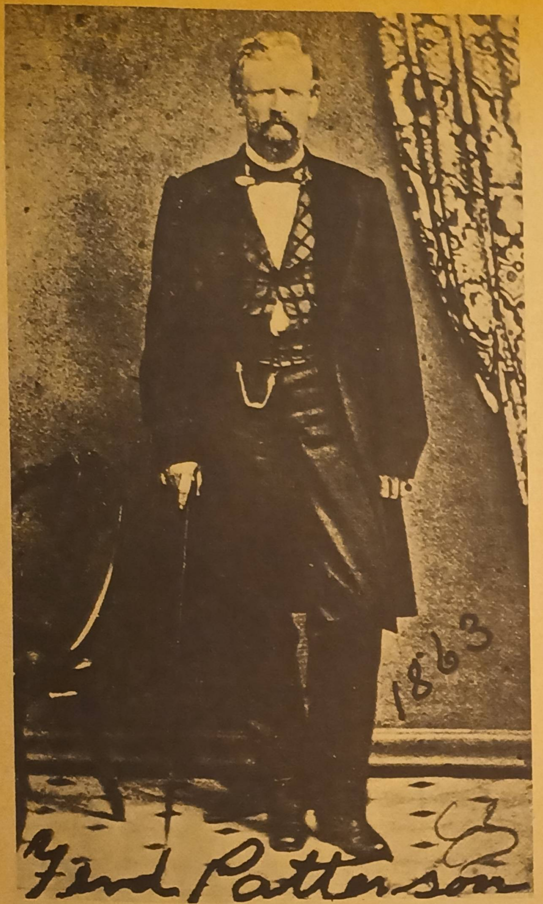
U. S. Signal Corps Photo

TENNESSEE HELL RAISER

By GLENN SHIRLEY

Photos Courtesy Author

He fitted right in with the Barbary Coast –the man and the place were ideally suited!



Ferd Patterson

Idaho Historical Society

"I'M A curly wolf from Sucker Creek and it's my night to howl-l-l!" This sudden, violent announcement swept through the Bella Union Saloon in Los Angeles one fall evening in 1859. Every eye in the room turned on the huge man who swaggered up to the bar.

A wide-brimmed black hat was shoved back on his head revealing sandy-red hair and a florid complexion. A frock coat of heavy pilot-beaver cloth, trimmed with the fur of sea-otter, stretched across his powerful shoulders. His plaid trousers, foxed with buckskin after the fashion of a frontier cavalryman, fitted snugly over the tops of high-heeled Spanish boots. Across the front of his fancy silk vest dangled a heavy watch chain made from specimens of native California gold.

Snatching an empty bottle from the counter, he flung it crashing into the back mirror, then whipped a pistol from under his coat and turned to observe if the crowd had heard. His eyes were of a gray tint, so pale as to seem almost white. At the moment they were inflamed with liquor.

The patrons, familiar with the big man's habits, stopped whatever they were doing and headed for the door. Even the bartenders vanished with the crowd. Ferd Patterson was on a spree.

Only one man—a thin, sharp-faced stranger in a plug hat who had just arrived by boat from Australia and didn't know Ferd—remained to see what would happen. He wasn't long finding out.

Ferd uncorked a fresh bottle, poured himself a drink, and said to the stranger, "Take something!"

It was an order, not an invitation, but the stranger failed to so interpret it. His heel notched over the brass rail, an elbow propped, and still swilling his ale, he replied mildly, "No—I thank you, sir."

The next moment, with his plug hat sailing through the air, he realized he should have left with the others. As he darted for the door, the ugly, black pistol poking from Ferd's hand roared again. The shock of lead knocked the stranger's right foot from under him and sent him sprawling. Blood oozed from the toe of his shoe. He tried to move the foot, couldn't, and crawled through the doorway, dragging it and looking helplessly back at Ferd. The pistol blasted once more, but by that time, he was across the sidewalk, collapsed face down in the dust of the street. The Bella Union was full of smoke and Patterson was entirely alone.

THE SPREE only lasted a couple of days. Ferd tapered off on his drinking until he arrived at his usual gentlemanly repose, in which state one unacquainted with him would not have suspected Patterson of a fondness for such excitement. Sober, he was a soft-spoken pacifist, a genial, mirth-loving companion.

His friends began kidding him about what he had done to the stranger. To the stranger, however, a missing big toe and loss of the full use of his foot was no joking matter. A few days later, when he was able to hobble about, he armed himself with an English self-cocking pistol and returned to the Bella Union.

Ferd was dealing monte, and scarcely noticed him. He reached out to rake his winnings from the board just as the stranger lifted his pistol and placed a bullet neatly between Ferd's ribs.

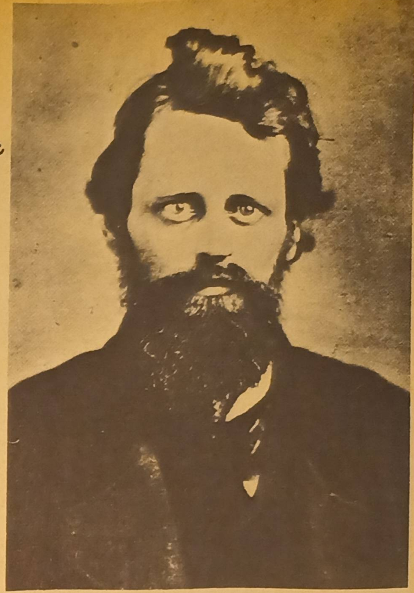
Ferd clutched his side in surprise and disbelief. Blood squeezed between his fingers. He started up from his chair, his face a shade paler as a quick stab of pain almost blinded him.

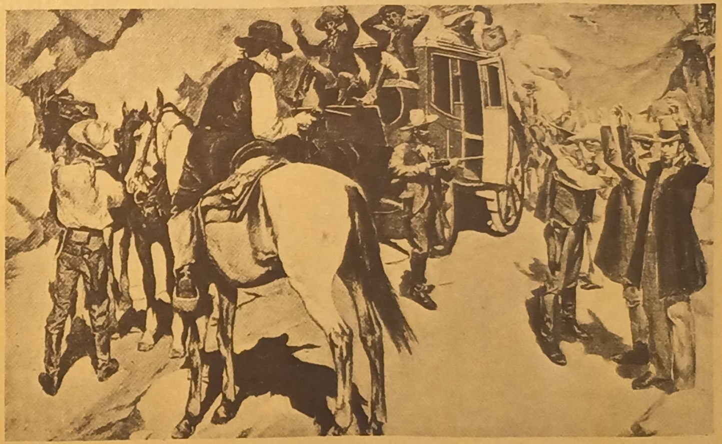
Then he did an amazing thing—he fell to the floor, drew his own pistol and emptied it into the stranger, and convinced that his own wound was mortal, rolled over on his back and yelled to his friends: "For God's sake, fellows, take off my boots!"

The expression that "he will die with his boots on"—a prediction that a murderer would be hanged or come to his death by violence—had grown into a fatalistic belief among the ruffians on the Pacific Coast. Considering that a high percentage of murderers in the early history of the mining regions had expiated their crimes upon the gallows or in bloody affrays, their faith was not greatly misplaced.

Ferd's boots were removed but it proved unnecessary. At the hospital, in the same ward where the stranger had just died, the doctor assured Ferd he needn't worry. The stranger's bullet had missed his vital organs completely and had lodged in the muscles of his back.

Ferd laughed, "I thought it would take more than a mangy little coyote with a limey pistol to do me in!"





At right, Sumner Pinkham. Below, conditions in the Boise Basin were not unlike other gold strike areas Patterson had visited. The rapid spread of population had far outstripped the cumbersome machinery of legislation and the administration of law. Rogues and villains overflowing from Montana and states east of the Missouri were so thick they robbed each other.

Idaho Historical Society

JASON FERDINAND PATTERSON was born in Tennessee about 1820. An ambitious, aggressive lad, he determined to become a first class fighting man. At age nineteen, he had migrated to Texas.

It was an excellent choice. The Lone Star State, in 1839, already was producing a superior line of belligerents. Ferd became a professional gambler, but being too impulsive to depend on cards for a livelihood, also engaged in a number of exploring and hunting expeditions. The way in which he overcame obstacles—his skill with weapons, complete fearlessness and familiarity with life in the wilderness—made him the idol of those who joined in his ventures, and the ideal of most women in the bustling, brawling border towns he visited.

He might well have become a useful citizen but for his propensity for liquor. He wasn't a steady drinker, but when he began one of his excesses, he passed through all stages of excitement to exhaustion. His white eyes lit up like a furnace; his breath came in labored gasps. He remembered every insult he had ever received and took it out on the person nearest him. Even his best friends avoided him until he sobered.

Prior to his arrival in Los Angeles, he had disposed of three men during his "fits of hilarity." According to one report, "two were rather unworthy and useless characters." The third was a prominent San Antonio saloonkeeper who had made the mistake of refusing to serve Ferd a drink after he had sold him half a dozen.

One shot later, the saloonkeeper lay dead and Ferd found himself surrounded by the cold, unresponsive walls of the San Antonio jail.

There was always some pretty young harlot, however, who was willing to come to his rescue. By three o'clock in the morning he was in possession of a sharp pick with which he dug a hole through one of the adobe walls. Lingering only long enough to leave his sweetheart with fond memories of his appreciation, he mounted a horse, which she had brought along with the pick, and headed for California.

Ferd had found the Pacific Coast much to his liking. He joined up with Preston Standifer, a well-to-do Yreka merchant who had some bank claims on Sucker Creek, and worked for a time before getting back to cards. Ferd shot a man at Yreka in 1856, wounded a gambler named "Frazer River George" at Sailor Diggings, and engaged in several street brawls in Los Angeles. After killing the stranger from Australia, Ferd went to San Francisco.

DESPITE THE WORK of the vigilante committees of the 1850s, the Barbary Coast was this hemisphere's worst sewer of vice and murder. Ferd looked with approval on what he saw—street after street of gambling casinos, saloons and dancehalls, opium joints and every other kind of vicious hangout where men could live without sweat and women without shame.

But Ferd found gold hard to take, and suffered a bad streak at monte and faro. One evening he strode broke and hungry into the Empire, a famous gambling palace. A few hours later, he found himself with good food and a cozy bed with a woman named Ida Mae.

His benefactress had a roommate, a bejeweled brunette, who dealt faro at the Empire.

Annie moved into a room up the hall, but she was in to see Ida Mae every day. One morning Ida Mae went shopping and Annie found Ferd alone. The two were becoming better acquainted when Ida Mae returned.

Flushed and angry, she jerked a pistol from her bodice. Ferd had no opportunity to defend himself, and might have been killed if Annie hadn't seized the table lamp and smashed it across Ida Mae's head.

Apprehensively, Ferd told Annie, "We had better get out of here!"

Annie agreed. "We'll go to Portland."

New placer fields to the north had brought a heavy influx of miners and camp followers into Oregon. Steamers plying up the coast were taxed to capacity. Somehow, to the passenger list of the regular voyage leaving the City of the Golden Gate the next morning, were added the names of Annie and Ferd Patterson.

The list included a large party of sporting men and women, and as soon as the vessel was out to sea, the group took over the gaming room. Ferd, wearing an ivory-handled revolver and formidable bowie knife, dealt three-card monte. Annie, posing as his wife, dealt faro.

The social orgies which were enacted soon drove the other passengers outside. The steamer arrived abreast the Columbia River bar too late in the evening to cross in safety and it was decided to lie off till morning. The activity in the gaming room continued into the night. Finally, a committee complained to the ship's officer, demanding that such boisterous conduct in the presence of women and children be stopped.

Husky, bearded Captain Staples went to the card room. Courteously, he requested the group to retire, adding, "The hour is late and the lights must be extinguished."

Ferd, drinking as usual, replied, "Put out your damned lights, Captain—but you'd better bring some candles."

"There will be no candles," said Staples, "and if there is any further trouble, I'll have you put in chains."

The party dispersed, but Fred mumbled to his companions, "I'll settle his hash when we get to Portland."

THE SHIP crossed the bar the next morning. It dropped some freight at Astoria, then proceeded up the river, arriving in Portland at midnight. Despite the hour, the weary passengers went ashore to find lodging, the crew began discharging their cargo, and Captain Staples went to call on an old friend at the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

The Cosmopolitan, best of the old-time hostelries on the Northwest Coast, stood on the north side of Stark Street, between Front Street and the river. The main entrance was into a large office and waiting room on the ground floor. A broad spiral staircase rose from the office floor to the hotel parlor, so that no visitor could come or go without being noticed by the clerk on duty. Captain Staples sent his card to the friend he desired to see and was promptly shown to the parlor.

Ferd entered the office, inquiring for Staples. The clerk assured him the Captain had gone upstairs and would be down shortly.

"I'll wait," Ferd said, and seated himself directly opposite the staircase.

Some time elapsed before the Captain and his friend appeared at the upper landing. After saying a brief goodbye, Staples began to descend the stairs.

Ferd was set to goad him into a fight, but the Captain's reaction at sight of him was greater than he had hoped for. Staples sensed why he was there and reached for the Navy Colt on his hip. Ferd's pistol flashed and roared as he rose from his chair. Staples fell forward, his limp body tumbling down to the lobby floor.

Ferd surrendered to the first policeman who arrived on the scene. He proved at his trial that Staples drew first. He had another item in his favor. On the Atlantic side of the continent the Civil War was raging. The sentiment in Oregon was for the Union, and Captain Staples had been a strong Unionist. But nearly all Portlanders were Southern sympathizers. He was acquitted.

Feeling ran high among the Unionists. It was predicted that Ferd would not leave the courtroom alive, but he passed through the hostile throng "with such presence that none molested him."

FERD BECAME a great favorite with the Secessionists and was looked upon as a constructive citizen. As always, however, he had to spoil everything.

His long stay in jail had disrupted his relationship with Annie, and Annie wasn't one to read a book when she could get action. Ferd laughed when stories seeped to his cell that a certain well-dressed gentleman was squiring her about the city. By the time Ferd was released, Annie had been installed in a mansion on the Willamette, complete with butler, maids, golden tableware and a spanking team of bays.

One evening she came home to find Ferd sprawled on her brocaded sofa, smoking one of her husband's expensive cigars and drinking from a tumbler of whiskey.

"Close the door," Ferd said. "I want a good look at a lady of fashion!"

Annie stood frozen, too shocked to scream. Ferd leaped to his feet. He yanked her into the room, threw her upon the sofa and stared coldly down at her.

"I don't aim to hurt you," he said. "All I came for is a souvenir."

Seizing the coil of her hair in one hand, he whipped out his bowie knife with the other, intending to cut off the coil close to her head with one stroke. He aimed too low, and the hair came off with a large piece of scalp.

For this outrageous behavior, Ferd was arraigned before a police justice. The testimony of Policeman Thomas Donovan, who investigated the case and arrested him, convicted Ferd. He paid a heavy fine and costs.

Donovan was also the policeman who had arrested him for killing Staples. Donovan had liked the Captain, and had testified against Ferd.

After the trial, Ferd told the policeman, "I'll settle with you one way or another."

The judge ordered Ferd placed under peace bond but Donovan was taking no chances. He had a family to support. He left Portland.

Ferd's southern friends posted his bail, but his rudeness in scalping his former mistress met with their violent disapproval. So Ferd, too, left the City of Roses. His bondsmen had to settle up, and they next heard of him over in Boise Basin, at Idaho City.

Conditions there were not unlike other gold strike areas Ferd had visited. The rapid spread of population into Boise Basin had far outstripped the cumbersome machinery of legislation and the administration of law. Rogues and villains overflowing from Montana and states east of the Missouri were so thick they robbed each other. As early as 1862, vigilante committees had been organized in a number of communities from Lewiston on the Snake to the Payette River Valley, but their actions had served only to drive the desperadoes from one locality to another. So many had fled into Boise Basin that this section of Idaho had become "the seat of war."

Idaho Territory, for judicial purposes, was divided into three districts, each with a federal judge appointed by President Abraham Lincoln, and for the Territory at large, a United States Marshal, who in turn appointed the district deputies. Thus the federal officials were all Union men, while sheriffs and other elected officials of the counties were adverse to laws they were expected to enforce. Even the juries summoned in the few cases brought to trial were composed mostly of men who considered a criminal act deserving of commendation rather than punishment.

As the courts failed to improve the state of society, and politics divided the communities into classes, the Union men at Idaho City organized to meet the coming crisis. A Democratic victory in October, 1864, which put A. O. Bowen in office as sheriff, did nothing to mend matters. Bowen was a tool of the rough element. The situation grew worse in December, when Ada County was set off from Boise by the legislature, with Boise City as the county seat and D. C. Updyke, a rogue, as sheriff. Boise Basin was now at the mercy of desperadoes in office and out. The crisis came in Idaho City with the arrival of Ferd Patterson.

SUMNER PINKHAM, a prominent saloonkeeper, represented what was left of the town's morality. A native of Maine, he stood over six feet tall, with the "strength of a giant and agility of a mountain cat." His hair and beard were almost white, but his cheeks were rosy as a boy's. When aroused, his habitual frown would gather in a fierce scowl and his blue eyes fairly blazed. He was skilled in the use of every defensive weapon, but usually settled all disputes with a word and a blow, and the blow always came first.

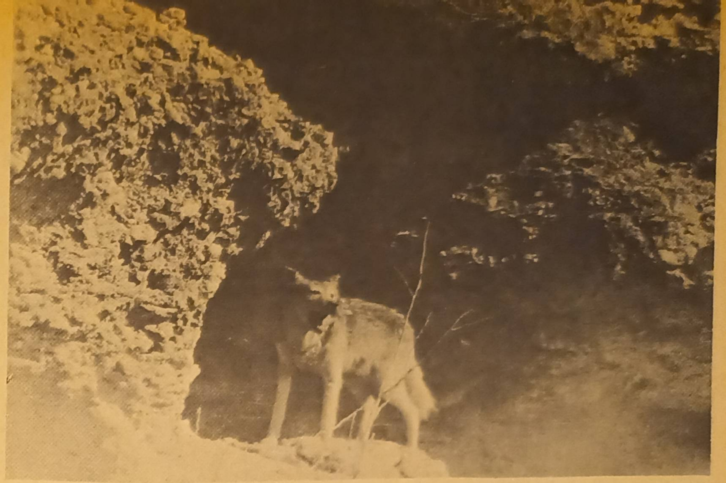
Like Ferd, he had been an adventurer in California, operating a saloon and gambling hall at Marysville. When Idaho City boomed, Pinkham had been among the first to arrive with his monte cards and faro boards. Despite his rough characteristics, he had no use for thieves and murderers, and when Idaho Territory was organized, the governor had appointed him first sheriff of Boise County until an election could be held and his successor qualified. Afterwards, he served as district deputy for the United States Marshal.

By promptly discharging the duties of these offices, he had won the respect of the best citizens. He was a strong Unionist and never overlooked an opportunity to proclaim his loyalty to the

(Continued on page 54)

By FRED HARRISON

WHEN ALL OTHER METHODS FAILED, "STILL HUNTING" WIPED OUT THE CANADIAN RIVER WOLF PACK



Courtesy George A. Wallis

This grey wolf, one of the last *lobos* to be killed on the *Llano Estacado* or Staked Plains, held a pack of hounds at bay until shot with a rifle.

DEFEATING THE KING of the PRAIRIES

A VICIOUS gray killer, the lobo or timber wolf, was one of the greatest scourges to face pioneer cattlemen of the Southwest. Big, tough and smart, the lobo annually cost ranchers thousands of dollars in slaughtered cattle. He was indisputably king of the prairies with no natural enemies except man. That is, he was king until desperate ranchers called for help from that lowly but ingenious individual, the $35-a-month and-found cowpuncher, who in a few years knocked the crown from lobo's snarling brow and chased him plumb out of the country.

Weighing up to 175 pounds, the lobo could, and often did, pull down full-grown steers. His brutal hunting methods infuriated cattlemen. Ranchers checking their herds often found cattle which, though still alive, had been victim of a slashing, swooping attack by wolves. Only choice portions of the living body, including almost always the tongue, had been eaten, leaving the remains for the vultures and coyotes.

Another calculated lobo strategy was to patiently follow a cow heavy with calf until she lay down to give birth. The new-born helpless calf was easy prey as the mother lay spent and weak. A rancher might lose fifty per cent of his calf crop to lobos.

Too smart for traps or poisoned bait, the lobos' depredations finally posed a major financial crisis, one which reached its peak in northwest Texas during the 1890s. When ranchers began paying generous bounties for wolf scalps, some of the cow-waddies turned professional "wolfers" on a full-time basis.

ONE SUCH man was Allen Stagg who, for two years, hunted wolves along the Canadian River. An employee of the sprawling XIT Ranch, Stagg was paid $35 a month plus $10 for each lobo scalp collected. This amounted to princely wages for a cowpuncher and Stagg went at his business in a professional way. He used wolf and stag hounds and, at one time, had sixty-four. He ran them in several packs as relays during a chase.

"When a lobo is jumped it always makes a break for the roughest ground," he said. "Your horse would often fall and you would have to walk back to camp. My horse stumbled one day and, as it got up, it kicked me in the face. When I came to sometime later, I made my way back to the ranch afoot with blood-matted hair and beard from a cut forehead."

As a wolfer Stagg always hunted by himself. In the spring of the year he didn't use dogs but resorted to "Still Hunting," a method which soon sounded the death knell for wolves along the Canadian.

Still Hunting simply consisted of hunting out the wolf's den in the breaks along the Canadian. The dens consisted of a dug-out or natural cave with an opening often measuring two feet across. Stagg crawled in after them.

"I found a den on the Canadian north of Vega (Texas) one time," he reminisced. "It was about two feet across and led down through the rock. I had a little candle which I lighted and then crawled in carrying my gun ahead of me. A person had to crawl with his arms stretched out in front of him.

"The wolf was inside about twenty-five feet. I saw her eyes by the reflected light of the candle. I raised my gun and fired. When I shot, it put my candle out. It was necessary to crawl back out of the den to relight it as a person couldn't get his arms back to get his matches.

"After relighting the candle I went back in, and there the eyes were again. I didn't see how I could have missed her, but I raised my gun and fired again. Then I wriggled back out, lit my candle and wriggled back into the hole. There the eyes were again! I had a long pole with a short fishhook arrangement upon the end, so I took this and pulled her out. She was dead with two bullet holes in her head not over one-half inch apart. She was lying with her head out between her paws and the first shot had killed her, but her eyes were still open and shining in the light."

Of course the greatest advantage to Still Hunting was the number of puppies which usually could be extracted from the den, up to six or eight. That equaled two months wages for the average cowpuncher.

There was a certain danger to this trapping method—not from the adult lobo which many hunters rate as one of the greatest cowards in the animal kingdom when brought to bay, but from the possibility of getting wedged in one of the narrow den tunnels. For the husky, 6‘ 3" Stagg this was a serious threat.

Once, miles from possible help on the lonely banks of the Canadian, Stagg became wedged in a rocky tunnel. No matter which way he turned and squirmed, his efforts seemed only to more tightly imprison him. During his struggles his candle went out and he was left in pitch blackness. There was the added danger that his thrashing about might precipitate a cave-in entombing him. In the dank darkness Stagg felt the first violent surges of panic and a loneliness which he never before experienced.

But tough men like Allen Stagg were

(Continued on page 40)

CHURCH HOLLOW TREASURE

Very little time is left to find this family fortune. The authors are sharing what clues they have—it's now up to you!

By BERNICE and JACK McGEE

Photos Courtesy James D. Attebery and Dr. John J. Sullivan

THE CAST-IRON KETTLE swung like a heavy gold pendulum, its handle slung over the rifle linking two men shoulder to shoulder. A third man struggled alongside his burden-bent companions, helping first one and then the other. Sliding boots and whisper-soft curses disturbed the quiet of the night.

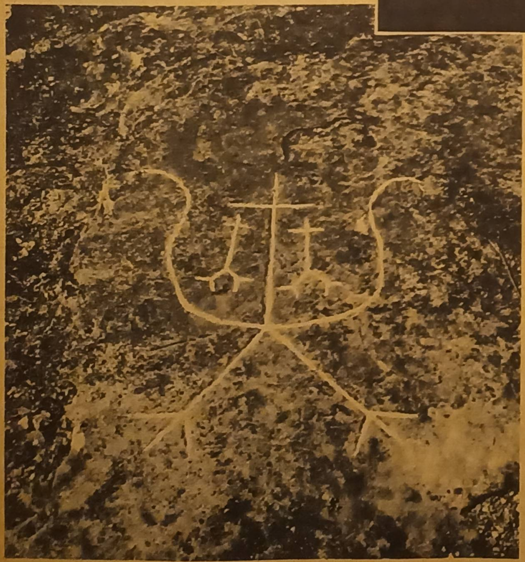
Stumbling through the woods with some degree of silence took all the finesse the three young men could muster. Stopping often for rest, they crouched and froze like frightened animals being stalked by larger and more cunning game.

Satisfied they weren't being followed, positions were shifted, with the relief-man taking his spell at one end of the cumbersome rifle. The load being passed from one man to the next was their combined wealth of gold coins! Their mission? The kettle was about to be buried until the three friends could return home to Cedar County, Missouri.

It was 1861. The first guns of the Civil War had been fired. It was time for men to put their affairs in order before joining the forces of their choosing. Homes were left behind, valuables were hidden, and a war was to be fought!

The Civil War had split Missouri in half. Communities, and even families were taking opposite sides on issues dividing the North and the South. Church Hollow was a small farming settlement, located between the Cedar Creek hills to the west, the Sac River hills to the east. In 1861, the area could best be described as a community of scattered farm houses, with much of the land not taken, as yet, for homesteading. All was open country except for a few rail fences.

The large Church Hollow glyph-map.



Roads and bridges were practically nonexistent. For our three Church Hollow men, a trip to the nearest village was probably made once a year—certainly not more than twice. Had they not needed salt and a goodly supply of green coffee, even one trip would have been unnecessary. Whatever else they used was made at home or they did without. Clothes, home-remedy medicines, furniture, farm implements—all were made at home.

Their tables were well supplied with wild game. Deer, wild turkeys, squirrels, and rabbits were plentiful in this southwestern fringe of the Missouri Ozarks. For the average Church Hollow farmer, twenty acres was considered a large field to work, because cultivation was done with a hoe. So the land was used well. Cane was raised for sweetening, flax for clothing, corn for meal, and vegetables for adding a little variety to a meat diet.

United States currency, as we know it today, was not made until April, 1862. Prior to that time, paper money was issued by individual banks, and much of it was of no value. Sometimes the bank did not exist! Banknotes were often referred to as "Shin plasters," with few people trusting or accepting them.

Burying the family funds was a necessity, even in time of peace. It was doubly important in time of war.

IT WAS SAID the old-fashioned bluing-pot our three Church Hollow men shared that night held all the coins the two men could carry. That would have been quite a sum. It was probably hidden outside the main settlement, and away from Cedar Creek. Spring and summer rains annually covered the creek bottoms with boiling floodwaters which could wash away topsoil, exposing the kettle and tumbling the gold halfway to the Sac River.

Cedar Bluff might have been considered a good burial spot; certainly it was a good landmark. An Osage Indian burial mound had endured over the years atop Cedar Bluff's highest peak overlooking the creek. But, for that very reason, it could have been voted down. Too many people used the bluffs.

Obviously a suitable place was selected by the three, and a good place it must have been! Few of our early pioneers could read or write. A picture, or glyph, was all they understood. And this is what one of the Church Hollow men left behind—a picture-map, its cryptic message known only to himself and, possibly, to his two companions.

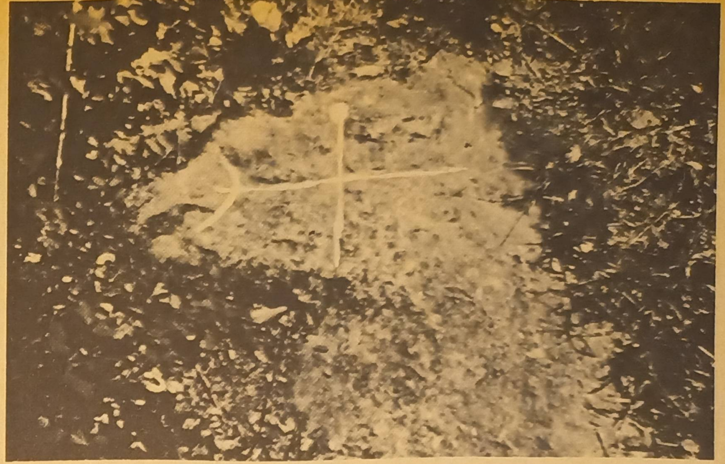
Their gold safely buried, the men left the settlement and joined the Confederate Army, where they were destined to fight in one of the war's bloodiest battles, Missouri's famous "Battle of Wilson Creek." Here, less than a hundred miles from home, two of the Church Hollow men died. One on the battlefield, the other a few days later from severe wounds.

The third? He lived through the Wilson Creek Battle, even returned to the settlement, however his homecoming was not a happy one. It is said he reappeared in Church Hollow, a war-crazed soldier muttering about the gold "thirty minutes east of the church." Friends and neighbors helped in the wandering, confused, and hopeless search, but the gold was never found.

It is not known who first discovered the glyph-map. Fortunately the map-maker had not chosen to ink the kettle's location on delicate paper, nor had he burned it into leather. Either of these materials normally associated with "treasure-maps" could have been lost, stolen, or subject to decay.

The map had been skillfully chisled into a large, flat slab of limestone, completely isolated from everything. Too remote for a chance discovery, too meaningless to the accidental finder without verbal instructions from the original chartographer, too permanent for destruction by the wind, fire, or flood, and certainly too large to get lost, it was the best possible choice.

It is quite possible, due to its seclusion, that the glyph went unnoticed by the settlement's scattered population. With Church Hollow's abandonment in the succeeding years, the legendary "Kettle of Gold" almost died from men's memory. Almost, but not quite!

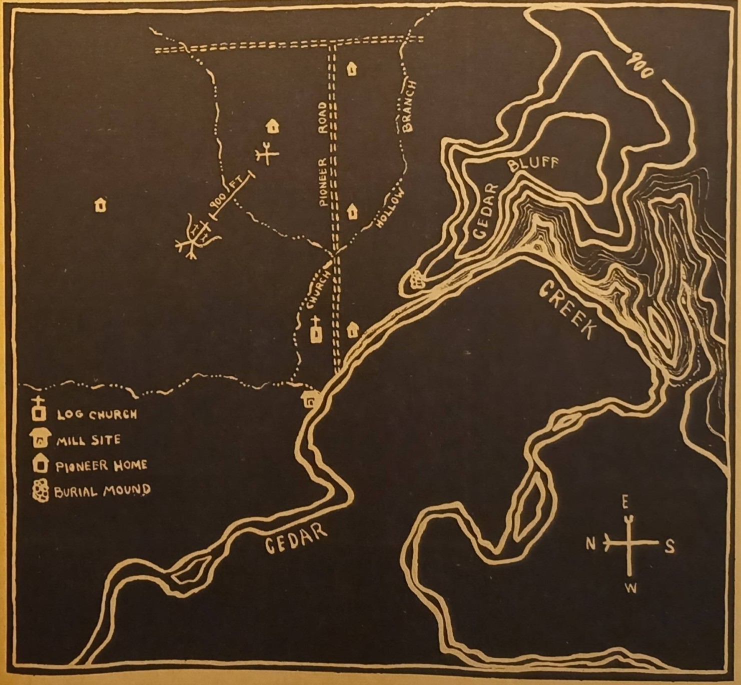


Church Hollow's second glyph, possibly a small compass. Since this photograph was taken, the small glyph was accidentally damaged by the present property owner while clearing brush, and has since been covered with debris, making it difficult to locate.

IN 1960, the legend was slowly brought back to life by Missouri historian James D. Attebery, President of the St. Clair County Historical Society, member of the Missouri State Historical Society Research Department, and former Mayor of Osceola. Jim Attebery is a walking, talking, flesh-covered book on Missouri history, and knowing of our dedicated pursuit of petroglyphs, Mr. Attebery shared this story with us.

The glyph came to his attention while doing research work for the State Historical Society. With neighboring Cedar County scheduling the future construction of Hackleman Corners Dam, Mr. Attebery was called upon to make a survey of its historical sites, some of which would be endangered by the rising water.

Traveling from his own St. Clair County, he began interviewing residents as to locations of historical importance—pioneer settlements, homes, cemeteries, mill sites, churches, frontier trails and roads. While working within a water-framed triangle of land, holding two rivers apart, he was introduced to the old Church Hollow settlement by a former resident. His guide told of its past history, and then took him to the glyph-rock, where he repeated the legend of its origin.



Later, while talking with other residents of the sparsely-settled, pie-shaped wedge of land, he found verification of the first man's story. He also learned that not more than two persons knew of a second glyphrock, smaller than the first but in the same area.

Fascinated by the beautiful designs, Attebery devoted his spare time to study of the glyph patterns. One thing was certain—these carvings were not the result of aimless doodling. Whoever created the glyphs was a true craftsman of rock and chisel, and someone who was recording something important.

Calling upon a fellow St. Clair Historical Society member, Dr. John J. Sullivan, Attebery and his friend began a full-scale study of the glyph.

Before a physical search for the kettle was made, they wisely constructed their theories on paper. The Church Hollow settlement was reconstructed as it had looked in 1861. Cedar Creek, cabin sites, church, mill site, pioneer roads and trails were drafted onto paper.

Cedar Creek mill has vanished. Today, nothing remains but a few logs marking the old dam. The pioneer cabins have long been abandoned, and the log-church is no more. It was a tedious task to resurrect Church Hollow, and even when it was completed, Mr. Attebery and Dr. Sullivan were left facing the puzzling glyphs. The large glyph is not on a face rock, but on a flat horizontal stone forming part of a hillside, therefore it cannot be removed. A photograph had to replace the real thing for deciphering purposes.

AT FIRST GLANCE, the large glyph resembled a "kettle full of turkey legs"! On the theory an Indian glyph had been enlarged upon, they discovered

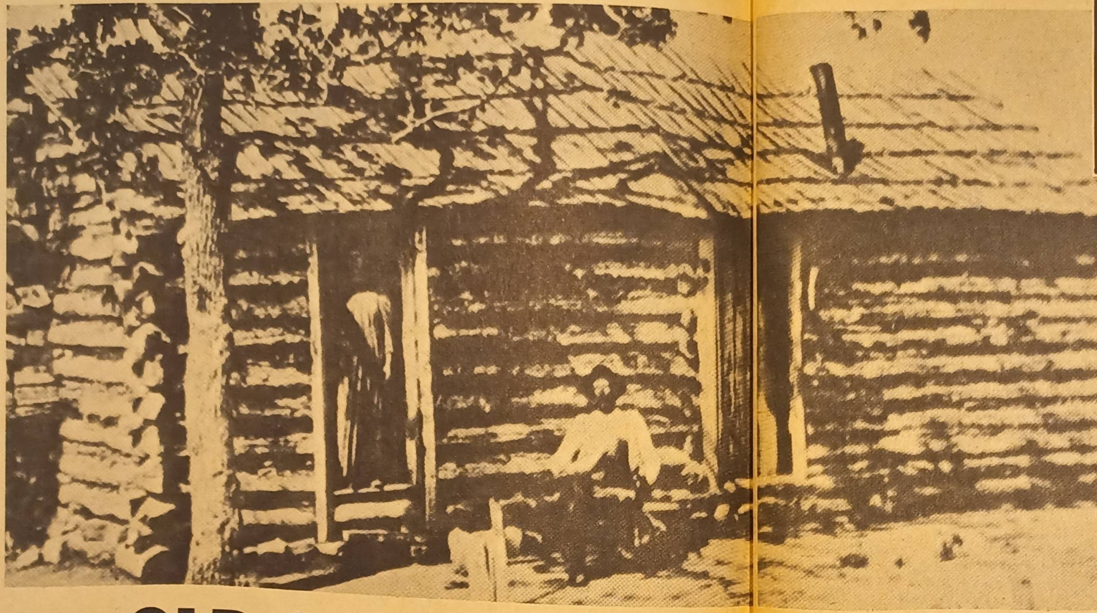
(Continued on page 60)

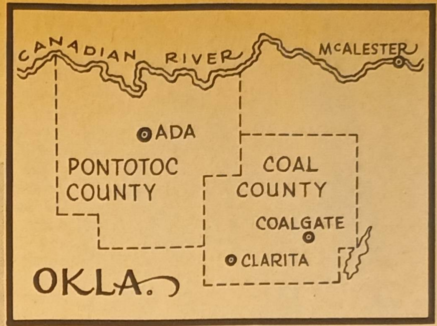
Everything they owned was inside them — pride, loyalty, stubbornness, strangeness. No one was ever able to put across the idea that the world was meant to be bought and sold in parcels . . .

OLD OKLAHOMA'S RED HILLS PEOPLE

By
MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author





FILLED with potent Choctaw beer, the seventeen-year-old Picrock boy staggered through the log cabin door. Waving around a Saturday night special, a .38 caliber Iver Johnson revolver, he shot out one of the kerosene lanterns hanging from a rafter.

Before he could aim at the next, the cabin's barefooted dancers, the fiddler and the harp player were gone through the glassless windows. Pop went another lantern. Then staggering around, he spotted Father's cowboy, Rushing, and me sitting on the split log bench against the side wall.

Swaying uncertainly before Rushing he mumbled, "I'm a'going to shoot you through the brisket."

None of the hill men would come back inside to stop him. In his condition they considered him filled with the "spirit" and not responsible for his actions. For a moment I sure thought he would plug Rushing. Yet as scared stiff as he was, the cowboy managed to blurt desperately, "You ain't got no more bullets in your rouser!"

"I——ain't?" The boy swayed more while bringing the muzzle of the double action revolver close enough to his face to peer at the exposed cylinder chambers.

He must have held the trigger half squeezed for the gun exploded in a loud crash. The boy lost the spirit as the bullet tore off most of the right ear close to his head. Dropping the little gun he grabbed his wound with both hands as Rushing, already on the move, jumped out the end window and disappeared into the night.

Men and women hurried back inside the cabin, leading the boy outside to a fire where he was bandaged and placed on a pallet.

For once I heard the hill men chuckle amusedly. Said Jug Humphrey, "Your paw's cowboy lit a shuck in a tolerable hurry!"

Taking a different view, his wife expressed the opinion of most present, "It was the lowlander's fault. If he'd stayed out of here where he don't belong the boy wouldn't of shot his own ear off."

Only my friend, Shag Landers, spoke a dissenting word. "It was Jug's fault. He shouldn't of asked Rushing to stay for the dance."

WHEN WE had ridden by the cabin at sundown where the Red Hills families had gathered for a Saturday night dance, the well-beered Humphrey had unaccountably extended an invitation to light and stay for the dance. That surprised me. It was the first and last time I ever heard any of them ask an outsider to any of their rather unusual social affairs. And from the moment Humphrey spoke, the hill people, and especially the comely girls Rushing wanted to shine up to, ignored us completely.

Our cattle range, deeded and leased land, was in the low Red Hills of Coal and Pontotoc Counties, Oklahoma. They were covered by hardwood timber where the luxuriant grass grew knee high. Many creeks crossed them, most being spring fed. A few were deep enough to afford good fishing.

When father took over this range he inherited squatters whose ancestors had migrated from east of the Mississippi River to the Red Hills before the Civil War. These strange people were the replicas of the hookworm-thin hillbillies depicted in cartoons. The eleven widely scattered families consisted of the three Landers', Moar, Humphrey, Zanah, Stubblefield, Davis, Picrock, Waller and Aziah.

They had occupied Indian lands and none ever owned a foot of ground in the hills. Entire families occupied two and three log cabins built together on a couple of acres of tillable soil. Usually their places were situated on the side of a creek, otherwise near a spring.

The cultivated land was loamy-sandy. It grew profuse crops. Yet these indifferent, proud and independent people never planted much of anything. A few put in enough short staple cotton to produce half a bale which they sold in the seed. Most raised only a patch of corn, some wheat to thresh by hand, sorghum cane for syrup and a little garden truck. Their few peach and apple trees were scrubs from seed and never produced much.

They owned some acorn-eating hogs, a few scrawny horses and sometimes a milch cow. Much of their food came from the forest, as it did in the time of their ancestors. Rabbits and squirrels were killed every month of the year, and probably bobwhite quail. Several varieties of wild greens were used in season, and some roots the year around. However, their food most of the time consisted of cornbread, black strap molasses and sow belly. The corn was ground into meal in a small mill owned by George Allen, a Chickasaw Indian who lived in the edge of the hills.

Two or three of the men hacked cross ties for the railroad and delivered them in nearby Clarita at twenty cents each. This and money from the cotton provided the only piddling cash they saw all year long. Their economic condition even by the standards of those dead years (pre-1912) was pitifully low. And yet I knew them to be the happiest of people.

They were extremely clannish. closely knit. and hid like wild Indians from intruders. The families had always intermarried; if inbreeding is injurious it did not show on these people, either physically or mentally. Another cabin was seldom built when a couple went to keeping house. They lived with one of their parents and their brothers and sisters. Most of them had never been out of the Red Hills in their lives.

Marriage was simple and for keeps; there was never a separation. A couple merely lived together until a preacher, one of their own kind from somewhere else, wandered in with a Bible. He performed the necessary marriage ceremony without a license. For a week he held preaching and singing sessions under a new brush arbor.

Their feelings were extremely touchy. Easily offended, but with no open resentment showing, they could become dangerous in a hurry.

The Indian allotment lands my father leased belonged to the Raymond Plummer family who lived at the Coal County Seat, Coalgate. Many times Plummer tried by law to get rid of the squatters. If the sheriff's men accidentally found one and jailed him, he remained there uncomplainingly but, when released, headed straight back to the hills like a homing pigeon.

Probably Plummer thought Father would evict them, but I do not believe anybody could have—short of shooting them dead. Father never even tried to. He realized that it would be risky to feud with them. The loss of his cattle, shipped in from Arizona, could bankrupt him. He solved the problem another way, by camping with his herd a week in the hardwood forest. From this base he managed to contact the head of each household.

He explained that he didn't want to be preyed on by thieves. The hill families were strategically placed, so would they please watch out for him? In return, anytime they became meat hungry they were welcome to butcher a fat steer. His proposition received absolutely no voiced response, yet it proved to be the best deal he ever made. That winter the hill people ate five head. At least, the spring count showed that many short. At the same time no one pillaged the herd either. The hill men watched them too closely. As an additional favor for protecting his interests Father occasionally provided them with malt syrup to manufacture a better Choctaw beer, a very potent brew favored by them.

Time revealed that they respected Father, "mistering" him even behind his back. His cowboys were tolerated because they drew his pay. But the hill people regarded them with contempt because, being paid, they were "bounden men." Otherwise, all our punchers would have encountered trouble as unwanted interlopers.

SHAG LANDERS became my special friend. Odd too, because we were nowhere near the same age and possessed definitely opposing personalities. He seldom ever smiled, spending most of his time wandering the woods toting a squirrel rifle, a mangy red and white mongrel at his heels.

When Shag went off alone it might be for a day or night, or a week and more. Bedding down wherever night caught him, he killed wild game to eat. He had a twenty-two-year-old sister named Lena, willowy, a natural beauty, who was my second best friend. Both of them sort of looked out for me as they would a younger brother.

None of the hill people was ever inside a schoolhouse. A few were taught to read and write by their elders. Most never bothered learning. Shag was one who could write figures but could not read a single printed word.

Because he possessed a shrewd natural wisdom and ability to reason skillfully, he was looked up to by the others, even if only twenty years old. Slender of build, wiry, soft spoken and usually clean shaven (which was most unusual for a hill man), he never drank either the Choctaw beer, which was made with meal, or the corn whiskey occasionally run off solely for the families' own consumption. When Shag spoke on a subject, which happened rarely, even the elderly folks listened to him respectfully. He was the most unprepossessing, self-effacing person imaginable. Like all the others, he rarely took aggressive action of any nature and never argued about anything.

From our home ranch, a mile from the east edge of the Red Hills, I rode our range constantly when not in the short-term school at Clarita. It was about five by ten miles in size, indented in spots by the farms of early settlers. From the first, and not because I was just a kid learning to be a good cowboy, the hills were wide open to me. None of the hill people ever hid from me, and most even smiled a greeting when I appeared.

Not only did I visit the hill families but, when invited to, ate with them, whatever the meager fare on the board table happened to be. I was appreciative, and even if the food was unpalatable to me, to do otherwise would have given deep offense. They relished sour dock greens which I thoroughly detested. The green which they called "sheep showers" quite often made me sick. To this day I cannot eat greens of any kind, and that was sixty years ago!

Our cowboys abhorred riding the hill range (we had cattle as far from them as Hardwood on Boggy Creek) always volunteering for work elsewhere. The hill people hid from them, and if by some miracle one was encountered, he would listen politely but never say a word.

The situation was as puncher Ben Long summed it up to Father when refusing to ride the Red Hills, "Boss, it's mighty dammed spooky in that timber. Riding along you can feel their eyes on you. Gives a feller the jitters. Supposing they got mad? You won't know it. Them fellers knock out a squirrel's eye with a bullet! If you don't mind, I'd as lief ride som'ers else."

The ring of an ax in the woods would draw a puncher toward the sound, but he arrived to find neither ax nor user there. Approaching a cabin he always found a suddenly deserted home. Nor did I ever understand how they knew strangers were approaching through the forest before they could hear or see them.

Some of Father's cowboys quit before they would work the hill range. They would go in a full crew for gatherings, but seldom otherwise. Their attitude was why I always rode the hills alone. That suited me fine, for week after week I was actually only visiting, hunting, fishing or swimming.

THE RANGE could not be covered in one day's ride, so it was split into three geographical divisions. When riding one I always called at a hill man's cabin. He could tell me where drift fences needed fixing or replacement. Most likely he had already attended to it voluntarily. He also knew where bunches

(Continued on page 34)

MYSTERIOUS John Day

By
FRITZ
TIMMEN

Little is known of the man who entered the West at the peak of his strength but whose mind and body crumbled before the onslaught of the wilderness

Photos Courtesy Author

Some of the arm bones located in the grave. A Smithsonian expert, studying these bones, gave an estimate of five feet seven to five feet eight inches as the man's original height.

HE WAS one of the most shadowy figures to walk the stage of Pacific Northwest history. Many facts of his life are clouded in conjecture and sources cannot agree even on his birthdate or his natural burial place. He slips in and out of the pages of his contemporaries' diaries like a wraith.

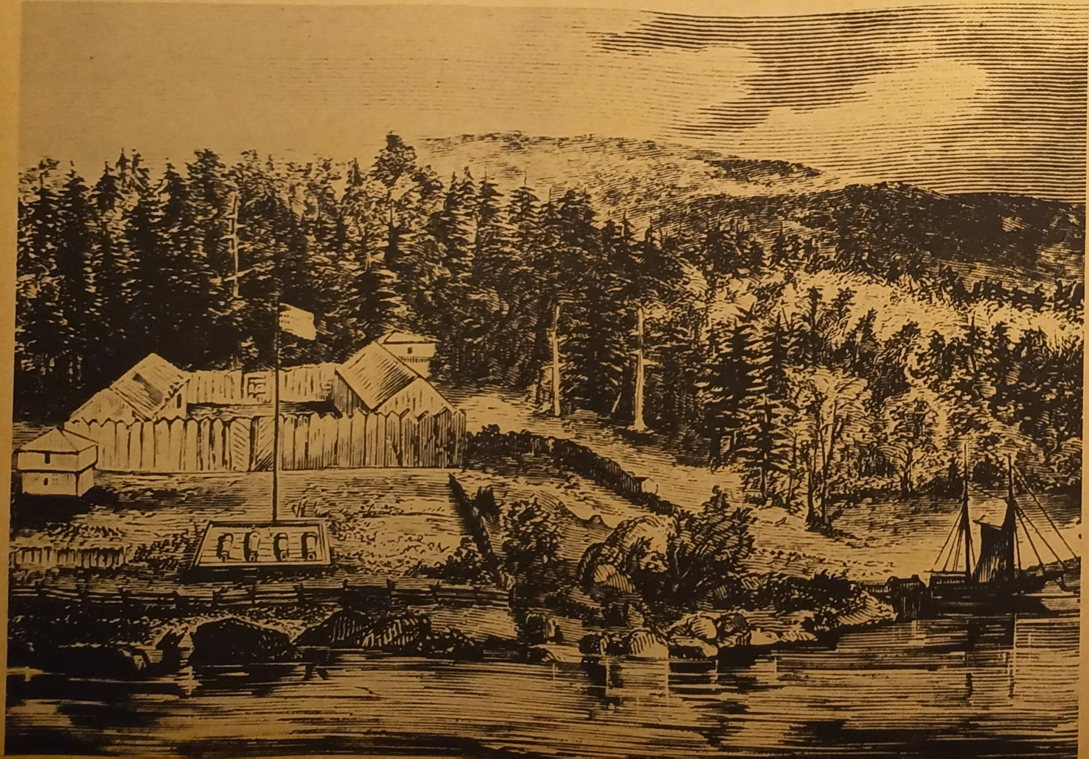
His name was John Day, and his main claim to fame is that he was with the earliest party of Americans to attempt a permanent settlement in Oregon. This is all. He left no record of his participation, made no lasting contribution. He was not even a leader; his usual job was hunter and general camp roustabout. Even so, he has left his name on more Western landmarks than have many of his more famous campmates.

Perhaps it is just because of the obscurity surrounding this frontiersman, that intrigued scholars have tried to penetrate the haze surrounding him. This interest led a few years ago to a debate which ended with the opening of a disputed grave, proving nothing except that it was not that of John Day and leaving the mystery of his last resting place still unsolved.

John Day's name appears in Oregon geography on a mighty dam spanning the Columbia River near the mouth of a substantial stream that long has been called John Day River. A bustling town in Grant County, and a small river flowing into the Columbia near Astoria also honor his memory.

Below, Fort Astoria in 1812. Founded by John Jacob Astor as seat of his ambitious fur trading empire, acquired by the British, and later returned to the United States, this was the first permanent white settlement on the Columbia River.

Oregon Historical Society



Little factual information exists about this man. References are found in the diary of Wilson Price Hunt dealing with the overland trip Hunt led to Astoria in 1811-12, in Robert Stuart's *Narratives of His Overland Trip Eastward from Astoria in 1812-13*, and in Alexander Ross' book, *The Fur Hunters of the Far West*, printed in London in 1849.

Mention of John Day appears in Washington Irving's *Astoria*, which was based on Hunt's notes. A few more historians have produced articles about him in contemporary journals, but have turned up little original material.

In *Astoria*, Irving gives the only available physical description of Day. He is described as "about forty years of age, six feet two inches high, straight as an Indian; with an elastic step as if he trod on springs, and a handsome, open, manly countenance. It was his boast that, in his younger days, nothing could hurt or daunt him; but he had 'lived too fast' and injured his constitution by his excesses. Still he was strong of hand, bold of heart, a prime woodsman, and an almost unerring shot. He had the frank spirit of a Virginian and the rough heroism of a pioneer of the West."

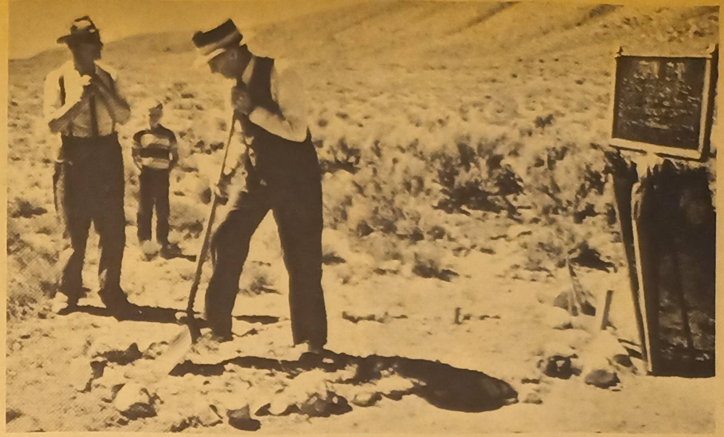
ATTEMPTS have been made to prove John Day was a Revolutionary War soldier. Military records establish that at least four men by that name served from Virginia, but there is no direct evidence that any of them was the Oregon adventurer. Had he served in the Revolution, he would have been nearly seventy years old at the time of the Astoria Expedition and nearly eighty when he died. This seems too far-fetched for credibility. So it must be assumed that Washington Irving had the age of forty about right, and that our John Day was too young to have been a Revolutionary soldier.

His early years passed in obscurity. We find him on March 2, 1798, in St. Louis, petitioning the Spanish Lieutenant Governor for "240 arpens of land on a river south of the Missouri." Later, he farmed 700 arpens on the "waters of Point Labaddie Creek" in Franklin County, Missouri. (An arpen varied with local measurements between .84 and 1.04 acres, indicating Day was a rather substantial landholder.) He farmed until 1803, when an Indian raid wiped him out.

He probably turned to hunting and trapping to scratch out an existence; then, in 1805, Day either sold or mortgaged his land and, according to some accounts, moved to the Boone's Lick country of Franklin County, Kentucky.

Sometime during this period he successfully prospected a saltpeter mine and in 1809 he formed a partnership with Benjamin Cooper and John Farrell to work the deposit.

He didn't spend all his time farming or mining, though. Between 1805 and 1810 he apparently joined several fur hunting parties along the Missouri River and its tributaries, at least one of them led by Ramsay Crooks. The life appealed, and when the Wilson Price Hunt expedition in 1811 came looking for hunters, Day signed on at the Nodawa River, some 450 miles up the Missouri from St. Louis.



Above, in the barren hills of southeastern Idaho, the disputed grave of John Day is unearthed. With shovel is Byrd Trego (eighty at the time and now deceased), well-known Idaho character and historian, formerly editor of the Blackfoot, Idaho, *News*. At left is Joel A. Harrington, now ninety-one and still living in Boise. He is a retired Internal Revenue Service employe and well-known Idaho historian. The sign at the right is an earlier erroneously erected marker. Below, Harrington at the excavated grave collecting miscellaneous buttons and bits of cloth. Some of the bones of the partial skeleton are visible.

Hunt was a partner with John Jacob Astor in the Pacific Fur Company which was formed to attempt a monopoly of the Northwest fur market ahead of the Hudson's Bay Company. Astor proposed a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River and sent the ship *Tonquin* around the Horn with supplies and men. He planned that Hunt's overland party would get to the Columbia by the time the *Tonquin* arrived and the two groups would join forces there. The sea expedition arrived first and founded Astoria in April, 1811.

Hunt left St. Louis in October, 1810. He traveled to St. Joseph, Missouri, and went into winter camp. In the spring, the expedition laboriously paddled and poled its way up the Missouri. By early June it reached an Arikira village in north-central South Dakota and paused for reorganizing. When it headed west again on July 18, 1811, the outfit numbered sixty-five, counting six "partners," eleven hunters, interpreters and guides, forty-five French-Canadian *engages* and Pierre and Marie Dorion and their two small children. (Born Marie Aioe, she was the squaw wife of half-breed Pierre, who had briefly served the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1805.)

Hunt's notes show that at least three of the partners were not too dependable and few of the French-Canadians cared too much for all the walking they figured was ahead when the Missouri would be left behind. Irving noted in *Astoria* that Day discovered and helped discourage a mass desertion during the winter camp, aided in scouting work ahead of the main party, and adequately performed his hunting duties when game was available.

Irving also commented on Day's method of stalking antelope by hypnotizing the animals with a fluttering hankerchief on the end of a ramrod until within gunshot.

WHEN it left the Arikira village, the expedition traveled cross-country through northern South Dakota, southwestern Montana and northern and central Wyoming. The Rockies were crossed at Union Pass between Wind River and the source of Green River. The trail led on to the Snake River's source at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, which the party reached September 28, 1811.

Hunt, hoping the Snake could be navigated, put a crew to building boats and

Oregon Historical Society

Left, Ramsay Crooks, a partner in the Astor fur empire. He was with John Day during his winter-long ordeal in Oregon's Blue Mountains. Right, Wilson Price Hunt, leader of the Astor Overland Expedition in 1810-11 which was accompanied by John Day, hunter, trapper, and the Northwest's man of mystery.

sent three men to scout the stream. They returned to report navigation impossible and the disappointed *engages* were compelled to hit the trail.

Over Teton Pass they plodded to Fort Henry on the Snake River near the present town of Rexburg, Idaho. Here the river was safe enough for canoes. A few were built, the horses were left behind and the expedition took to water for the first time since leaving the Missouri. The trip went smoothly enough, except for numerous portages, until near the present site of Burley, Idaho, where a canoe swamped and Antoine Clappine drowned.

His death, and increasing rapids of the Snake, discouraged further river travel. Three small exploring parties were formed. One struck overland northward from the Snake hoping to strike the Columbia, one went down the south shore, and the third headed back to Fort Henry for the horses.

Hunt, with thirty-one men and Marie Dorion and her children stayed to cache supplies and await the report of his scouts. At length they returned to the main camp and the decision was made to resume the journey on foot.

The westbound men struggled on, begging what food they could from the almost destitute Snake River Indians. Game was scarce because of the lateness of the season; fishing was impossible because of the difficulty in getting down to the river which along here raced through steep canyon country.

On December 6, north of the site of Homestead, Oregon, and well down the Snake toward Hells Canyon, the exhausted party halted to make a fateful decision.

John Day, Ramsay Crooks, and a Canadian named Jean Baptiste Dubreuil were too ill to struggle further, and deeper penetration into the wilderness of Hells Canyon obviously was suicidal that late in the year. All backtracked upstream to what is now Huntington, Oregon. There Hunt decided to abandon the sick men and push across the Blue Mountain to the Columbia River before winter made travel impossible.

On December 10 Day, Crooks, Dubreuil and three other Canadians were left in camp on the right bank of the Snake near the present town of Weiser, Idaho. According to Hunt, they were given two live horses and a part of a horse carcass which had been stolen from local Indians. They lay in camp for twenty days because of the feeble condition of Day, who was too weak to stand.

For a few days after the main party left, friendly Indians shared food with them. Then the Indians abruptly departed and the men were on their own. Crooks dug a few roots and was attempting to cook them when his fire went out. Too feeble to search for wood, the party lay in a half-stupor until two Indians came by. These procured water, built a fresh fire, cooked food and stayed two days before moving on. The Samaritans told the whites they were lucky—the roots Crooks had dug were poisonous.

The day after the Indians left, Day shot a wolf as it prowled near the camp. The skin was boiled and eaten at once. The bones were pounded with roots into a broth mixture, and the meat was sliced and dried.

Now the men started into the rugged, uncharted Blue Mountains. They wandered for weeks through the snow until, in February, three of the Canadians took off on their own. About the end of March the last Canadian's strength gave out and he was left in a lodge of friendly Shoshones. Day and Crooks pushed on. Deep snow covered the land but they finally crossed the last ridge and broke out of the mountains into the valley of the Walla Walla River.

Yeckatapan, a friendly Walla Walla Indian, clothed and fed them and, their strength partially recovered, the two again struck west on Hunt's trail. They stumbled down the south bank of the Columbia to near the mouth of the river later to bear John Day's name. There they met a band of Wishram Indians who appeared friendly but who took the first opportunity to disarm them, taking clothing, flint and steel, and their little store of food.

An old Indian protected the pair from death and helped them escape. Back they plodded, naked, toward the Umatilla River and the friendly Yeckatapan. During the first two days they stayed inland on top of the river bluffs, making as fast time as was possible barefoot.

Their only food for four days was the pounded bones of long-dead fish which they found along the shore, after which they secured scanty rations from some kindly Indians and safely reached the Umatilla village.

A few good meals, some pieces of skin clothing and a couple of horses to ride livened up the spirits of Day and Crooks. They agreed that returning to St. Louis might be easier than facing the Wishram Indians again and were putting their backs to the Columbia when into sight came a flotilla of canoes bound from Fort Okanogan to Astoria. This party, commanded by Robert Stuart, picked up the wanderers and their journey to the mouth of the Columbia was completed on May 11 or 12.

JOHN DAY did not stay long in Astoria. He was assigned to accompany Stuart to New York with dispatches for Astor. This expedition, which pioneered most of the route which later became the Oregon Trail, left Astoria on June 29, 1811.

But John Day was destined not to complete the trip. On July 1, Stuart wrote in his diary: "Between the hour we stopped here, and dusk, evident symptoms of mental derangement made their appearance in John Day, one of my hunters who for a day or two seemed as if restless and unwell, but now uttered the most incoherent and absurd and unconnected sentences—several spoke to him, but little satisfaction was obtained, and he went to bed gloomy and churlish. . . ."

A short way downstream from the Willamette River's mouth, at the next camp, Stuart noted: "During the night John Day's disorder became very alarming, and several times he attempted getting possession of some of our arms, with the intention of committing suicide, but finding all his attempts fruitless, he at length feigned great remorse, and appeared to be quite sensible of the enormity of the crime he intended to perpetrate. This entirely lulled our suspicions, which enabled him (a little before daylight) to get possession of a pair of loaded pistols, both of which he put to his head and fired, but fortunately too high to take effect. He was instantly secured and placed under guard in one of the boats (where I intend to keep him until we can determine what may be most advisable to be done with him)."

The next day, July 3, at the mouth of the Willamette, Stuart wrote in his diary: "Finding that John Day's insanity amounted to real madness, I agreed with some Indians of the Cathlapootle nation for a few articles to carry him back to the fort, as he had become not only an entirely useless member of the expedition, but likewise kept us continually in alarm

(Continued on page 42)

SATCHELS, SCALPELS AND BUFFALO COATS

—The Uniform of a Frontier Doctor

By CLARENCE T. HUBBARD

Photo Courtesy Author

THE DOCTOR of the Old West always had a satchel and usually wore a huge buffalo coat. House calls were a must—and long distances away. As one genial sawbones declared, "If I didn't answer a call too fast, the patient would often get well himself!" The fee was sometimes as little as two bits.

Fortunately, some of this medical memorabilia has been preserved. An old western doctor's office has been recreated and set up in the Boot Hill Museum in famous Dodge City. Dr. R. E. Speirs of the Medical Center there has sponsored this project.

Here you will see the old-time instruments used by doctors to extract bullets. Hanging from the ceiling are several of the bags used when making calls to a ranch or distant farm. Medics had to brave the elements, winter or summer, but though getting there was often more fatiguing than the healing activities, their difficult transportation was seldom considered when a bill was rendered.

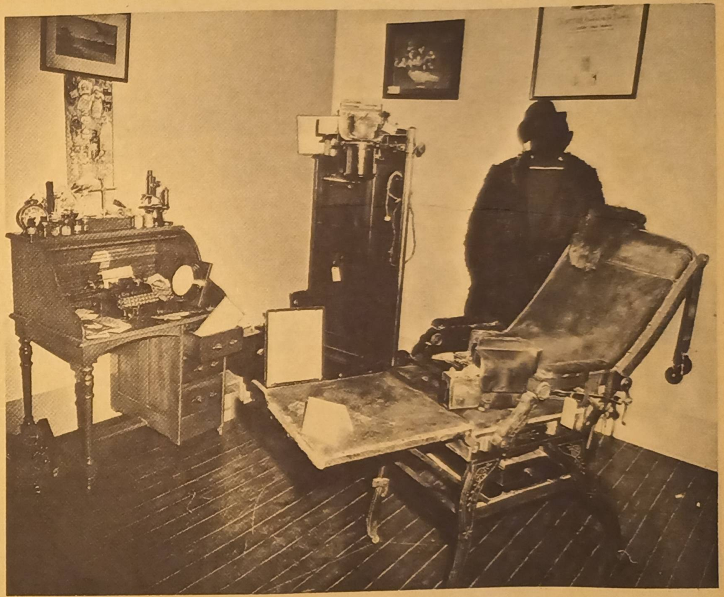
In this Boot Hill collection the oldest model X-ray machine known in the United States is displayed. Dr. Speirs, a natural born "collector," obtained many relics of the old pistol-toting days from Dr. C. F. Harrison who had three such machines circa 1900. Other instruments exhibited go back much farther—bleeding knives, rejuvenating and radium jars.

One thing, for certain, was that the cases used by doctors to hold their instruments were of high quality workmanship. Those in Dr. Speirs' collection look almost like new in their wonderfully preserved condition. Made by hand, they were tight fitting and waterproof. Even those used in the Civil War by field surgeons are still in excellent condition.

Amputation kits are included and they were used freely and were still needed after battlefields grew quiet. They were useful after Indian raids, barroom escapades, and the many accidents which occurred on ranches, or to careless hunters and drivers of runaway teams.

In his re-created drugstore, Dr. Speirs has a prescription book with 4,000 entries. It is thought to be the oldest apothecary prescription book west of the Mississippi. This was the common method of filing back in the 1800s.

The first doctor known in Dodge City was Dr. T. L. McCarty in 1872. A number of his instruments found their way into the Boot Hill Museum, a remarkable preservation. Another local physician, a Dr. Baum, left as a heritage a small figure of an Oriental lady, reclining on one side. He received this figurine from a Chinese doctor when it was over 100 years old and its name is "The Chinese Medicine Lady." Its use was practical. High caste Chinese women were not permitted personal examinations so they had these figures to point to where they felt pain. In Mexico there was a similar custom. Small baby dolls were held in the palms when a woman was having birth pains.



Early-day doctor's office, recreated with antique furnishings typical of those used during that era.

The table shown in the doctor's office is dated 1874 and was used by Dr. C. W. Eddy of Colby, Kansas. The saddlebags, always of vital importance, came from Independence, Missouri but no identification can be discovered. The gloves and the cap and the important snow blinds were the property of Dr. W. P. Stoltenberg of Kingsley, Kansas. The angora coat belonged to Ham Bell, a Dodge City marshal. Buffalo, bearskin, or angora coats were absolutely essential for a doctor "to get there."

The pistol preserved was carried by a Dr. Alexander of Kentucky. A large mirror used by Dr. T. L. McCarty is prominent. The bleeding cups and knives were used by a Dr. Zugg.

A FEW pages from Ambrose Pare's first English edition of medical instruction, dated 1634, are preserved. Buttons used in intestinal anastomosis, hard rubber syringes, ebony-handled obstretical instruments are other relics of interest.

A doctor of the Old West who later became a New York City physician of prominence, told me in person some twenty years ago, "Our initial efforts were labored. In one instance, a thick-spoken German giant of a man appeared at my little office with a shotgun. He ordered me to follow him. He drove me at gunpoint to a ranch of isolation. When we got there, he pointed to his wife in child labor pains. I told him after examination that she would not have a baby for three days, and that I would come back. He held me there by shotgun. He informed me that he had lost two babies and this time it would be different. In three days a healthy child was born. Two years later he paid me five dollars for the service.

"We did not lose too many patients. The durability of the human in those days of personal determination was un-

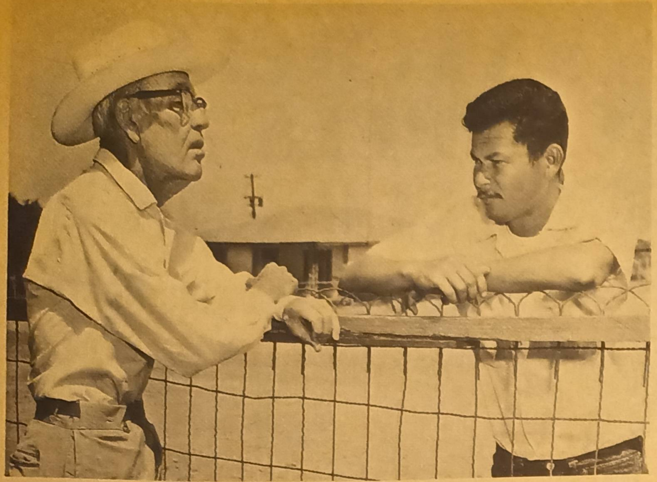
(Continued on page 38)

A FORMER DORADO LOOKS AT VILLA

This American volunteer rated him highly—both as a tactician and as a man who put country before personal gain.

By
DOROTHEA
MAGDALENE
FOX

Photos Courtesy Author



D. R. Creswell, left, of Douglas, Arizona, a former Texas rancher and officer in Villa's army talks to a neighbor about border skirmishes and the Mexican Revolution.

I WALKED anxiously through the wood-and-wire fence which surrounded a modest frame house in Douglas, Arizona, pleased that my hosts, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Creswell, had come to the steps to greet me. I was ushered into the living room with all the pomp and graciousness which one might expect at a Mexican *hacienda*.

Mrs. Creswell, plump, with raven hair and large, lustrous eyes, had met her husband in Mexico many years before. He was a small, wiry man and seemed more Mexican than American as he began to tell me about the heroes of Mexico's revolt against the dictatorship of Diaz.

"I never became a Mexican citizen," he explained, "although I was honored by the Mexican Government. I always remembered that I was an American. I wanted to die in my own country. That is the reason I live here now."

Mr. Creswell smiled as he recalled his boyhood in El Paso. "I attended San Jacinto grade school. My father was a cattleman. I helped my dad on the ranch but I thought I wasn't earning enough money so I ran away and took all the cowboys with me!

"Both Madero and Carranza bought horses from my father's Chihuahua ranch and in 1911 Francisco I. Madero, Abran Gonzales, Pascual Orozco and some other revolutionary leaders visited our home on the river below El Paso.

"We saw the first crossing of Madero into Mexico from the United States. We heard his first address to the people of Guadalupe, Chihuahua. Immediately I became interested in the movement and volunteered to serve in Villa's brigade in Chihuahua. Shortly after that, I was commissioned a colonel in his 'Crack Cavalry.' This unit was the 'Foreign Legion' of Madero's army and we were given the nickname 'Dorados.'

"We Dorados wore large round, white 5-X Stetsons and wide Mexican cartridge belts which criss-crossed over our chests. They hung down to our waists and were heavy! Underneath we wore khaki shirts and rumpled trousers.

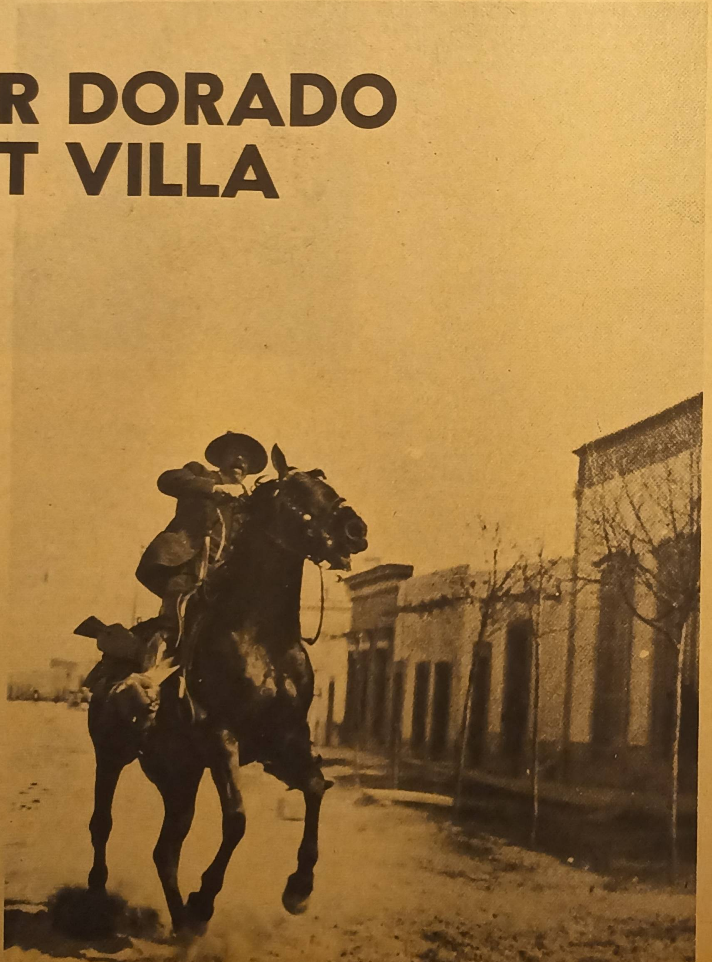
"Many picturesque characters fought with Villa's Insurrecto Army—wild soldiers of fortune such as 'Tex' O'Reilly, the best liar in the Brigade; Sam Dreben, the Russian 'Fighting Jew' who had the gall of an old Army mule; Tracy Richardson and Oscar Creighton. Richardson fought with the famous Princess Pats during World War I. Creighton probably was from New York or San Francisco. Nobody seemed to know much about him.

"The Dorados won battles the poor peon foot-soldiers seemed to have lost. Villa turned the tide by sending in his cavalry with their .44 caliber Colts and 7mm carbines. Each Dorado had two horses. This famed organization, first put together in 1913 at Ascensión, Chihuahua, consisted of three squadrons of 100 men each. They were chosen for their iron nerve, fidelity and courage. They drilled to perfection and were Villa's pride. He knew all of these picked men by name—300 of them!

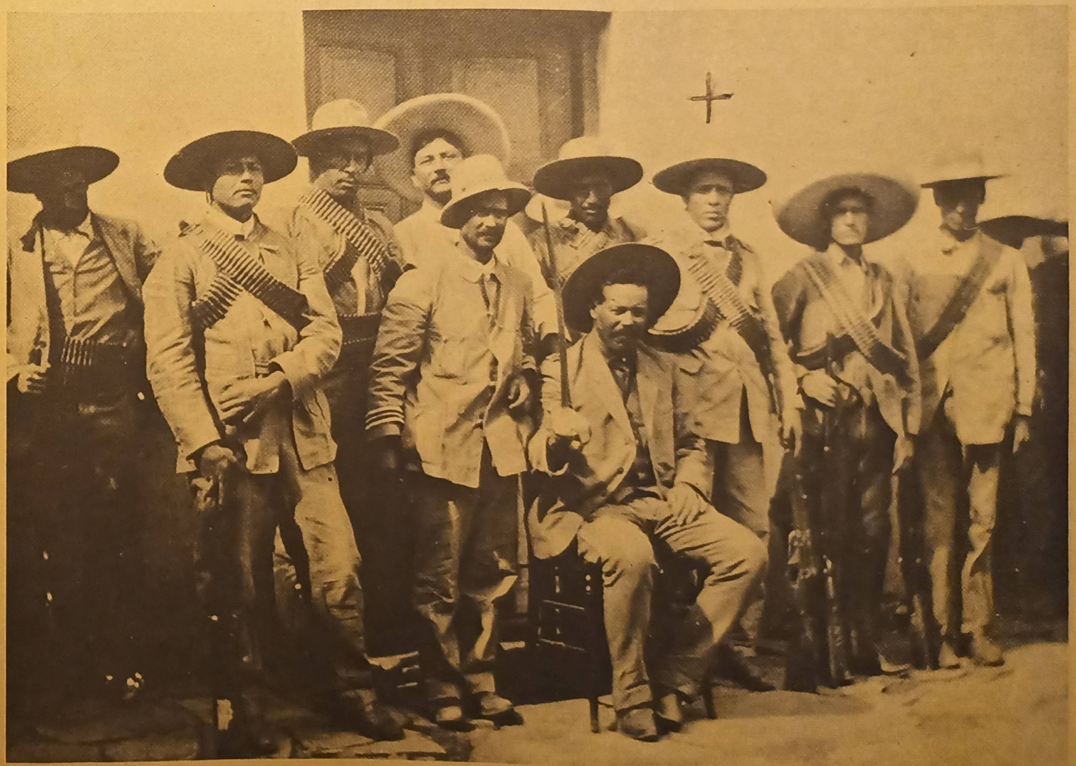
"I knew Colonel Giuseppe Garibaldi, the grandson of the great Liberator of Italy. Called 'Redshirt' Garibaldi, he was an educated, polished sort of a man with bright blue eyes. He was in charge of the artillery. Garibaldi and his men drove the Federal troops from Ciudad Juarez. I well remember that day! Bullets whizzed into El Paso and dropped onto the roofs of houses and stores, injuring some persons.

"Another soldier of fortune was the one-armed Boer General, Ben Viljoen. After the Boer War he came to America and fought valiantly for Madero.

"Officers like these felt no love for the regular personnel of the Mexican Federal Army. The Federalists were selfish career men of the old Diaz regime.



An excellent action photo of General Francisco "Pancho" Villa taken in 1914 in Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, by J. M. Davis.



At right above, Mrs. "Pancho" Villa (Luz), formerly of El Paso, Texas. Photo was taken in 1914 by J. M. Davis of El Paso. Third officer from right in picture below (taken in Ciudad Juarez in 1914), is D. R. Creswell when he was with Villa's army as a young man. Second from left is General Jose Rodriguez. General Villa, seated, holds a favorite saber.

"WHEN I was with the Carranza-Villa forces our first battle took place at San Ygnasio, Chihuahua, where the garrison was commanded by a Federal officer, Captain Talamantas. The Federals fought valiantly but we captured the *presidente municipal*, Alegro Barrela, and a firing squad shot him after the battle.

"My second battle occurred in the hills at Ranchería, Chihuahua, where we were badly defeated under our commander, General Tiburcio Ortega. I scrambled over the hills and barely escaped, riding bareback like a Comanche to Ysleta. I hurried to the home of a friend of the Revolutionary movement and hid there.

"When things cooled down another friend and I quietly moved toward Juarez and tried to rejoin our troops. Before we knew it we were taken prisoner by Captain Manuel Rivers and were to be placed before a firing squad. Our lives were spared because a kind sergeant by the name of Simón Hernandez insisted that the Captain should not shoot us. We made our escape later while the command was looking for horses.

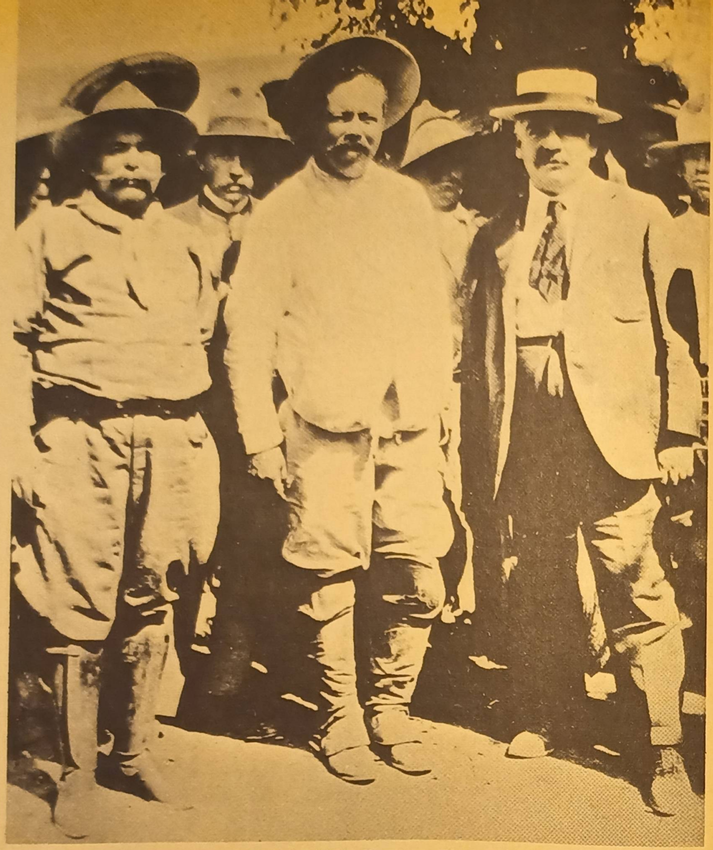
"I finally rejoined Villa's brigade shortly before the attack on Juarez. In the firing my buddy, Jack Erwin, was killed but I came through the battle. I happened to be with the crowd who captured Colonel Enrique Portillo on Diablo Street, and I watched him face our firing squad.

"I still remember the volunteers who fought at the Monumento. The Federals received reinforcements from Chihuahua and moved toward Juarez while Villa and General Angeles left the city to engage them at Sierra Blanca. Our fighting group guarded the approaches to town. The Federals hit us with a cavalry charge but fortunately reinforcements came and saved the day.

"At the end of the battle, dead, wounded and starving soldiers were lying everywhere. Rickety mule carts hauled away the piled-up bodies. Adobe walls of houses and stores were pitted with rifle holes and the tumbled-down shacks were scarred with bullets and debris. It was an awful sight!

"Villa's great leadership was most vividly demonstrated at the battle of Ojinaga. General Mercado had taken possession of that port of entry. Villa hastily ordered a retreat, allowing the Federal troops to relax while Villa, only a few mies from town, regrouped and ordered a charge. Mercado's Federal defenders fled across the Rio Grande to Presidio, Texas, and were transported by rail to Fort Bliss where they set up housekeeping—ragged barefoot soldiers, their women, children and chickens, mongrel dogs and goats. There were about 5,000 refugees and prisoners at Fort Bliss at that time.

"General Villa was now the Napoleon of Mexico. He was the best general the Revolution produced. He understood military tactics better than the older, more experienced officers in the regular Army. He pounced on his enemies with the ferocity of a tiger, often in the night. Thus he gained a new name, 'The Tiger of the North.'



Villa and members of his staff. At right is Engineer Elias Torres. On left is General Eugenio Martinez.

"Major General Frederick Funston, who was then commanding the Southern Department of the U. S. Army, had given Villa a personal library of books on military tactics. Since Villa could not read Engish, he had a French Colonel translate them. I believe this officer was 'Robaleen,' [probably spelled Reaubelein] a graduate of France's Military Academy who spoke French, German, Spanish and English. Villa was proud of these books and tried to learn from them. He always regretted his lack of education. I heard him mention this many times and know that he saw to it that his children were educated in the United States."

We talked about General Hugh Scott's book, *Some Memories of a Soldier.* Scott stated that he had intended to suggest Villa's name for tactical studies at the American Military School at Fort Leavenworth—an indication that he considered Villa an outstanding leader despite his lack of education and military training. Scott believed that Villa always carried out his promises when he was treated decently or considered as an equal by others.

CRESWELL then went on, "Villa broke the backbone of the Federal Army while the other Revolutionary generals were squabbling over power. Naturally there was fierce jealousy against this new man who came from a peon background and who used guerilla methods. Yet he was no worse than the leaders on the other side."

With this Creswell pulled out two copies of safe conducts *(salvo conductos)* issued by General Francisco Villa and General Manuel Ochoa for Creswell's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins who had lived in Chihuahua City. One copy showed the striking scrawled signature of General Villa, the other the fine, sharp-lettered Spencerian flourish of General Ochoa.

I said, "I notice that you courteously speak of the Mexican leader as '*General* Francisco Villa'."

"Yes, he deserved that title. The Mexican people always addressed him as Colonel Villa or General Villa.

"He was a superb horseman. He knew how to swing a long forty-foot rawhide as a whip or a riata when he had need of it. But he always used a Mexican saddle.

"Once Villa almost lost his life when the rebel General Huerta wanted to have him shot for stealing a horse from a rich rancher. But in those days, if you needed a horse, you took it! Some of Villa's *soldados* had to live off the land when things went from bad to worse."

"Was it true that he admired Madero?" I asked.

"Admired? He idolized Madero," answered Creswell. "He believed in Madero's ideals. He had been lashed on the back many times when his family was in debt to a rich Spanish rancher. He hated the whole system of landed gentry who lived at the expense, misery and degradation of other human beings."

"Of all the fighters whom did Villa really admire?"

"Oh, General Felipe Angeles! He was a fine cultured man, just the opposite of Villa. He had been educated in the Ecole Polytechnique at Paris and was later Commander and President of Chapultepec Military College. He was admired by Villa not only as a man, but as a military leader. General Angeles was the best artillery general in Mexico. He was the only man Villa thought fine enough for the Presidency of Mexico. It was strange, but Villa loved and admired cultured, refined men who respected human dignity—men such as Madero, Angeles and Generals Scott and Pershing."

"Did you know Villa well?"

"Yes, I often conversed with him. He had magnetic black eyes that you could not forget. If he liked you his eyes flashed sparks through tightly closed lids.

"Villa was an earthy, sturdy, strong man, broad shouldered with a head of coarse, curly hair topped by a broad-brimmed Stetson. He used to take off his hat, run thick fingers through his hair, then plop the Stetson back on his head. He was as proud of his hat as he was of his single-action .44 Colt that he carried on a wide belt.

"He was often naively happy and sentimental. Other times he was sharp and cold like the jaws of a steel trap. He was like a wild animal at bay. His mind was always alert to danger. He heard, saw, and sensed sounds and movements with an ability that few men possessed.

"He never drank or smoked. To keep his men under control when the troops moved into a town, Villa would close the *cantinas.* He had a rapier-like mind for telling tales and remembering offenses or good deeds. No details escaped him.

"I was in Juarez the day the Englishman Benton was shot in Villa's office. There was a lot of excitement about that. Benton was disdainful of Mexicans."

The uniformed General Villa.

"What about the raid on Columbus?"

"Villa was *not* at Columbus! He was in the Santa Rosalia district of Chihuahua. Red-haired Martin López was the leader of the rebel troops who went into Columbus. He was a 'Red Flagger,' a group that had been organized by General Orozco. Villa and Orozco hated one another. López was wounded in the fracas and hid in a cave about forty kilometers from the border. There he was captured by government troops and taken to Juarez. When he stood before the firing squad in the Juarez Cemetery he gave a statement to the press that it was he who had attacked Columbus and not Villa."

"What about the women in Villa's life?"

A mischevious smile puckered the corners of Creswell's mouth. "Ah, the women! Yes, he had them. They seemed to be drawn to him. Villa's first wife died; Luz Corral was his second lawful wife. I knew her well. She and Villa were married in 1909 in a little town near Chihuahua City. There was one child from this marriage but it died shortly after its first birthday.

"Villa and Luz lived for a time in El Paso. She often wore a long, black chain to which was suspended a heavy cross. She was with Villa in their Chihuahua home; later the Mexican Government retired the general and presented him with large ranch holdings in Durango and Luz Corral de Villa lived there with him."

Mr. Creswell maintained that many lies were circulated about Villa to cover up political errors and traitorous movements instigated by other leaders for their own personal gain. All of the seven leaders in the Revolution met tragic and violent deaths: Diaz, Madero, Huerta, Orozco, Carranza, Villa and even the beloved Felipe Angeles.

Villa's tumultous career reached its pinnacle on the November day in 1914 when he led his exultant troops into Mexico City. Villa and his Dorados received a stupendous welcome—flags, cheers and bands everywhere—as the special train pulled into the depot and a chauffeured auto carried Villa and the President pro tem of Mexico along the avenues.

While there was pride in Villa's triumphal entry, he was keenly aware of the ludicrous situation. Even though the Presidency was offered to him in a secret caucus, Villa, aware of his lack of education and training, refused.

Photographed in the governmental palace sprawled in the hand-carved presidential chair, flanked on each side by an officer, Villa showed that he realized the incongruity of his position. This great moment in the life of the peon general was aptly summarized by D. R. Creswell. He told me:

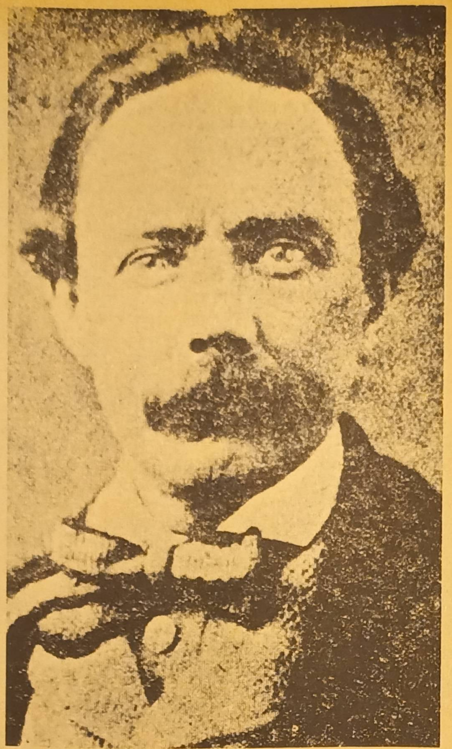
"General Villa never wanted to be President. He was smart enough to recognize his own deficiencies. 'You need a good man. I am not qualified for the position. I am a fighter,' he said as he refused the highest honor his country could bestow."

Self-termed "the runt of the family"—dead at thirty-five—Thomas Dimsdale nevertheless made his three short years in Montana count, and is considered the

HISTORIAN of the VIGILANTES

By VERA LUND PRAAST

Photos Courtesy Author



Thomas J. Dimsdale, first editor of *The Montana Post.*

WHEN, over one hundred years ago, several of his friends presented the gentle, scholarly Englishman, Thomas Josiah Dimsdale, with a silver-mounted, ivory-handled pistol in appreciation of his authorship of *Vigilantes of Montana*, it would have been difficult to find in wild and woolly Montana anyone who was apparently less suited to be either a pistol marksman or the author of a book about lawless road agents and their executioners, the vigilantes.

Later when Dimsdale went outside to practice, in boyish glee, with his newly acquired pistol, the inhabitants of Virginia City (usually called simply Virginia) held their breath for the safety of their children and the family milch cows. However, as an author Dimsdale was more successful, and his book has been a standard source of information for all subsequent writers on the vigilantes.

Dimsdale was editor of *The Montana Post*, the Territory's first newspaper, which began publication on August 27, 1864. Its owner, John Buchanan, promptly sold the paper to D. W. Tilton and Company. Tilton and his partner, Dittes, appointed Dimsdale the first editor-in-chief with the second issue. Editor Dimsdale had his troubles. There was no telegraph line within Montana, no railroad within 1,200 miles. One copy of *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary* constituted the library. Published in Virginia City, this weekly journal was devoted to the review of mining interests. Its office was a log building with a sod roof. Later the newspaper office was moved to a stone addition at the rear of Tilton's store. Though the *Post* was Republican, Dimsdale had little interest in things political, and seldom mentioned such matters in his editorials.

It was while he was editor of the *Post* that the shy and retiring Englishman started writing a column about local road agents and their arch-enemies, the vigilantes. The compilation of these columns were published in 1867 in book form as *Vigilantes of Montana.*

It is fascinating to speculate on the thoughts of this former Oxford student when he came to Montana Territory in 1863. Once he wrote, "There never was a mining town of the same size that contained more desperadoes that did Bannack during the winter of 1862-63."

Of the propriety of the actions of the vigilantes against the road agents, Dimsdale had no doubt. He gave numerous instances of the lawlessness which he believed justified the formation of a vigilance committee. For instance, anyone daring to try to collect a debt from a road agent was in danger of his life; therefore most people preferred to "forget" such debts. As far as Indians were concerned, the road agents apparently did not regard them as people, and without the slightest provocation would fire into their lodges. If brought to trial by legally constituted authorities, the road agents swaggered into the courtroom and threatened and terrorized the jury, who perforce acquitted the accused. Soon afterward the road agents organized, being convinced that law-abiding citizens were helpless against them.

THE EXECUTION of the notorious George Ives at Nevada City on December 21, 1863, removed the worst man in the community, and gave the citizens courage to form a vigilance committee of five men from Virginia City and one from Nevada City. Others joined this group.

Dimsdale listed the following as having been executed by the vigilantes: George Ives, Nevada City, December 21, 1863; Erastus (Red) Yager and G. W. Brown, Stinkingwater Valley, January 4, 1864; Henry Plummer, Ned Ray and Buck Stinson, Bannack City, January 10, 1864; George (Club-foot George) Lane, Frank Parish, Haze Lyons, Jack Gallagher and Boone Helm, Virginia City. January 14, 1864; Steven Marshland, Big Hole Ranch, January 16, 1864; William Bunton, Deer Lodge Valley, January 19, 1864; Cyrus Skinner, Alexander Carter and John Cooper, Hell Gate, January 25, 1864; George Shears, Frenchtown, January 24, 1864; Robert Zachary, Hell Gate, January 25, 1864; William Graves, alias "Whiskey Bill," Fort Owens, January 26, 1864; William Hunter, Gallatin Valley, February 3, 1864; John (Dutch John) Wagoner and Joe Pizanthia, Bannack City, January 11, 1864.

In his column in the *Post*, during 1864-65, Dimsdale was strictly forbidden to publish any of the names of the vigilantes, speed and secrecy being necessary to their successful operation. Dimsdale is believed to have known most of them, however, and his column added tremendously to the newspaper's circulation.

Even now, the identity of many of the vigilantes can only be guessed. A tablet is erected in Helena "to commemorate the name and deeds of James Williams, Captain of the Vigilantes, through whose untiring efforts and intrepid daring law and order were established in Montana, and who, with his associates, brought justice to the most desperate criminals in the Northwest. 'The sluice was left unguarded, When Williams' task was done, And trails were safe for honest men, Through victories he won.' Williams was found murdered in a clump of willows on his ranch in the upper Ruby Valley, apparently a victim of some survivor of the element he pursued so relentlessly."

The last of the vigilantes, and one of their leaders, was Mortimer H. Lott, whose photograph appears in Dimsdale's book. While bound to complete secrecy as to the names of vigilantes, the newspaperman was given detailed information on their activities.

DIMSDALE should be better known than the outlaws whose crimes he reported in his column, but he is not. Everybody seems to have heard of George Ives, for instance, but few have heard of Editor Dimsdale. Yet, in addition to being the Territory's first editor and its first published author, he was its first teacher. He established a private school in Alder Gulch in 1864, charging two dollars a week per pupil. It was a reasonable charge, and all children old enough attended his school, which was a good one.

Dimsdale was appointed Montana Territory's first Superintendent of Public Instruction by Governor Sidney Edgerton. He served satisfactorily in this position during 1864-65 although he received no salary and left no record of his activities.

He conducted the first Episcopal service in the Territory in Virginia City, Christmas Day, 1865, in the office of Judge William Y. Lovell. He was also a member of the first Masonic Lodge in Virginia City.

Why did he come to Montana? There were two reasons. First, while he was still a sophomore at Oxford University, England, financial disaster came to his family, who were noted iron-masters, engineers and contractors. Second, he had somehow contracted tuberculosis, and hoped that the high, dry climate would help, if not cure, him.

Yet another reason for his coming was the same as that of practically everyone else—the hope of gold. But he found during the winter of 1863-64 that his frail health would not permit him to work as a miner.

Of his devotion to duty it can truthfully be said that Dimsdale gave his life for the *Post*. The indoor life he led during 1864-65 as its editor undermined his frail health, and he died in September, 1866, at the early age of thirty-five, mourned by all who knew him.

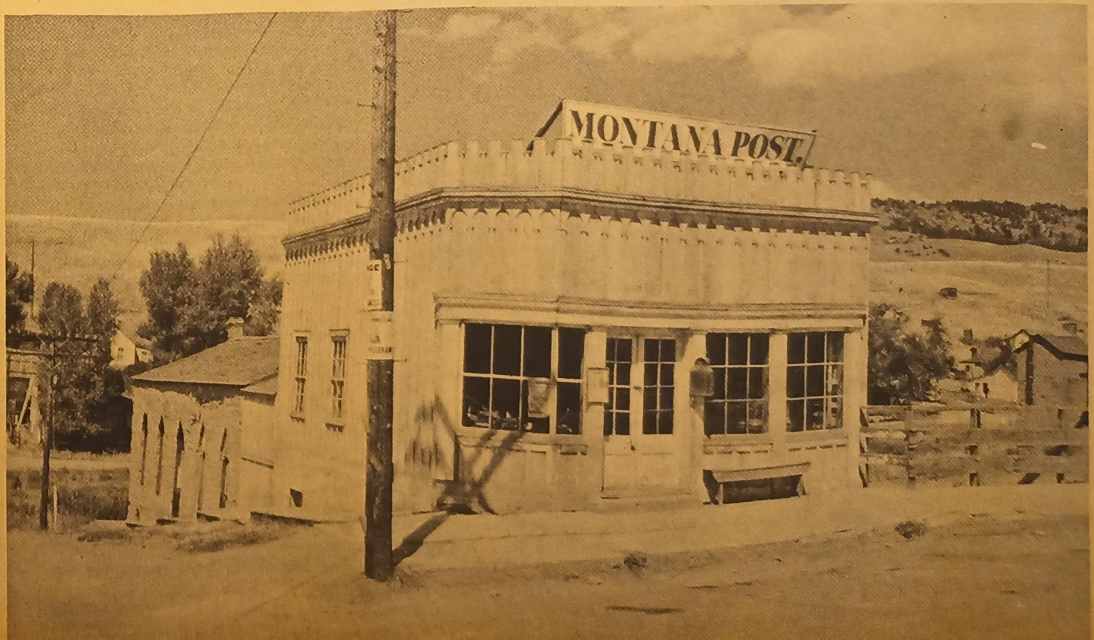
His good friend. Col. W. F. Sanders. comforted him at the end. Dimsdale left only one relative in this country. and that was the wife he had married in Virginia City.

I have not been able to discover the name of his wife or anything about her except that she was from Alder Gulch. But on page ten of his book, Dimsdale describes a "first-class dancer [whom he evidently admired]. She is of middle height, of rather full and rounded form; her complexion as pure as alabaster, a pair of dangerous looking hazel eyes. a slightly Roman nose, and a small and prettily formed mouth. Her auburn hair is neatly banded and gathered in a tasteful, oriental net, with a roll and gold tassels at the side." So I like to think that is how his wife looked. On page seventy-nine of the same book he says, "A woman is a queen in her own house; but we neither want her as a blacksmith, a plough-woman, a soldier, a lawyer, a doctor, nor in any such professions or handicraft. As sisters, mothers, nurses, friends, sweethearts and wives, they are the salt of the earth, the sheet-anchor of society, and the humanizing and purifying element in humanity. As such they cannot be too much respected, loved and protected. But from Blue Stockings, Bloomers and strong-minded she-males generally, 'Good Lord, deliver us.'" So Dimsdale's wife probably was very feminine. This is conjecture, however.

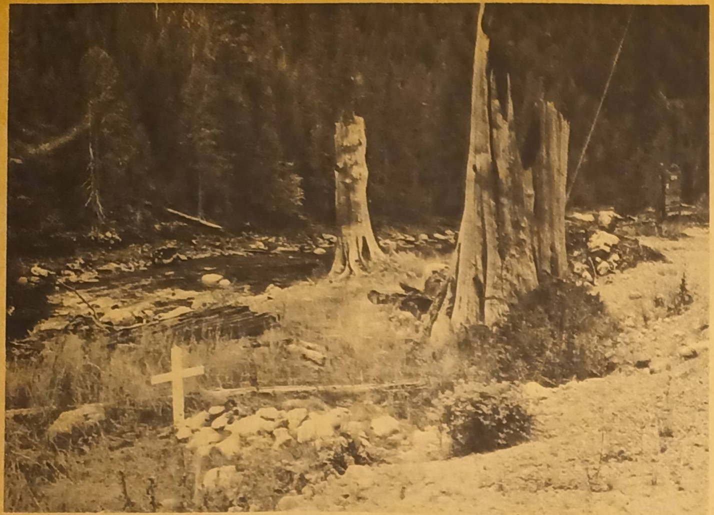
Apparently Dimsdale became a part of the life in the mining camps, attracting to himself all who were the best in the society of that time though he wrote as an eye-witness might of hold-ups, trials and hangings. He also gave graphic glimpses of the kind of food eaten, clothes worn, houses and arms used by gold camp citizens.

It seems odd that such a diffident man could get into the spirit of the wild times of frontier Montana, but he did. It is said that Dimsdale was sensitive to a degree, "pouting like a child when subjected to blame, and blushing like a school girl when receiving praise. Many who were present when friends presented him with an ivory-handled silver-mounted pistol will remember the bashful hesitancy with which he accepted the gift."

Yet one cannot read his work without the feeling that Dimsdale was present at some of the "trials" and hangings he describes so feelingly and accurately. I sometimes wonder whether he was not a vigilante himself.



Office and printery of historic Virginia City's *Montana Post.*



Colgate's grave, marked by a simple cross, is only a few feet from the edge of Highway 12. The snags in the background are the remains of huge cedars which once grew in the area.

By ROSCOE LeGRESLEY

Photos Courtesy Author

DID *George Colgate* HAVE TO DIE?

The question is still being argued. It all boils down to: How far do you have to go in being your brother's keeper?

ABOUT forty miles west of Lolo Pass, along Highway 12 in Central Idaho, a rest stop has been built by the Forest Service. Besides being a place where weary travelers can stay a while, they will also be able to learn a little from a sign about a tragedy which took place there seventy-five years ago when it was a lonely wilderness, long before any road—and only one trail—passed the place. The sign tells briefly about the abandonment of one member of a hunting party when he became too sick to travel.

It was in the fall of 1893 that William E. Carlin, son of General Carlin, Commander of U. S. Troops at Vancouver, Washington; John Harvey Pierce, young Carlin's brother-in-law; A. A. Hemmenelwright from New York; and Martin Spencer decided to go on a hunting trip deep into a remote section of Idaho along the Lochsa River, near the Montana line. Deer, elk and grizzly bear were plentiful there at that time.

The party agreed to meet at Kendrick, a town about 20 miles east of Lewiston, Idaho and 100 miles west of the proposed hunting ground. At Kendrick they purchased several horses, including pack and saddle animals, guns and much ammunition along with what they deemed enough food. All this was under the direction of Spencer, and there also they hired George Colgate as their cook.

The party left Kendrick on a clear, crisp, fall morning, promising they would be back in a few weeks with plenty of wild game for everyone. Everything seemed to be in order, and no one worried about the group's safety for such hunting trips were common.

In fact, it was only after the fifth week had passed that friends in Kendrick became alarmed. A Lieutenant Overman and four cavalrymen had ridden into town from Fort Walla Walla and reported the party might have become snowbound and an order for a search had been sent out. Tom Beall, an old, experienced guide, of Lewiston, Idaho, was engaged and the soldiers departed toward the Bitterroot Mountains.

At the same time a Colonel Burt of Fort Missoula had been ordered to send a rescue party from Montana. The leader of this group was Lieutenant Martin of Fort Spokane, who knew the mountains well and happened to be at Fort Missoula at the time. In company with a Lieutenant Deval and a mountain man by the name of Wright, who was to act as guide, he set out from the east heading for Lolo Pass but had to turn back because of deep snow.

Even though two rescue parties were already on the way, General Carlin dispatched still a third troupe, including Lieutenant Charles Elliot, Sergeant Norton and a man named Smart, along with a Corporal Nolan, with instructions to pick up a guide and travel as swiftly as possible on the trail of the rescue party which had left Kendrick a couple of days before.

THIS THIRD GROUP of men traveled fast and passed (without ever meeting) the first rescue crew which had been sent out from Kendrick. Pushing hard they reached the junction of the Lochsa and Selway Rivers where they encountered two trappers. Thinking they could travel faster by water they enlisted the aid of the trappers and constructed two rafts, poling them upstream on the Lochsa.

For two days they labored against the current and near dark of the second day they came upon a camp which contained all the hunters except Colgate, the cook. The rescuers learned from Carlin that Colgate, sick and near death, had been left behind in a camp farther up the river. Carlin went on to explain that all of them had voted on this.

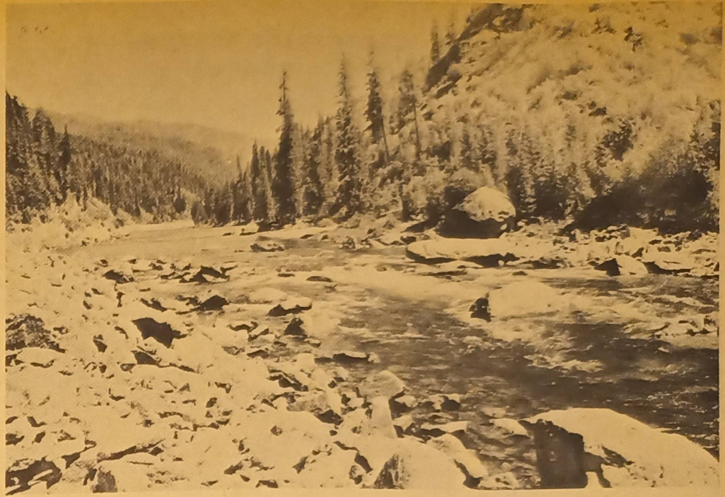
After the decision had been made, they had constructed a clumsy raft and, leaving Colgate, had reached this spot where their raft had gone to pieces from the rocks and swift water.

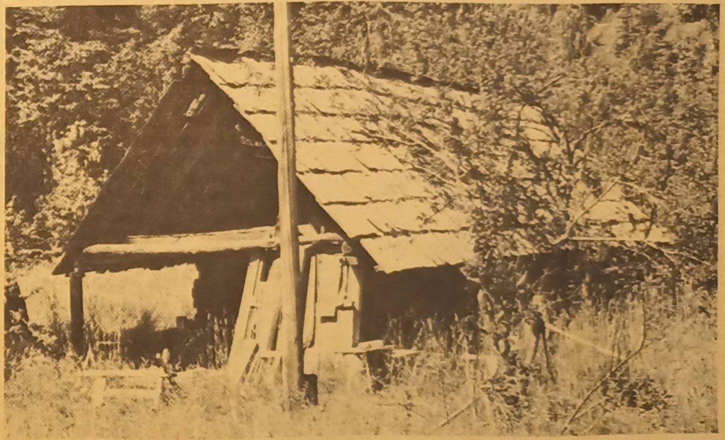
Why some of the members of the rescue party did not push on and find the abandoned man at this time has never been explained, but when Carlin and the rest reached Kendrick they gave the following account of their disastrous adventure.

It was on October 5 that the hunters decided to conclude the trip because of a heavy snowfall. It was already belly deep to the horses on the trail they had followed into the high mountains. They had waited too long. After trying to ride out they were forced to turn back to their camp on the river. That night their horses disappeared and were never seen again.

By morning the snow was falling more heavily and the men, although without snowshoes, decided to fight their way down the Lochsa River. Carrying all their provisions they struck out downstream, floundering through drifts and falling over rocks hidden by the snow. Only a mile or so was made the first day.

Going into camp once more they spent several days and consumed most of their supplies. Finally the storm abated somewhat. With the snow settling down into a fairly solid crust they decided to move again downriver, but complications had arisen because Colgate had become ill and was unable to travel.





Above, the wild Lochsa River, filled with huge boulders which dashed the raft of the ill-fated party to pieces. Photo below is believed to be the actual cabin where the rescue party met the two trappers. It can be seen from the road and is still used occasionally by an old prospector.

His companions, verging on panic, decided to leave him and after constructing a raft reached the spot about thirty miles downstream where the rescue party found them.

It was assumed that Colgate had died quickly in camp and the happening was written off as just another wilderness tragedy and was almost forgotten by most people.

Still there were a few who wondered about the incident, and the following year, in February, a party consisting of Charley Colgate, son of the dead cook, Charley Martin and several others set out to solve the riddle.

CARRYING provisions for two weeks they fought their way into the mountains through heavy drifts of snow, toward the spot where Colgate had supposedly died.

The trip required almost twice as long as had been anticipated but even with their clothes in rags and with scarcely any food they continued the search for the man's body. Going into camp one night the bedraggled men set fire to a dead snag for warmth. It burned through after a while and toppled over on Martin, injuring him severely.

His clothing was burned and he had a broken collar bone, plus a multitude of severe lacerations on his hands and face. This time, however, the rest of the party determined to take care of the injured man.

After nursing him for almost a week, they decided they must reach help. Fashioning a crude litter from poles and willow boughs they carried Martin nearly thirty miles to reach the cabin of a trapper who had plenty of food.

For several days they rested up, then started for Kendrick. On the way they were met by a group who had set out to search for them. Martin soon regained his health, but the trip had been in vain.

The summer of 1894, Lieutenant Elliott, who had led the first rescue party, was given a routine assignment by the army to lead a surveying party into the very mountains where Colgate had been abandoned.

More by accident than design his party found the remains of a human skeleton. Clinging to one of the bones was enough clothing to identify the remains of George Colgate. Nearby they also found several articles which he had had in his pockets. Identification was beyond question.

As the remains were found five or six miles farther down the river from where his companions claimed he had been left, two schools of thought developed. One was that if Colgate had been able to travel that far alone, with assistance he could have been saved. The other line of thinking was that the Carlin party did right in leaving him in order to insure its own safety.

Going on upriver the surveying party reached the original spot where the hunting party had camped and there buried the remains of Colgate on the banks of the Lochsa River. His grave can be seen today by those who pause for a moment to enjoy the peace and quiet of the forest.

Two young immigrants are made dupes in a strange and elaborate scheme!

The Widow's Camels

By

EVA TUBB

Photos Courtesy Author

SITTING BESIDE the ruins of an old cistern on the site of Indianola, once the largest seaport town in Texas, fishermen were swapping yarns.

"What do you mean by 'the widow's camels'?" Jim asked.

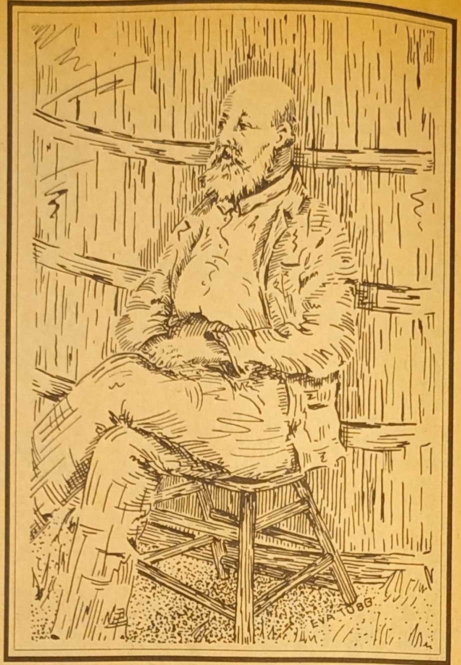
"Are you talking about the Camel Brigade that the United States Government brought over here in 1856?" Tom ventured.

"Maybe you're thinking about the so-called Uncle Sam's Camel Corps brought here in 1857," Bill said.

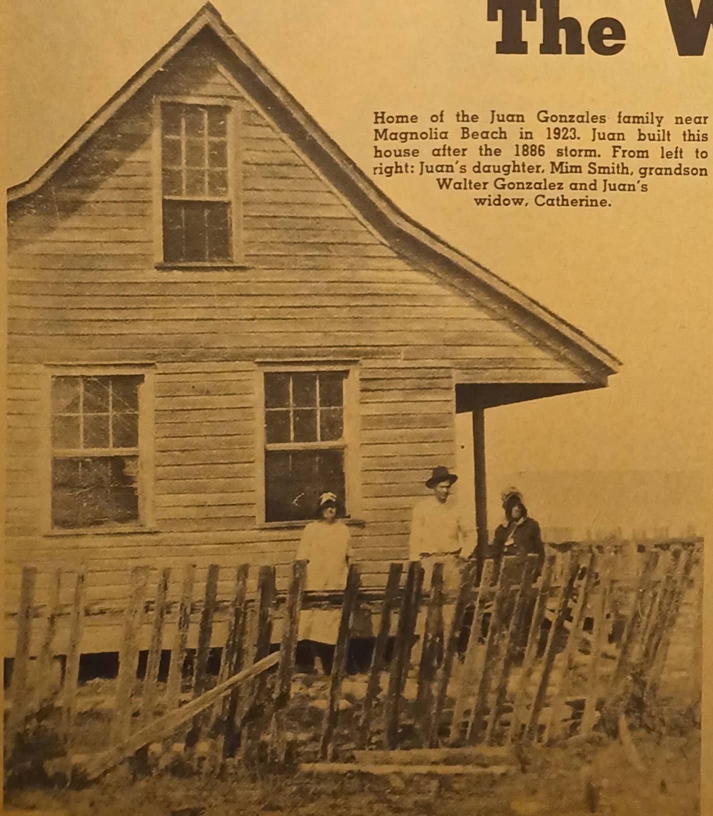
"No," answered Mike. "There really was a third shipload of camels. They arrived from the Canary Islands in 1858. Two young Spaniards secured them for a widow. In fact, the ship was called 'The Widow Woman's Ship' by the townspeople.

"Gonzalez, here, can tell you about them," Mike continued. "Go ahead and tell the boys the true story of how your grandfather and Uncle José were inticed into going and getting the camels for the widow Watson."

This is the story that Walter Gonzalez, my deceased husband, told. He was born and reared on the shore of Matagorda bay. Even now, I can close my eyes and hear the water of the sea lashing at the sands of Magnolia Beach. I can hear the wind whispering through the oleanders and I can feel the warmth of the old cisterns that once held drinking water for the citizens of Indianola.



Pen sketch of José Mendez made many years ago by author from a snapshot. Original photo has since been lost.



Home of the Juan Gonzales family near Magnolia Beach in 1923. Juan built this house after the 1886 storm. From left to right: Juan's daughter, Mim Smith, grandson Walter Gonzalez and Juan's widow, Catherine.

IT WAS in 1855 when two seventeen-year-old lads, Juan Gonzalez and José Mendez, ran away from their homes in Madrid, Spain, to seek their fame and fortune. They trekked cross-country to the Straits of Gibraltar, then went over to Spanish Morocco by boat. Going inland, they learned how to handle ill-tempered, teeth-baring camels, as they drifted down the southwestern coast of Africa as far as Rio De Oro. From there they sailed a short distance to the Canary Islands, and hired out as plowboys, using camels to pull the plows.

They were happy, carefree boys, with a yen for traveling. So, when they were offered jobs on a ship that was about to set sail for Galveston, they accepted it and were soon on their way to Texas, the place they had heard so much about and dreamed of seeing someday.

After landing in Galveston, they went to work as dock hands. One fine day during the noon hour while they were sitting on the wharf, eating bread and fish and watching the water splash against fishing boats anchored to the pier, they heard footsteps. Looking up they saw a suave *Americano* walking toward them.

"Buenos días, amigos," the man said as he greeted them with an outstretched hand, "Habla usted inglés?"

"Yes," answered Juan, proud of his smithereen of English, "We speak a little."

"Let me introduce myself," the stranger said, his words figuratively dripping with honey. "I am Mr. Keyes. I have been told that you fine young men have arrived only recently from Africa and the Canary Islands."

The boys told him that they had worked in both countries before coming to Galveston.

"Since you lads have been to Africa and the Canary Islands, you must know how to handle camels?" queried the smooth-talking Mr. Keyes.

"Oh, yes," said Juan, flattered by being noticed by such a polished gentleman. "We learned a lot about camels in Africa, and we plowed with them while we were in the Canaries."

"Well, well," said Mr. Keyes, rubbing his soft, white hands together, "you two handsome, young gentlemen might be interested in doing some important work for a very deserving widow who lives in Indianola, Texas."

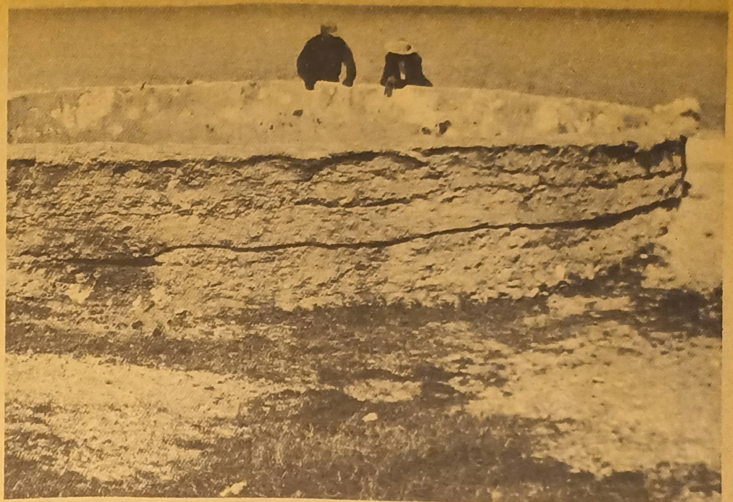
He twisted both sides of his black mustache, and the gesture was timed just right to give the young Spaniards the impression that he was certainly a man of great esteem. He further dominated the situation by speaking with a mixture of fluent Spanish and English which held the boys spellbound. They didn't understand half of the English words that he said, and some of the Spanish that he spoke so elegantly was beyond their comprehension. (Juan had said that they understood a *little* English; the cunning Mr. Keys knew *how little*.)

Looking into the boys' trusting faces he said, "Friends, I would like to make you a proposition! If you are interested in doing the job, you will become very rich as soon as my plan is carried out."

"What is it that you want us to do?" Juan asked.

"Listen carefully," replied Keyes. "All you boys have to do is to go to the Canary Islands and bring back a cargo of thirty camels to Indianola for Mrs. Watson, the nice widow whom I told you about." He waited a moment before adding, "She will pay you well for your time and labor, *just* as soon as you deliver the camels to her.

THE NEXT SHIP that set sail for the Islands found the young Spaniards aboard. Tucked safely inside Juan's pocket was a letter of introduction to be given to a "friend" of Keyes who was living in the Islands. They were warned not to let anyone read the letter and to give it to no one except the man to whom it was addressed.



Ruins of old cistern on the site of Indianola.

During the voyage they encountered a violent storm. Angry winds threw huge waves against the heaving ship, tossing it about in the turbulent water. The boys suffered greatly from seasickness. After what seemed like eternity, the storm subsided and the ship settled down to smooth sailing for the rest of the journey.

As soon as the ship docked, the boys lost no time in looking for Mr. Keyes' friend. They found him hanging around a camel khan. Approaching him with a broad smile, Juan handed him the letter. After reading it, the man seemed very pleased. He told the boys to stay in the vicinity of the khan until a certain ship came in from Africa.

In the meantime, Juan and José were kept busy making a special type of harness to fit over and around the camels to hold them down in a kneeling position on beds of straw while making the journey to Texas.

At last a British ship arrived and the camels were loaded and strapped down securely. When the ship was ready to sail, Keyes' friend told the boys explicitly, "You are in charge of these camels. Take good care of them and stay near them as much as possible." Then with much handshaking he bade them goodbye, saying "You will be very rich young men when you deliver the camels to Widow Watson."

As soon as the boys felt the ship in motion, they settled down on their pallets of straw to dream of the fabulous wealth that would be theirs *just* as soon as they landed in Indianola. At first there was joyous singing, and reminiscing about how much they had learned on their travels, especially about camels. They joked with each other about their first frightening efforts to make an ill-tempered, teeth-baring camel crouch on command, and how they enjoyed drinking camel's milk. How delicious it was! They rolled on their straw pallets in gales of laughter as they recalled how they had seen tobacco soaked in camel's urine to give it a better flavor.

Everything was hilariously funny at the beginning of the journey. They decided, with pride, that if they had not known so much about camels, the distinguished Mr. Keyes would not have had them to such an important job for the nice American lady.

"José," said Juan, "we are lucky, indeed, to be trusted with this fine cargo!"

"Sí, and think of the riches that will be ours before long," replied José.

A damper was soon put on their happiness. After they had been several weeks at sea, the weather became extremely hot and the stench of the camels was almost unbearable. Though the beasts ate and drank very little, the boys were continually cleaning away their stinking excrement. It was exasperating, and Juan wondered why they had not noticed before that camels were so obnoxious.

It also began to seem strange that they should be quartered with the camels. Conscientious about doing what they had been told to do, one of them always stayed down with the camels while the other went to the upper deck for fresh air.

AT LONG LAST, land appeared on the horizon and the ship sailed into Indianola's port. The young "businessmen" disembarked and sallied forth up the path that led to the house of Widow Watson. With much anticipation they hurried across the gallery, and Juan knocked on the door.

From within a voice bellowed, "Come in! The door ain't locked!"

Hesitating to be so bold, Juan rapped

(Continued on page 38)

Old Oklahoma's Red Hills People

(Continued from page 19)

of cattle were located, or if any had strayed and must be returned. If any new calves had been dropped, he knew that also and which cattle required screwworm treatment. In the latter case he wouldn't have touched the critter. So I would rope it, rake out the worms, and pour stinking, sticky goop into the wound.

Because the hill men, who from the first were my friends, chose to do my work in their sections of the range, I had a lot of free time. There were occasions when fences had to be mended, but I invariably had help.

One afternoon when Shag and I completed a job of fence repairing he said we ought to "have a warsh" to get rid of the dirt and sweat. Three of his brothers joined us and we walked down Sand Creek to the biggest waterhole in the hills. On one side an eroded sandstone cliff rose thirty feet above a clear pool a hundred feet wide at a bend. The low side was gravel, the water gradually deepening until under the cliff it reached a depth of twenty-odd feet.

The hill men had never seen a bathing suit, and wouldn't have wasted the money for one had they known what one was for. We shucked and dropped our clothes on the gravel, and plunged into the deep water.

About half an hour later eleven of the Landers girls, ranging in age from ten to twenty-four, appeared single-file on the trail. Sitting on boulders facing us they watched for awhile. The boys remained in deep water, concealing as much of their nakedness as possible.

Lena asked Shag, "Can't we come in?"

"We're getting out," he replied.

When we delayed a little, the girls started wetting our shirts, and tying knots in the sleeves. This act occasioned not one word of protest.

Wearying of this pastime Lena asked again if they could now go swimming.

"I don't hanker for you to," Shag replied gravely. "Not after your unseemingly conduct."

Grabbing our shirts, the girls unfastened the knots quickly. Then, as one, the bunch lifted their one-piece dresses slowly as they waded out into deep water. That was all they wore—no shoes, no stockings, no underclothes. They owned one pair of shoes that had to last for years.

At the point where their shoulders were almost immersed the girls turned and threw their wadded garments back onto the gravel. Soon they were swimming and diving like seals, splashing water at their blank-faced brothers and cousins.

When we prepared to leave, the girls were told to turn their backs. They remained that way until we were fully dressed. One of the boys sat down on a rock, eyes steady on the pool of water while we departed. He remained behind because it was a rule that women and girls could not go swimming unless a man were present and ready to jump into the water. This rule had gone into effect many years before, none could remember exactly when. It came into being because one time a group of women had gone swimming alone and one of them bumped her head on a rock under water. She had sunk to the bottom unconscious and had drowned.

EVERY SO OFTEN, kid-like, I would feel fully cognizant of everything connected with the hill people. Then I would be rudely shocked into awareness of how little I knew of these strange people, their odd customs and ancient beliefs.

One such shock was the time old man Zanah arose from the dinner table, walked outside onto the split limb porch, and keeled over dead. Despite being ninety years old, he had not been ailing.

Approaching the Zanah cabin on the creek that afternoon I found many scrawny ponies tied in the timber, and a few wobbly-wheeled wagons near the pole barn lot. A dozen men sat apart on the sagging front porch. As I dismounted, Shag walked out to meet me. The air of despair around the premises indicated a very serious situation.

Shag said, "Sure hoping you'd pasear this way," and led me over to the end of the porch. Women and children in the lean-to kitchen and behind the house created no noise whatever. This strange quietness went on an hour longer before Shag arose and beckoned me to follow.

At an open window, he gestured. I looked in to see old Zanah's body lying on two rough boards supported between saw blocks. He appeared natural, his face washed for once, and he was laid out in a rusty black suit which must have been nearly as old as Zanah. Somewhere they had found a white shirt to put on him.

Back on the porch we sat in complete silence until Shag whispered, "The spirit came for him yesterday nooning."

To the hill people there was no death. The spirit came for folks and transported them to a better world. (God knows it couldn't have been any worse than the one in which they existed.)

A grave was dug that afternoon in a tiny family plot concealed in the timber. An hour before sundown the body was placed in an unplaned board box. Carried to the hole, it was lowered on harness lines. Everybody gathered around the grave singing favorite songs of the dead man. As the golden sun touched the horizon, Grandpa Landers, the oldest man present, prayed for five minutes. Singing then continued until the sun disappeared completely, whereupon the grave was filled and all departed for their homes.

The strangeness of the funeral ceremony intrigued me. While these singular people used local idioms, or colloquialisms, they did not employ "southern" talk. They spoke with a peculiar nasal twang. Their speech held a definite accent but neither was it "Yankee."

They had no song books and couldn't have read the notes anyway. At arbor meetings, as at the graveside, their singing came entirely from memory. Their hymns were unlike the ones heard in churches.

All of their songs were completely strange to me, containing words unknown and, I suspect, also without meaning to them. A man who knew the songs perfectly did the leading, beating his hand in the air to keep time of a sort.

The verse of one song I heard at the graveside and many times at brush arbor meetings stuck fast in my memory. It was:

Soon my angel came again,
I was armed, he came in vain,
For the time of youth was fled,
And gray hairs were on my head.

Clarita's main street, 1912.

It may be readily recognized as from the Elizabethan period of English history, but I didn't know that until many years later and in a distant land. Their ancestors had migrated early to the American colonies, settling eventually in the hills of Tennessee and Kentucky. This particular group which I knew apparently had been part of a larger movement and had come west by stages.

THE HILL PEOPLE and I had a common enemy, Obie Dimmons, who lived out of the Red Hills north on the Tupelo road. Prior to Father's acquisition of the range Dimmons had used it for free. Then our fences stopped his cattle from entering the hills.

All this came out after I began finding dead two-year-old steers in the hills. No evidence on the carcasses revealed the cause of death. On finding the third one I rode right back to the ranch for Father.

Returning with me, he skinned off the belly of one, finding a .22 caliber bullet hole. The others had been killed the same way. That small caliber bullet leaves no outside surface evidence, but it creates bad wounds in the stomach of a critter and they bleed to death internally.

Father returned to the ranch to bring in the crew while I rode on to the Landers cabin. On the porch Shag listened to me carefully, rose wordlessly, and entered the cabin. Returning with a black-tipped bull's horn he gave a series of signal blasts. Within two or three minutes he received dimly echoing answers from several directions.

"You let we'uns handle this," he said. "Keep others away from them dead critters."

Returning to where the carcasses lay I waited until Father arrived with Rushing, Long and a deputy sheriff. When Father was told that we should stay away so the hill men could read sign he moved off down the trail. In the following discussion the deputy claimed that there was no apparent evidence against Dimmons, so we might as well see what trackers could do.

In a few days the county sheriff put a watch on Dimmons. Meanwhile, Father talked too much, or maybe unwisely. He carried his gun and dropped a remark that he intended to take care of Dimmons. No so-and-so was going to kill his cattle and get away with it. In about two weeks Dimmons suddenly "went to Texas." Father's threat did not really have much to do with his going, although Dimmons certainly had been told.

Finding about 200 feet of our north fence replaced with new posts and new wire, I rode over to see Shag. The fence aroused my suspicions because the wire and staples had been stored at his place for repairs. It took about two hours to drag the full story from Shag and his several brothers.

The same afternoon they had gone to the dead steers they found easily read ground sign. The next day they backtracked the steers to where they'd been fatally shot. Three men had done it, and torn out the fence.

The hill men put a watch there. An entire week went by before they discovered a bunch of cattle approaching the broken fence through the timber. Having gotten away with killing the steers, Dimmons had grown bolder.

When the cattle were being driven through, a voice was raised from behind a tree. The hidden man told Dimmons and his companions to dismount. Behind a log they would find materials and tools to replace the fence. When Dimmons protested, a rifle shot from the opposite direction stopped him. It proved he was surrounded and he realized whoever was there would shoot to kill.

The rest of that afternoon Dimmons and his men labored hard replacing the old fence with new. They were then warned that to return meant death without warning. The strange part is that Dimmons did not recognize the hill man as such. In his fear he thought himself surrounded by Father's crew, hence his sudden departure from the country.

NOT LONG after the dust had settled over this deal, Long and I were sent to move a small bunch of cattle from Goose Creek into the Red Hills. It was about one o'clock on a sultry afternoon when we reached the east fence gate. The sky suddenly began clouding over.

Long, twisting in his saddle to stare into the northwest, suddenly swore loudly and shouted, "Ghost riders!"

High up in the heavens appeared what looked like a long line of riders racing madly toward the southwest. Their silhouettes were distinct and clear. This was a common phenomena in the Midwest but this bunch was the most lifelike I ever saw.

"Too many of them!" Long cried. "Let's get out of here!"

We never got started. In the flash of an eye a mass of dark clouds boomed wide open and the tornado struck around us. The rolling, roaring monster uprooted large trees and tossed them around. The brush, patches of huckleberries and briars, were ripped out of the ground. We could scarcely breathe.

How we survived I don't know. The terrible, paralyzing thing lasted less than sixty seconds before bouncing into the sky to disappear. In the deafening silence which followed, Long took off for the home ranch in a hard run.

Collecting the cattle, which also had escaped unharmed, I drove them deep into the Red Hills, then rode on to the Humphrey cabin. Jug and his wife, whom he called "the barren woman" because they had no children, were hiding in a small root cellar. The tornado was long gone but they didn't know about the ghost riders until I told them.

"That means somebody is to be killed!" she cried.

Uneasily, Jug said he had a ripening keg of beer, but she wouldn't let him go get a bucket of it. I was glad to oblige and we drank until near sundown before the slender, snuff-chewing woman would venture from the hole in the ground.

It was mere coincidence, perhaps, but her prediction proved right. After leaping across the sky twenty miles the tornado let down on one side of Coalgate and ground all the buildings into kindling wood, killing about twenty-five people.

Not long after that Shag and I were riding together when we discovered beefers butchering a big fat calf. Motioning me to hold up, he withdrew some distance in the forest and signaled with his horn.

The muted sound didn't spook the beefers. One was a middle-aged man. A youth about seventeen resembled him enough to be his son. The third was about nineteen years old.

After hanging the carcass in a tree the man said, "Reckon we ought to cut out the quarters. Mr. Ord promised ten bucks for each one." By that statement he identified a store owner at Lone Star not far out of the hills as the meat buyer.

They were slow about it, fooling around bringing in two pack horses and delaying cutting up the carcass. Shag's brothers, Clell and Joey, suddenly appeared, right behind the beefers. When the man started over to a rock where a .22 rifle leaned, Clell put a bullet into the ground at his feet.

The man stopped woodenly and as we moved out of the timber demanded hotly, "You gone crazy, trying to kill somebody?"

"We don't like thieves," I told him.

"This here's a maverick, anybody's meat!" he blustered.

The hide containing the brand had been buried where he didn't believe anyone could find it. The hill men could locate it quickly, of course, but it wouldn't do any good. None of them would go to court as a witness, even for me. What to do with the beefers now that they were caught posed a bad problem. While the man fumed and swore around, I drew Clell off for a talk.

"He's a coward," the hill man declared. "We can scare him half to death."

Going back to the cow thief, I said, "No use killing your boys. I guess you led them into this. But you know what happens to thieves. Take him away."

Very stern of countenance Clell and Joey motioned the man ahead of them into the deep forest. A couple of minutes later a single shot rang out. Sobbing frantically, the two youths leaped into a run and sped off through the timber in the general direction of distant Lone Star.

Clell and Joey returned, solemnly reporting that the man "scared" himself to death. Not until seeing him lying unconscious but unharmed was I certain they had not shot him. When the bullet was fired near his heels Clell said the man keeled over in a dead faint instead of running for his life as they had expected him to do.

Clell and Joey turned the beefers' stock loose to go home while Shag and I packed the meat to the Landers cabins. We had eaten fresh beef for supper late that night while the timber filled up with riders. The county sheriff, two deputies, Father and two of our cowboys arrived in a hurry when the two boys

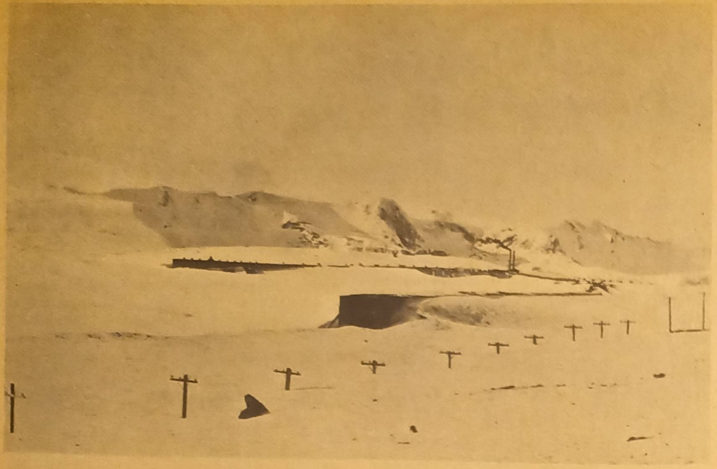
(Continued on page 38)

SIXTY MEN AND ONE WOMAN LIVED ON

TOP of the WORLD

By AGNES M. PHARO

Photos Courtesy Author



Denver Public Library Western Collection

Corona, Colorado, after a blizzard.

IN ITS HEYDAY Corona, Colorado was the highest spot in the West to be reached by standard gauge rails. The little town, high above timberline, was surrounded by late snowbanks and bright alpine flowers in summer, and lashed by violent storms in winter. For nearly a quarter-century, it clung tenaciously to its perch on the backbone of the Continental Divide at the summit of 11,660-foot Rollins Pass. It was the pinnacle of the torturous route of the Denver, Northwestern & Pacific Railroad, built by David H. Moffat and later known as the Moffat line.

The route over the pass followed the old Rollins Pass trail which was used by Indians and early-day prospectors treking across the Divide. Because of the curves and steep grades, railroad men often accused the road engineers of having laid the rails over the identical trail.

Corona came into being in October, 1904. The sole reason for the town's existence was to keep trains climbing over the pass. Snowplows and extra engines were housed at Corona. For nine months of the year it was home to some sixty men and one woman. The men were the brawny heroes who made up the work crews. The woman was the wife of the hotel manager. She ran the restaurant, serving nearly 200 meals a day to the workers, meanwhile lending a sympathetic ear to their joys and sorrows. They called her their "little mother."

COME JUNE, most of the men took off for Denver, sixty-five miles away, leaving Corona to the tourists. Hundreds of Easterners flocked to Colorado looking for thrills. They found them on the excursions which ran daily from Denver to Corona. Sightseers gasped as trains snaked through thirty-two rock-hewn tunnels, skirted piney slopes and deep canyons on wooden trestles built against the cliffs, and circled Yankee Doodle Lake on another breathtaking trestle.

Tourists scanned the skyline eagerly for a glimpse of the homes and buildings of Corona. They looked in vain, for the entire town lay hidden under one huge snowshed a mile long. In summer, the gigantic shed was simply an oddity to write home about. In winter, it meant protection for the town. Without it, buildings would have been flattened by the fierce winds and buried under twenty-foot drifts. As it was, the snowshed took the brunt of the storms. It became one great hummock of snow pierced by a couple of smokestacks, with a line of almost-buried telegraph poles nearby.

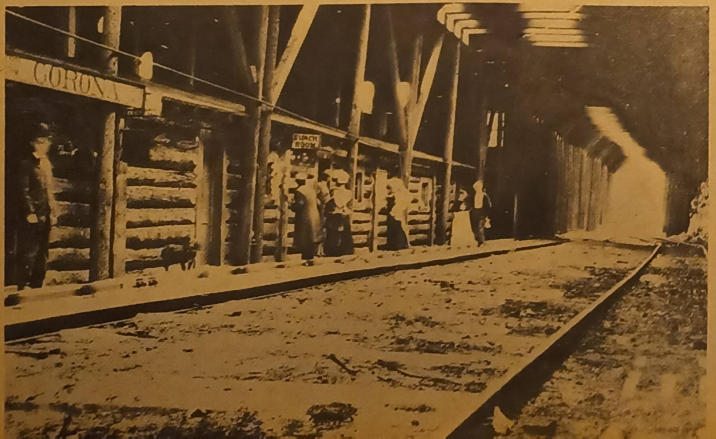
Usually there were four giant rotary snowplows and their crews fighting to keep the tracks clear of engulfing snow. If drifts got deeper than the height of the cutting wheels, the plows would start tunneling and finally stall. Then the crews had to hand shovel snow from the tops of drifts until the rotaries could take over again. This rugged, noisy patrol kept the rails open from early September till late in May.

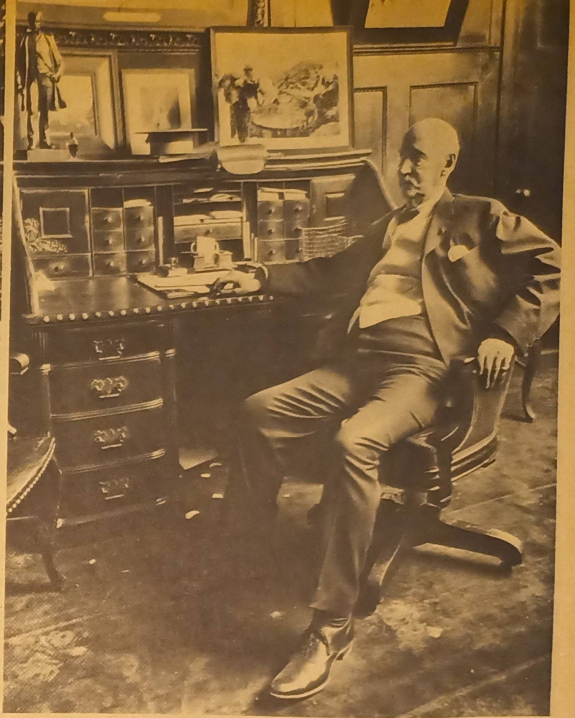
Although tourists rode the Moffat for summertime thrills, nothing but freight went through in winter. Those few ranchers and lumbermen who rode the line did so out of sheer necessity. They went prepared for the worst, and were rarely disappointed. Large rocks, loosened by weather, might crash through windows or bash in the sides of moving engines; snowslides might rumble down the mountainside to bury an entire train.

Whatever occurred, the snow crews were always ready, even when blizzards howled over the peaks and temperatures dropped to forty below. They worked hours—days, if need be—to free the captive train and usher it triumphantly into the snowshed at Corona amid a cloud of steam and smoke. In bad weather no train ever struggled up the pass without snowplows as an escort and, frequently, the help of from one to six extra engines kept on hand for just such emergencies. In a short time, the train would be on its way again, zigzagging cautiously down the opposite side of the pass, snowplows in the lead.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

Interior of the snowshed at Corona.





Above, one of the old wooden trestles built against the cliff to carry the rails. Is still used by automobile traffic. At right, David H. Moffat. Picture atop desk at right is of Yankee Doodle Lake, showing the railroad trestle which almost completely circled the lake.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

IN SUMMER it was different. The snowshed was as far as the excursions went, and passengers alighted in a semi-gloom broken only by faint gleams from the skylights. They faced a series of stout log walls and rough doorways, one of which opened into a small lunchroom. Leading off one side of the mile-long shed was another tunnel-like affair about 300 to 400 feet in length. This was Main Street, the residential as well as business street of the town. At the far end was the hotel and restaurant. The mysterious doorways in the walls along the way gave entrance to the homes of the workmen.

These dwellings (usually one room) were kept comfortably warm by steam pipes on the wall. Furniture was rough but adequate—a bunk bed, a chair or two, maybe a small table. Each room had a tiny square window.

Corona had a mayor, and a manager of public safety who doubled as train dispatcher. Their homes were no fancier than those of the workmen, but they did have an extra room for an office. Since gambling was prohibited, the chief entertainment for men off duty was to gather in one of these offices and shoot the breeze—that is, until the innovation of radio in the early 1920s which eliminated the bull sessions but improved morale. Even so, at times the isolation got too much for some. Then a few days leave in Denver was in order.

Excursionists rarely saw inside the living quarters, but they could inspect the "Y", the building where engines were switched, and which housed the snowplows and booster engines. Or, they could walk to either end of the snowshed, then up the hill to a pavilion built by the railroad for their accommodation. Here, under the summer sky, they pelted each other with snow from last winter's drifts, and exclaimed over the tiny flowers growing in profusion over the alpine meadow.

In any direction the view was awe-inspiring. To the east were granite gorges, then the foothills and, beyond them, the far-reaching plains. To the west lay Middle Park, rimmed on the north and west by the Routt and Arapahoe National Forests, on the south and west by the mighty Gore Range.

But no railroad can operate on scenic views alone, no matter how magnificent, nor do battle indefinitely with the heavy snows of the high country. Dave Moffat sought an easier way. He had long had an ambition to build a tunnel through the Continental Divide. This would cut 200 miles and ten hours time between East and West, and eliminate the grueling four per cent grades up and over the "top of the world."

IN 1911, Moffat went to New York seeking financial backing for the venture but he was blocked at every turn by Wall Street capitalists who dubbed his scheme unfeasible. Eventually he suffered a heart attack and died without seeing the realization of his dream.

About the same time, however, Denver was becoming increasingly aware of its need for more water. Perhaps the idea of a tunnel—even two adjacent tunnels—through the Divide was not so crazy after all. One would bring water from the western slope; Moffat's railroad could run through the other. In May, 1913, the Moffat Tunnel proposal was voted upon and approved by Denverites. This was the first move of a public nature. But the courts opposed it, challenging the legality of the city underwriting a private enterprise. In 1922, after much litigation, then Governor Oliver Shoup called a session of the Colorado Legislature to consider, among other matters, the Moffat Tunnel problem. The Legislature finally passed the bill. The Governor appointed a five-man Moffat Tunnel Commission, and the sale of bonds was authorized.

It would mean extinction for Corona. Still, just a year before its demise, there came a brief taste of glory. MGM chose the site as location for "The Trail of '98," a stirring epic of the Yukon gold rush. One hundred principals, one thousand extras, plus five-hundred sled dogs converged upon the village under the snowshed. Filming began February 26, 1927. The company lived in private pullmans during the weeks of production, and Corona established mess halls and a hospital for their use.

On February 27, 1928, the first train roared through Moffat Tunnel. It signalled a new era in railroading, and the end of the line for Corona. The hotel and restaurant closed its doors. Equipment was hauled away. The workmen packed their belongings and departed. Corona became a ghost town.

After many years, the old railroad right-of-way was cleared, graded and rebuilt for automobile traffic. Today the trip over Rollins Pass is as breathtaking and the views as magnificent as ever. The old wooden trestle which circled Yankee Doodle Lake is gone, but many of the others are still in use. Nothing but the foundation is left of the pavilion at the summit. The great snowshed has fallen into decay, its outline marked only by strewn logs that still endure winter blizzards, and bleach in the summer sun.

Corona, once the top of the world, lives only in memory.

Satchels, Scalpels and Buffalo Coats

(Continued from page 23)

believable. There was Old Gus, a sodbuster. He had a bad leg and wore an oversized boot stuffed with straw. It was an infection that would not heal. I once suggested the amputation of his leg and he nearly killed me. Finally after years of suffering Old Gus agreed to go to a prison hospital about forty miles away, and made the trip in a wagon filled with straw. After being there a week or two, the doctor told him he would have to have his leg removed or expect to die. He told the doctor that if his leg was cut off when he was unconscious, he would surely gun him down if he survived. Finally Gus was discharged. He got home and lived for many, many years with his bad leg.

"How we doctors ever survived on what we made is a mystery to me. Four bits here, a couple of bucks there; often we were paid off in chickens and other produce. Fortunately, there was always someone of means who would come to our rescue. My best tribute is to the old Westerners themselves—*they were tough!*"

In the photograph shown one can discover a bone drill, a dental tourniquet, numerous atomizers. Copious supplies of cocaine, heroin and gum comprised the usual inventory, along with salves.

Frontier doctors pitted their lives against blizzards and cyclones and Indians and drunks—and those who threatened their extinction if the medicine didn't work but did very little to compensate for those recoveries which were oftentimes miraculous. Nevertheless, doctors were highly respected with their satchels, scalpels and buffalo coats.

The Widow's Camels

(Continued from page 33)

again. The owner of the harsh voice opened the door and stood with her arms akimbo, eyeing the young Spaniards threateningly.

With hat in hand, Juan bowed with the grace of a true gentleman and asked if she were Señora Watson. The woman grunted and nodded her head. He told her that they were Juan Gonzalez and José Mendez, and they had come to collect their money. The camels were still on board the British ship, docked in Matagorda Bay.

"Well, I've changed my mind," snorted the widow. "I don't want the camels!"

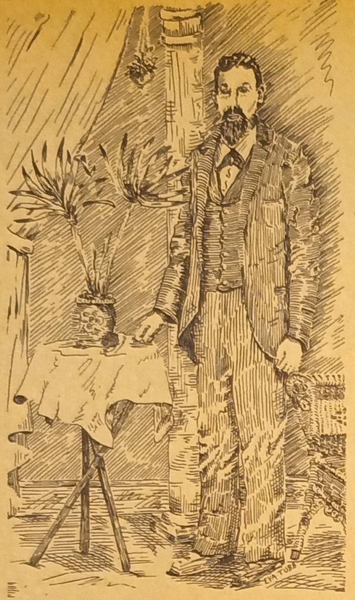
"But Señora," pleaded Juan. 'Señor Keyes said that you would pay us for bringing them to you!"

"Sí, Señora," José repeated, "Señor Keyes promised that you would pay us!"

"I don't give a damn what Señor Keyes promised," she said. "I refuse to accept them and I will not pay you Mexican bastards one red cent!"

"Please, Señora, we are not Mexicans," cried Juan. "We are Spaniards." Then with a look of puzzlement, he added, "Bastards—what does that word mean?"

Waving her arms crazily about, the widow shouted, "Now get away from here and don't come back!" She then slammed the door shut.



Juan Gonzalez. Sketch was made by author from an old photograph that has since been lost in one of the storms that has plagued Indianola and Port Lavaca for years. Somewhere down the line the spelling of Gonzalez changed to Gonzales.

This unexpected hullabaloo left the young Spaniards utterly surprised and enraged. They had never met such a hostile, vulgar woman.

Slowly they returned to the pier and sat down in the shade of a fish house, where vile odors rose to join swarming flies. There was no need to dwell on poignant memories, for they realized too late that they had been duped. But why?

They were confused lads in a strange land, but they were endowed with a fierce determination to overcome their difficulty. A lawman, J. V. Bouquet, overheard the boys discussing their predicament. He went over to them and asked what their trouble was. In a torrent of Spanish and English, they blurted out their doleful story.

Since Bouquet had already been informed that the Widow Woman's Ship might be a slaver, he became more suspicious when he heard the boys' sad story. Mrs. Watson's rejecting the camels and refusing to pay their handlers made Bouquet believe more firmly than ever that the cargo of camels was only a sham, and that the Widow Watson was more than likely involved in the importation of Negro slaves.

When asked if they had seen any Negroes on board. the boys said they hadn't. They vowed to the very last they had never, at any time, seen Negroes hidden or otherwise, while on the sea journey.

Bouquet and other law-abiding citizens, however, kept such close vigil on the ship that if it were a slaver, the crew could not unload their illegal cargo. After the ship stayed moored out in Powder Horn Lake for a couple of weeks, the unwanted camels were taken off and turned loose to roam the prairie at will. Some bogged down while eating grass in the marshes, and died. Others were killed by the townspeople who hated them. The last camel reported seen was in 1880.

The boys never heard from Keyes after they left Galveston, and the "cussin'" widow skipped town about the time the camels were put ashore.

Juan married Miss Cathern Wedig in 1862, and José married the girl of his choice about the same time. The young men and their wives settled down to happy wedded lives and both reared families who were credits to Indianola. The boyhood friends lived through two epidemics of yellow fever. They survived the disastrous hurricane of 1875, and rode out the fury of the 1886 hurricane, water and fire, which destroyed the town completely.

They refused to leave the remains of the old town where they had been left stranded thirty-two years before. They remained near the ravaged townsite until they died. José was the first to go. Then, after sixty years of living in his adopted country, Juan, also, closed his eyes forever. He was laid to rest beside José in the Highland cemetery, situated on a ridge aboue the ruins of Indianola once called "The Dream City of The Texas Coast."

"That's the true story" said Walter Gonzalez, "of how the unscrupulous Mr. Keyes finagled Grandfather and Uncle José Mendez into bringing the third and last cargo of camels to Texas.

"You see, boys," continued Gonzales. "The United States Government had nothing to do with it."

Old Oklahoma's Red Hills People

(Continued from page 35)

reported the man's death at our hands. This information had been telephoned to the sheriff.

The "corpse" turned out to be a well known thief and beefer. But if we had killed him, that was different. The Landers boys were not going to admit knowing anything, although by now the victim had probably recovered consciousness and returned home.

Following their lead I admitted to nothing either. It was all news to us. Badly puzzled, the sheriff pulled out with his men. While riding home I told the whole story to Father, who laughed for days. We were certainly not going to be bothered by that particular rustler again.

THAT FALL Father decided to return to the Indian trading business in Arizona. We rounded up all our cattle and sold them to Brown Wyrick. He was a brother of Charley Wyrick, a cattleman we knew in Winslow, Arizona.

On Sunday after the home ranch had been sold. our family went to church in Clarita. Riding my favorite horse, Klon-

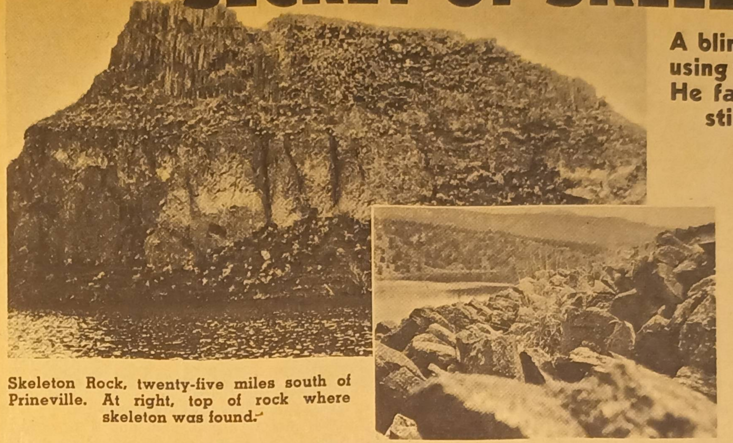
(Continued on page 53)

SECRET OF SKELETON ROCK

A blind man tried to find his cache, using the eyes of a young companion. He failed—and the Army payroll is still in some sand-filled crevice

By ELTON CAREY

Photos Courtesy Author



Skeleton Rock, twenty-five miles south of Prineville. At right, top of rock where skeleton was found.

IN 1925, when I was fifteen, my older brother Wayne and I rented a ranch from our uncle and proceeded to go into business, raising hay and grain. The place we rented is located on the upper Crooked River, in Crook County, Oregon, about twenty miles south of Prineville, which is the oldest town in the central Oregon country.

At this place the river runs through a wide fertile valley. About midway on this ranch is a creek running into the river from the south, called Sanford Creek. Both the creek and the river are quite heavily lined with a lush growth of willows. Set back a little from this juncture, and rising directly from the valley floor, is a very steep fat-topped hill. On the back side of the hill from the river there is only a short steep pitch of about fifty feet and then the hill slopes out into the foothills.

The top of this hill is covered by a jumble of lava rocks which have split into tiers as if they had been piled up by a stone mason. In some places the tiers have tilted and formed crevices which have since partially filled with sand to form little paths. The top is about an acre in size, and is nearly oval in shape. Coming up from the shallow side, the rocks have split to form a steep trail which goes up and directly across the middle of the rock. The rock is also split on the steep side and it is possible to climb from the steep side to the flat below. It is about 150 feet to the bottom.

One day in August my brother and I were finishing the last of the hay hauling, when late in the afternoon we saw an old covered wagon coming up the road. A covered wagon was a thing you seldom saw in that country, even in 1925, so we watched with much curiosity when it turned in at our gate.

When it approached where we were working, we saw that one man was very old, with a long white beard. The driver was a man about my brother's age. When they reached us the young fellow came over and asked if they could camp by the hill across the river. My brother said, "Sure, camp any place you want and stay as long as you wish." The stranger thanked us and they drove on across the river.

After they had driven away, we discussed how odd the old man had acted. He did not look around him like a person in a strange place usually will, nor did he show any interest in what was going on.

We finished hauling the last of the hay to the stack and went on home.

It was in the morning, two days later, when we got back over to the place. When we came up to the gate we saw that the campers were preparing to leave, so we rode over where they were.

After we talked a little, the young man motioned us to follow him and led us out of the old man's hearing. And then he told us this story.

IT WAS back in the year 1870, when a young man named John Holt, and a friend called Jack, decided to make their fortunes in one bold try. So together they held up the mail stage carrying the army payroll to the forts in southern Oregon and northern California. In 1870. the army had its camps and forts spread from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. And from the Canadian border to the border of Mexico. Many of these outposts, such as Fort Klamath and Camp Pendleton in Oregon were supplied by army wagons or by stage lines which carried weary travelers and the United States mail. The roads ran through country which was uninhabited or very sparsely settled. Under such conditions the stages were always subject to Indian attack, or became the prey of that era's holdup artists.

There was a shipment of gold on the stage, besides the payroll. Altogether it was supposed to amount to about $50,000. In the course of the holdup Jack shot and killed the guard.

They loaded the mail sacks and the strong box on their horses and headed across country to the west. They planned to lose their tracks in the Crooked River breaks, then cross the desert country to the west and drift into the settlements in the Willamette Valley where strangers and gold were nothing new. The one thing they failed to consider was Indians.

Late in the afternoon on their second day of flight, they were riding along slowly, resting their horses, when they came out onto the top of a hill overlooking a deep canyon. They could see patches of willow and brush in the bottoms and were glad to be nearing water and grass for the horses. Farther down, the canyon widened out and they knew they were coming to the Crooked River Valley, where they might be able to lose their tracks. An army patrol would soon be in pursuit of them.

Their elation was short lived, for when they started down into the canyon they were brought up short by the bloodcurdling yells of a small war party of raiding Indians, who liked nothing better than to catch a couple of white men out by themselves.

The two men took one look back at the Indians and knew their only chance lay in getting down into the brush of the creek bottom and following the creek toward the river in hopes they could find a place to hole up.

Though their horses were tired, they gained a little on the Indians in their run down the hill. Their horses were better than the Indian ponies and were grain fed for this ride.

Though the outlaws had some close calls, they managed to keep ahead of the Indians and get into the creek bottom, which they followed to the valley where the creek and the river joined.

Just short of the river was a round steep hill jutting up from the valley floor. On the side next to them a horse could be ridden up to the caprock which covered the top of the hill. If they were lucky maybe they could save the horses.

Both the Indians who were following them and some who were flanking them began shooting wildly, fearing their prey might get away. The horses seemed to sense the urgency of the riders, for they put on a last burst of speed as they raced up the slope to the rock wall; but just short of the wall John's horse was shot. He snatched the saddle bags from his saddle and followed Jack up to the rock wall which covered the top of the hill.

The horses were abandoned and the pair started climbing up the crevasse which led over the top. Just before they reached the top, Jack was hit by a bullet and John had to help him over the top. He then ran down and brought up the mail sacks and the gold, but before he got over the wall again he received a flesh wound in the thigh. It was not a dangerous wound, but was quite painful.

They were able to stave off the Indian attack which followed, and the Indians drew back and surrounded the hill but did not attack again. Before the day was gone, Jack died from his wound. John hid the gold and the mail sacks, and also hid the body of his partner to keep the Indians from knowing he had been killed. When darkness came he slipped out of the rocks and escaped up the willow-lined river.

The next day he reached the small settlement now called Prineville, where he had his wound dressed; but before he could acquire a horse and go back for the holdup loot an army patrol rode in. When they learned a wounded man was in town, they became suspicious and he was placed under arrest.

When John came to trial, there were witnesses who recognized him as one of the holdup men who robbed the stage and he was sent to the pen for life.

John was a good prisoner who found life behind bars not too hard, but when he was about sixty he began losing his eyesight. At the age of seventy he was completely blind.

In 1923 John Holt was given a pardon and at last found himself free to go pick up the treasure he had buried nearly forty years before.

When John finally found a man he could trust, they got together a wagon and team, and in the month of August, 1925, they arrived at the place on Crooked River where he had lost his partner and almost had lost his life.

THE MAN John had hired was the young fellow who told us this story. When he and the blind man got up on the rock the young man was unable to find the place the old man described as where he had buried the treasure and the body of his partner. After two days of searching they were giving up for they could not be sure if this were even the right rock. And the young man was beginning to doubt the old man's story. So they got in the wagon and drove away, and we never saw either of them again.

Of course my brother and I lost no time in getting up on the rock with a pick and shovel. After a thorough search we decided to dig in one of the crevices half filled with sand and grown over with rye-grass. We had dug only a foot or so when we began to find human teeth, then we found rib and arm bones, but no bones from the lower part of the skeleton.

We found pieces of rotting wood, and steel straps made from old horseshoes which could have been used to strengthen a strong box, but when we had dug as deep as we could go in the crevice we still had found no treasure. We searched other places over the top of the rock but never found the other half of the skeleton. Of course we didn't find the treasure either. But I still believe it is there—for someone. While our uncle lived, we never told the story for he did not want people digging all over the place.

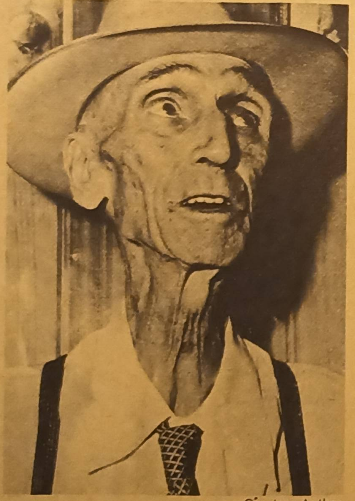
It was thirty years later, after I moved to Arizona, that I read in a book, *Indian Wars of America*, where in 1870 a stage carrying the army payroll to southern Oregon and northern California, was held up and robbed of the payroll which was never recovered. This account seemed to confirm the old man's story. So some day I hope to go back and again search the rock which was called Skeleton Rock after we found the bones buried there.

The spot is partly surrounded by water now, for the government built a large dam a few miles below, and water backs up beyond the rock. However, the part I am interested in is still there, well above the water line, with its horde of gold buried in some crevice. Maybe when I find the other half of a body, covered with rock and sand, I'll learn the secret of Skeleton Rock.

Defeating the King of the Prairies

(Continued from page 15)

not ones to let panic take over for long. He forced himself to completely relax for a few moments and calmly survey the problem. There seemed to be no other way to extricate himself except by brute strength. In a deliberate manner, gritting his teeth, he exerted every ounce of strength to force his broad shoulders back past the entrapping outcrop of rock. It took him a long time. His shoulders were torn and bleeding. Often he was forced to rest, clenching his teeth against the pain and attempting to control his gasping breath.


Courtesy Author

"Wolfer" Allen Stagg who, in later years, never tired of telling about nervy little "Rim-Fire."

Later, in the laconic manner of the day, he told friends only that, "I had to work for an hour or two before I could get out."

WOLFING had its moments of humor too. Stagg, in later years, never tired of telling with admiration, a tenderfoot's experience at Still Hunting.

"Rim-Fire" was what they called him, a skinny, meek-mannered cowpuncher who showed up at the XIT one day in 1897 in search of a job. As a joke, Stagg took the timid-appearing little man with him one day on a Still Hunt.

They hadn't ridden far when a newly-dug wolf den was sighted. Its opening was small—too small for Stagg's broad shoulders. Much to the wolfer's surprise, Rim-Fire volunteered to crawl inside for a look-around.

Chuckling with the anticipated result, Stagg obligingly lit a candle for his small companion, then watched him wriggle into the dark opening and vanish into the darkness. Explosive results weren't long in coming. Rim-Fire's legs and feet suddenly erupted from the hole in a frantic retreat.

"My God, there's a wildcat down in there!" he gasped.

Stagg, trying to control the laughter welling up inside him, explained with a straight face that the animal was a lobo wolf, not a wildcat, and that if they didn't shoot it now, it would change dens during the night and escape.

Rim-Fire was made of much sterner stuff than his outward appearance indicated. After staring speculatively at Stagg for a few moments, he grimly relit the candle, grasped the rifle and crawled back down the hole.

In a few minutes Stagg heard the muffled report of the gun. Shortly afterward Rim-Fire's posterior reappeared at the den opening. Without a word he lit the candle again and crawled back into the blackness. Another shot was heard.

"Thet damned lobo is still alive and staring at me."

Back again went the plucky little man, but this time without the rifle. When he reappeared he was dragging, by its hind legs, a huge, snarling wolf which probably outweighed him by twenty-five pounds. The lobo had been lying with its back to Rim-Fire, staring at the intruder over its shoulder. The two shots had merely broken its hind leg.

By the time Stagg had recovered his wits, Rim-Fire had set upon the wolf with rocks, quickly killing the animal.

To Stagg, who later became a lawman and witnessed countless deeds of courage, the episode of little Rim-Fire always stood out in his mind as the ultimate in pure, dogged bravery.

"I knew there was no danger, but he didn't," he often recalled. "I thought his act was about the nerviest thing I ever saw. He didn't know what would happen to him in that hole."

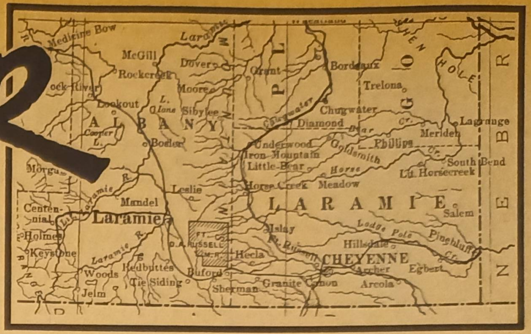
Due to the relentless Stagg and other wolfers, the lobo problem swiftly decreased in northwest Texas.

"In 1896 I killed eighty-four lobos and can take credit for cleaning up the wolves along the Canadian River," said Stagg matter-of-factly.

Although a few lonely wolves still inhabited the breaks for a number of years, they never again imposed a great dollars-and-cents threat to cattlemen along the Canadian. The last lobo reported killed in the area was in 1917.

By BENNETT R. PEARCE

MURDER at HORSE CREEK



He had a motive. He had a witness. There was nothing for the killer to do but keep running . . .

LAKEVIEW CEMETERY in Cheyenne, Wyoming, established in 1875, is the resting place of many of the early pioneers of the community and surrounding area whose lives were cut short by violence.

In a tree-shaded lot in the older section stands a low granite monument marking the graves of James B. Jackson and his son John. It was set several years ago to replace the original sandstone monument which had become illegible over the years. March 29, 1877 is given as the date of death for both father and son. Ninety summers and ninety winters have passed since that early spring day when inflamed passions and coldblooded murder shattered a family.

Around the year 1876, the ranchers of a little settlement known as Horse Creek needed a teacher for their country school. Horse Creek is located about thirty miles northwest of Cheyenne. The residents of the area gathered and elected a school board of three men: D. Clark, O. P. Goodwin and James B. Jackson. The school board met later and hired a Miss McArthur to teach the children. She was a Scotswoman and was a relative of Mr. Clark.

Miss McArthur took charge of the children's education and for a few weeks things seemed to run smoothly.

Suddenly the children began to carry home tales of harsh treatment. It was reported that she used a club on some of the children as they sometimes went home with black and blue marks. They also said that Miss McArthur used profane language in the classroom. Gradually the parents began to withdraw their children from school until only one youngster was left. No complaint was made to the teacher as she had too many relatives living in the area of Horse Creek.

Tales of the bad situation were carried to Mr. Jackson by some of the parents. Mr. Jackson reportedly called upon Miss McArthur shortly after the children were withdrawn from classes and offered her one hundred dollars to give up the school. The schoolteacher refused to resign. Mr. Jackson then threatened to have her removed. Miss McArthur is said to have told Mr. Jackson that she would not resign or be put out of the school.

The problem was solved three days later when the little country schoolhouse burned down. The cry of arson was raised throughout the countryside. Norman McCuaig, a cousin of Miss McArthur, was accused of burning down the schoolhouse. McCuaig retaliated that Jackson perpetrated the deed to get rid of the schoolteacher. The two men had several meetings, and cross-accusations were made by both at each opportunity.

Norman McCuaig was described as a man six feet tall, rawboned and muscular. He weighed over 200 pounds and walked with a stoop. He had a sandy, freckled complexion. His face was large and he had a big nose. He also had blue eyes and sported red whiskers. He spoke with a slight Scotch accent but was not considered much of a talker. His exact age was unknown, but he was in his late twenties or early thirties.

ON THE MORNING of the murder, McCuaig rode out to Jackson ranch. He dismounted from his horse, tied the animal up and walked into the yard.

Jackson, followed by twenty-one-year-old John, left the stable where they had been working and crossed the yard toward McCuaig. The latter drew his gun and aimed it first at the old man. John immediately made a break and started to run to the house for his gun. McCuaig shifted his aim from the unarmed father and shot the son, who fell and died almost instantly.

Mrs. Jackson had been watching from the house and ran screaming to the spot where her boy lay dead. McCuaig, then in a panic, aimed his gun at the elder Jackson and shot him through the heart and also through the right breast and jaw.

Frightened by the shooting, McCuaig's horse broke loose and ran away toward the Clark ranch with his murderous owner following on foot. McCuaig walked the three and a half miles to the Clark ranch without catching sight of his mount. In the Clark ranch yard he met nine-year-old Neil.

"Is my horse here?" shouted McCuaig to the young boy.

"He is in the corral," came the reply.

"I'm going to need him. I just killed old man Jackson and his son."

Neil Clark related this story many times. (He died in 1947 at the age of seventy-nine and was buried in Lakeview Cemetery.)

Mrs. Jackson, burdened down with grief and fear, had to walk three miles with a younger son to the nearest neighbor for help. McCuaig mounted his horse at the Clark ranch and was last seen by young Neil riding south in the direction of Cheyenne.

After Mrs. Jackson arrived at the Chase ranch and tearfully reported the coldblooded murder, a posse was organized to chase down Norman McCuaig. A messenger also was sent into Cheyenne for further help.

Armed riders under the supervision of Deputy Sheriff Dalton of Cheyenne spent several days searching for McCuaig without success. He was known to have changed horses and he had numerous relatives in the area to help him on his way. The possemen in their unsuccessful search became so inflamed with the mob spirit that they put a noose around the neck of one prominent rancher who was suspected of knowing where McCuaig was hiding. This man saved his neck by convincing the posse that he did not know McCuaig's whereabouts and by joining the others in a fruitless search.

The Jacksons, father and son, were buried side by side the next day. The mother, Mary Jackson, joined them in 1900 and the younger son in 1934.

NORMAN McCUAIG was never found. He disappeared from this part of the country never to return. Four or five years later, a rancher who was bringing a trail herd from Oregon, recognized one of his hired hands as McCuaig. When the

(Continued on page 47)

Mysterious John Day

(Continued from page 22)

for his own safety and that of some individuals against whom he evidently had some evil design—it was also the opinion of all the Gentlemen that it would be highly imprudent to suffer him to proceed any further for in a moment when not sufficiently watched he might embroil us with the natives, who on all occasions he reviled with appellations Rascal, Robber, etc., etc.—he was completely disarmed before embarking with the Chief who I knew well, and have every confidence in his carrying him down in safety."

So John Day returned to Astoria, unbalanced by his long winter ordeal and in his illness classifying all Indians with the thieves who had stripped him and left him to die after his stamina and determination had brought him through an almost fatal winter.

IRVING says Day died within a year, but this was a false assumption. He recovered and stayed in the vicinity. On March 20, 1814, Alexander Henry wrote in his diary at Astoria: "The last of the free Americans, John Day, Carson and Canning, arrived from the Willamette." Probably these men had been trapping and likely it was for the British, now that they were owners of the fort at Astoria which they had taken over from the Americans in 1813 and renamed Fort George.

Shortly afterward, Henry mentioned "arrangements made with J. Day, Carson and other freemen, on halves for Spanish (Green) River." It is almost certain he was the "Joshua" Day who was a canoe passenger in the Grand Brigade which left for the East on April 4, 1814.

A passenger in the lead canoe was Donald McKenzie, carrying to John Jacob Astor the documents and payment which would reimburse him for the British take-over of his trading post. McKenzie, joining the Northwesters again on completion of his mission, was back on the Columbia in 1816 to take command of their fur trade on the river's interior tributaries. And it was McKenzie who was in command of a party of trappers, including John Day, on February 16, 1820, when the frontiersman died, naming his employer as executor of his will. It likely was the first will executed within the present-day limits of Idaho.

Sixteen years later McKenzie entered the will for probate in Chatauqua County, New York. According to a grandnephew of McKenzie, the original will carried the following attached note: "On the 16th of February about 2PM he 'Departed this life viewing Mr. McKenzie as the Man at whose hands he had ever experienced the most kindness', he therefore said he bequeathed to him all he possessed: Deeming it too inconsiderate (sic) to divide among his relations, but requested Mr. McKenzie to inform his brothers Lewis and Willis. He appeared to die the death of a good man. Signed February 17, 1820, William Kittson, James Birnie."

And so passed John Day, a man whose hardships had unsettled his mind but who had recovered and gone back to his world, undistinguished during his lifetime among many others who roamed the new land West of the Shining Mountains. He was buried where he died, most likely, but there is no proof of the place, nothing more definite that his executor's affidavit which records "that John Day the said deceased died on the sixteenth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty on the south side of the River Columbia in the Territory of Oregon, in the United States, which was the place of his residence at the time of his death. . . ."

THE VERY uncertainty of the spot of Day's death and burial created a controversy that erupted more than 130 years later. For many years people had pointed out as John Day's a grave outlined with rocks near the banks of Birch Creek in the dry sagebrush wastes of Clark County, Idaho. "This is his grave," they said, and it seemed a reasonable assumption.

They referred to early-day maps, some of which were inaccurately or incompletely drawn. They relied on local legend, and misinterpreted journals or conclusions of those writing on the early-day West.

So it seemed reasonable, when arguments which sounded convincing were set forth, for the Memorial Division of the Quartermaster Corps of the U. S. Army to issue a marker for the supposed site of John Day's grave honoring him as a Revolutionary War soldier. Sponsors were the Idaho Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

On July 4, 1953, with appropriate ceremonies, the marker was erected.

Almost at once the authenticity of the grave was questioned. To some, it did seem possible to pinpoint the exact spot with such accuracy. It was discovered that references to an incorrect map which misnamed Birch Creek as Day's Creek (now known as Little Lost River) had further confused the matter.

Things were put back on the track, and the position of the doubters was strengthened, by the study of a map drawn in 1825, just five years after Day died, by William Kittson who was present at his death.

In 1824-25, Kittson was a member of Peter Skene Ogden's trapping party, hunting in the area again. Kittson's map shows the route outbound from Flathead Fort to the neighborhood of Salmon, Idaho, where the hunters went into winter camp. In the spring, they traveled south to the Pahsimeroi where he records that he recognized the region of McKenzie's winter camp of 1819-20. Slightly east and south they went, then, to the Little Lost River called by Kittson "Day's River" and so on to the Snake River plain and back across the mountains into Montana.

In the interests of historical accuracy, several persons felt that, if possible, definite proof should be obtained that it really was John Day's grave which was marked. So, with permission obtained to open the grave, a party of twenty observers gathered at the site on July 8, 1956.

In loose dirt, about four feet from the surface, they uncovered a partial skeleton, complete only above the second lumbar vertebra. A few scraps of canvas and of a coarse cloth coat, some pearl buttons and thread, and some hard rubber buttons composed the only other objects in the grave.

The convincing evidence was the rubber buttons. They bore the inscription: "Goodyear's Pat. 1851. N. R. Co."

The skull, jawbone, left shoulder and arm bones and two lumbar vertebra, along with the other items found were sent to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., for study. Within a few days, Dr. F. M. Stezler, Head Curator, Department of Anthropology, reported: "The hard rubber buttons . . . were made by Novelty Rubber Company of New Brunswick, New Jersey, a company founded in 1855. The buttons were made under a Goodyear patent of 1851."

A REPORT on examination of the bones was made by Dr. T. D. Stewart, Chief of the Department of Physical Anthropology of the Smithsonian. He said: "This individual is judged to be male although the skull and lower jaw are a little on the small side. Also, although the sutures of the skull are partly obliterated, the lack of arthritic changes in the joints suggests an individual around 35-40 years of age. The race is undoubtedly white.

"The portions of clothing were examined by our textile expert, Miss Grace Rogers, and found to include: (1) coarse interlining, including a large handmade buttonhole; (2) traces of woolen suiting; (3) silk thread in a chain stitch; (4) a piece of machine-sewed twill (thread typical of the 1850 period); and (5) a piece of shirting, probably cotton. These findings, along with the presence of various sized buttons, point clearly to a male costume. The rubber button, as already reported, was made after 1851."

Later, Dr. Stewart stated that the person whose remains were examined stood between five feet seven and eight inches tall. All who knew Day said he stood more than six feet tall, and that he was at least fifty years old at his death. Day had been away from civilization for ten years, yet cloth clothing remnants had been found, not buckskin. Thus, all evidence points conclusively to the fact that the wrong man's grave had been marked.

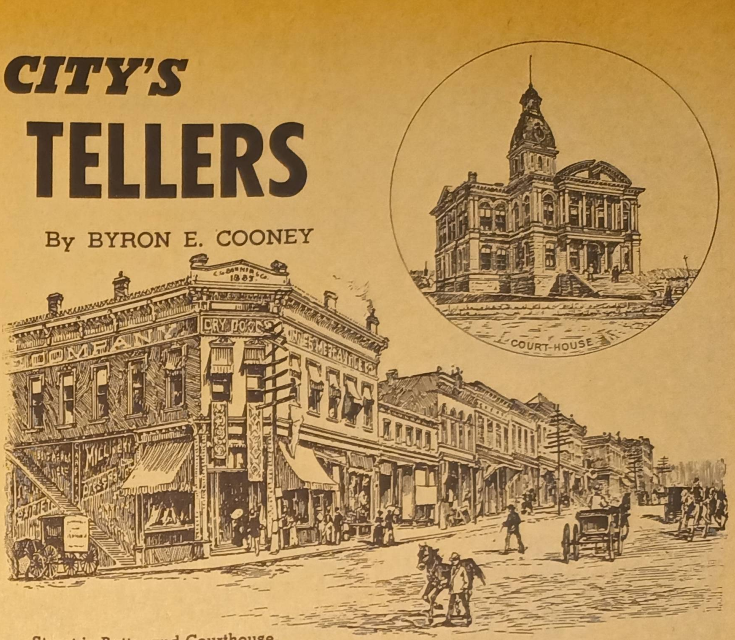
The monuments—one identifying the grave as that of John Day, the other commemorating his service as a Revolutionary War soldier, and both proven incorrect—still stand. Some day they may be removed. But the curious, who take the trouble to journey to this isolated spot, may read them and wonder where is located the true grave of John Day, trapper, adventurer, and member of the first party of white men to enter southern Idaho. Until then, his monuments are the rivers, the city and the dam which bear his name. Maybe these are recognition enough.

BUTTE CITY'S

FORTUNE TELLERS

By BYRON E. COONEY

SPECIAL!
FROM OUR OLD
1929
Frontier Times



Street in Butte, and Courthouse.

PROFESSOR KELLOGG'S brief and sensational career in Montana is still remembered—especially by those who paid him in glittering gold to lay open the future to them, to subvert Fate, or to secure the favor of the living and the dead. He remained in Butte only six weeks and in that time money rained on him in a manner which excited the envy of the fortune-telling cult of the entire West. His exit was as dramatic as some of his exploits were unbelievable.

The belief in magic in America still exists to an extent that would amaze the more prosaic-minded. Only my contact with the police and my newspaper connection revealed to me the almost medieval reliance still placed by a large percentage of citizens in magic, black art, wizardry and kindred mystic powers which today are known politely as the "occult," "telepathy" or "spiritulatistic."

Butte City alone has poured hundreds of thousands of dollars into the lap of every itinerant fortune teller whose advertisements were at one time accepted by the newspapers. Today at least a dozen fortune tellers are residing in Butte and making at least a living. One man in Butte with offices he has occupied for twenty-five years (who never advertises but caters to a select clientele) is independently rich and owns a half interest in a modern brick rooming house in the heart of Butte. Plying their profession they drive luxurious automobiles, bank their money and some maintain winter homes in California.

But the hip-hooray has gone out of the business. Only a couple of lines in the classified ads or under "personal" advise the credulous where they may be found. That is sufficient, however, to guide the seeker to the mystic, and find him he will, as Saul sought the witch of Endor or Macbeth invoked the witches. I do not include the medium or the various forms of spiritualistic endeavor in this article. That is a field in itself which has many devotees and which may claim the distinction and dignity of religion. There are many sincere believers in spiritualism who would spring to an angry defense if I essayed any exposé of the 1,001 frauds I have probed to the bottom.

Of the itinerant diviners who came and went to Butte, I knew most of them personally and I met many of them in California on my various winter trips. They "worked" hard in Butte, they told me, and said that it was a rich field. There was the gray-haired and dignified Sheldon, retired finally at Pasadena; the motherly little Madam Argyle, the gypsy-like Madam Montyne, and the Italian Albini, but the master of them all was Kellogg. Enviously the local fortune teller watched them come and go in luxury. Thirty-three years ago Madam Oxjenystein had her shingle hung out on South Montana Street and she had been practicing her art in Butte many years previous to that. With every personal attribute of a witch in appearance, she gazed into a crystal ball and it is said that some of Butte's capitalists had beaten a track to her door and paid her princely sums for advice. I wrote her obituary when she died at the age of ninety, and that was twenty-five years ago. Only two days before her death patrons came to her bedside for advice and prognostication.

KELLOGG came to Butte about twenty-two years ago and opened rooms in the Shodair block. No shrinking wizard was he. Handsome, immaculately groomed, he had gloves and stick and a change of clothing for every hour. He wore diamonds as big as beans and one especially large one in a ring. It was as big as a marble. At night he established a personal acquaintance with all the high-class saloons of Butte and though he never showed the effects of drink, his meanderings were punctuated by the popping of champagne corks. He was a sleight-of-hand worker of the most extraordinary ability. To illustrate, one evening he passed a silver dollar into a champagne bottle he had just emptied, and left it there. That was good advertising. Everybody present averred they saw him do it. While I saw the occurrence I still feel confident he brought the bottle with the dollar inside with him, and simply switched bottles. One does not readily suspect that such things are planned in advance, or that when he casually told a man he had never met before, his mother's maiden name, he might have been working on that stunt for several days. Dropping one glass through another is an optical illusion, and calling a coin along the bar to follow your hand is done with a hair and wax. But soon every bartender was boosting Kellogg.

Sleight-of-hand had and still has many marvels both on and off the stage and the best fortune tellers use it. Owen of Salt Lake; Brunk of Kansas City; Bennett, who taught it for $10 a lesson; Joseph Jackson, the trick bicycle rider of the Orpheum circuit; Professor Brooks of Pantages; and Albini have all demonstrated for me in private or for the entertainment of myself and friends—but that is another story.

While in Butte, Kellogg gave tips on the stock market for $100. On this item alone he had twelve patrons. Ten of those won on one particular tip, one lost, and Kellogg gave him back his money as he agreed with all of them if they lost. One tip had not had any action when he left.

A family with whom I was well acquainted paid Professor Kellogg $500 to use his influence so that one of its

(Continued on page 47)

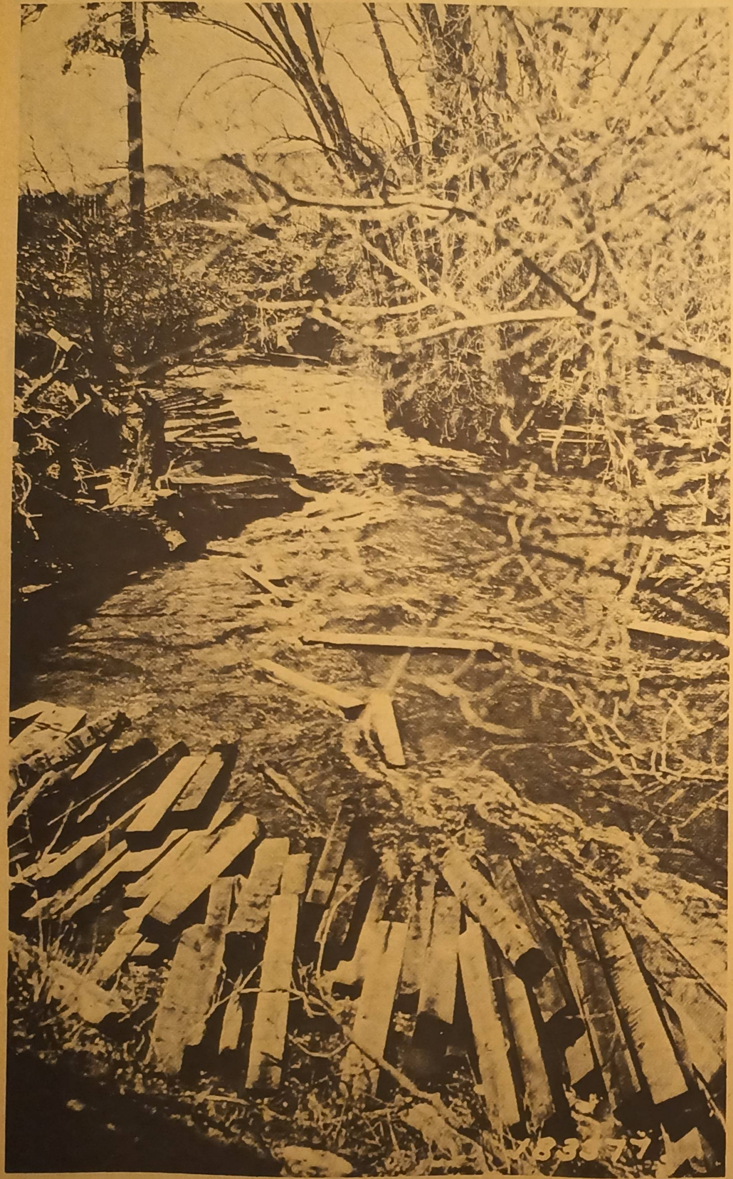
Who would expect a North Woods operation in the midst of a southwestern desert?

DESERT LOG DRIVE

By F. L. HERNANDEZ

Photos Courtesy Author

U. S. Forest Service Photo



One of the later tie floats. Note a few hand-hewn ties.

WE STOPPED our touring car and stared in amazement. The desert stream we were about to cross was covered with hundreds of railroad ties floating on the muddy water. Men with long poles were scattered along the banks laboriously pushing into the current ties which were stranded on the banks.

Our first view of the Embudo River was during early June of 1926, just as the spring run-off was beginning to recede. As we continued south beside the Rio Grande an endless procession of floating ties accompanied us on the water of the parent stream until we left it at Velarde.

Naturally my curiosity was aroused as I had thought New Mexico was an unlikely place to float timber. I wondered where the water-borne railroad ties were coming from and where they were going. The area is barren and practically no growing timber, outside of a few cottonwoods, can be seen from the bottom of the dry canyon where the two streams meet. The average annual precipitation at Embudo is rarely more than eight inches a year. Incidentally, the 1926 float was the last one, as far as I have been able to ascertain, so we were fortunate to have witnessed it first-hand.

The log drives were made by the Santa Barbara Tie and Pole Co., organized by A. B. McGaffey, and the job had its beginnings in the construction of the Panama Canal. It seems that the completion of the canal threatened transcontinental railroads with the loss of a great deal of their freight business. To meet this competition the Santa Fe owners decided to double track all their line to the coast. This was a tremendous undertaking which would require, among other things, 120,000 linear feet of cross-ties for every mile of track.

That is where Mr. McGaffey came in, as he planned to supply the ties needed for the construction. He staked his fortune on a scheme to tap the high forests of the Sangre de Cristo Range, where he had gained a priority on enough timber to make 16,000,000 ties. Having had experience with log drives by water in New England, McGaffey selected the timber of the Santa Barbara and Rio Pueblo watersheds so he could use the water of the Embudo and the Rio Grande to transport the ties to the railroad, and finally to the Santa Fe's big tie pickling plant at Albuquerque.

THE FIRST drive, an experimental float, consisted of only 12,000 ties, purchased at Española and floated through Whiterock Canyon in 1907. The success of this operation encouraged McGaffey to begin cutting ties in the high country, and the next float brought 100,000 ties from the mountains.

However, the difficulties encountered in the second try were so great it was decided that obstacles in the Embudo Gorge must be removed. Over forty tons of dynamite were used to make this part of the stream a "good" river.

The ties were manufactured at elevations of from 8,000 to 11,000 feet during most of the year except for the coldest months. They were stacked in "yards" along the main streams to await the spring thaw. The piles of ties readied for the float were immense, extending for blocks along the streams and reaching a height of six or seven feet.

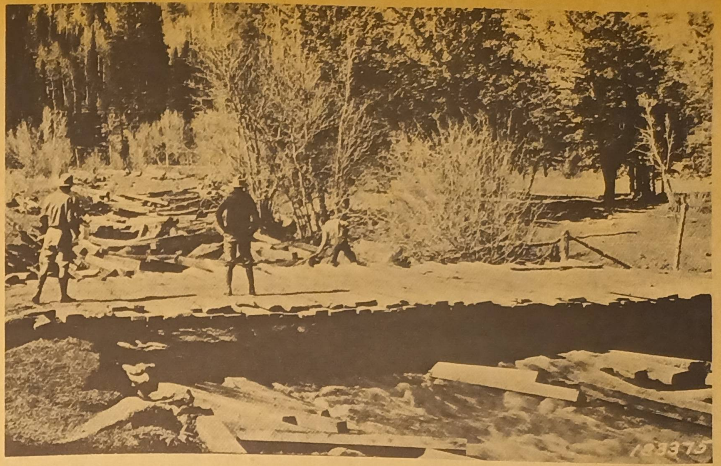
From the east and north the ties were borne by the waters of the Rio Pueblo, formed by three branches known as La Junta, Angostura, and Agua Piedra Creeks.

From the area south and west of Jicarita Peak the three forks of the Santa Barbara provided water down to the junction of the Rio Pueblo and the Santa Barbara below Peñasco.

We cannot speak of the activity along the Santa Barbara without mentioning the part which railroading played in supplying the ties sent out of that area.

Well within the boundary of the heavy timber and several miles above the last settlement was the beginning as well as the end of a remarkable railroad. It was used to haul in logs to a sawmill where many of the ties for the float were manufactured. This place was called Hodges in honor of W. E. Hodges, vice-president of the A.T.&S.F. Railway. He had faithfully backed Mr. McGaffey's project from it's beginning.

Here were located a sawmill, a shop, mess-hall, bunkhouses, and a terminal for several miles of 36 (inch) gauge railroad. The rails, locomotive parts, and car parts were hauled by teams for twenty-six miles over the primitive roads of those days. Some of the broad trails seen today in the Santa Barbara canyons are the roadbed of the tiny old track. Now there is no railroad closer than Santa Fe, and the younger generation at Peñasco probably never heard of the railroad from Hodges up the Santa Barbara and back.



U. S. Forest Service Photo

Above, loggers engaged in freeing tie float jam at shallow bend in the stream. Below, the Angostura Flume in operation about 1920.

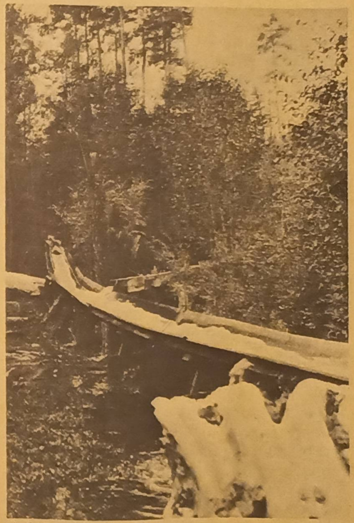
After the ties from the Rio Pueblo and the Santa Barbara came together the concentration of floating timber in the gorge of the Embudo must have been tremendous. The effect of the drives on the banks of the stream was so severe that even now there is hardly any vegetation by the stream in the box canyon.

Every inhabitant of the river, from the glossy-furred beavers to the red-bellied native trout, was destroyed or driven to safer homes. The destruction caused by one flood was multiplied many times each year because "splash dams" were used to create repeated artificial floods to boost the stranded ties off the banks into the current.

(Since the log drive ended, nature, with the aid of Forest Service and the Game Department, has done a good job of restoring wildlife to the area. All the smaller streams are good fishing, though the Embudo has not completely recovered.)

THE FIRST hot days of April set off a frenzied period of activity, since the high water lasted little more than six weeks, and less on light snow years. Extra men were hired, the stream bed was cleared of debris, and the drive was on. Some of the men pushed the ties into the stream while others, stationed at strategic spots, tried to prevent jams. It was hard, wet work, and often dangerous, with many a bruising spill into the icy water. Still the job must have been a warm one compared to the earlier work near timberline.

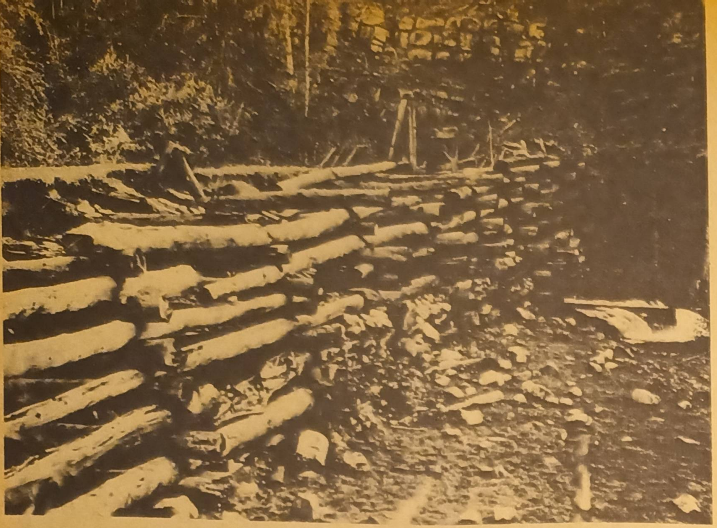
At intervals on the stream, water was temporarily held back in splash dams, to be released as needed when the float slowed down. The dams were made of earth and timbers. They had a wide gate which could be quickly raised so that all of the impounded water would be released in a great flood. The crest was at first convex on the cross-section. then it changed to a concave, troughlike torrent, sucking whatever lay on the banks down into the current.



U. S. Forest Service Photo

What a ride those ties experienced! Their descent to the assembling yards by wagon, skid, or flume had just been a warm-up for the journey they now experienced. First they splashed into a small mountain stream whose icy waters had just left the deep snowbanks of the highlands, and coasted rapidly down through alder—and willow—lined canyons or rocky pools for ten or fifteen miles. Then they came to the roughest part of the ride, whirling and smashing through the roaring gorge of the Embudo, and at last into the quieter but still swift waters by the Dixon community.

Their travels had just begun, for soon after passing Dixon the ties entered the Rio Grande on whose broad bosom they floated more gently down to White Rock Canyon. There they received another beating on the rocks before emerging into quieter waters above Peña Blanca.



U. S. Forest Service Photo

A splash dam on the Rio Pueblo in 1922.

Then came their rail-borne trip, from the boom where they were taken out of the river to the main line near present-day Santo Domingo Trading Post, and on to the Santa Fe tie pickling plant south of Albuquerque. At this point the journey was interrupted but not finished. The timbers were treated, stacked again, and eventually shipped to their final destination somewhere between Chicago and the Pacific Ocean.

The spur railroad which extended from Peña Blanca to the main Santa Fe line was used almost exclusively to haul ties, a forty-car train of gondolas making the trip as often during the float as a train could be loaded. We used to cross the spur line on the old highway to Santa Fe by way of Domingo. This railroad has long since been removed.

The tie plant near Albuquerque is still operating. An average of 500,000 ties are treated annually at the plant. The superintendent, N. C. Hawley, remembers that many hand-made ties, merely flattened on two sides with a broad axe, would come into the plant in the early 1920s. In later years sawmills manufactured the majority of them.

IN THE SUMMER of 1931 some friends and I fished on the Santa Barbara above Rodarte. At that time one of the old splash dams was still there though the gate was gone. There was a fine fishing hole just below the dam where the water dropped several feet from the outlet of the dam.

Fishermen and hikers in the Embudo box can still find evidences of the terrific rush of water and timbers which descended annually through the granite walls of the seven-mile gorge. A few old ties are jammed so tightly between enormous boulders along the stream that only final decay will remove them. In May or June, if you should happen to be in the canyon, it is easy to visualize the old log drive when you look at the murky torrent tumbling at dizzying speed and hear boulders rumbling along the bottom propelled by the powerful current.

To see the stands of timber which produced as many as 1,000,000 railroad ties a year and still had plenty of spruce trees left, one should drive on N. M. Highway 75 from U. S. 64 via Dixon to Peñasco. The road detours the Embudo Gorge over high foothills which offer unsurpassed views of the Truchas, Trampas, and Jicarita Mountains. The upper slopes between the pine zone and timberline are black with an Engleman spruce forest.

No one should go as far as Peñasco without completing the beautiful loop drive on N. M. 3 along the Rio Pueblo to Tres Ritos, Holman Pass, Mora, and Las Vegas. This drive also provides wonderful views of the east side of the Sangre de Cristo Range from which come the waters of the Mora River, a tributary of the Mississippi by way of the Canadian and Arkansas Rivers.

Back-packing and horseback trips over the Santa Barbara Divide, separating the Pecos and Santa Barbara watersheds, reveal more signs of the big tie-cutting jobs. Trails far up on the Middle Fork, which show how far the little railroad went, still cross the stream on rickety bridges of untrimmed spruce timbers once used by the railroad. In 1956 the old structures would support a man on foot, but no horse could negotiate the widely spaced ties along the top.

At certain swampy places near the source of Agua Piedra Creek there are corduroy roads lying half buried in the grass and mud. Near the Knob, a prominent limestone bluff at the east side of this valley, are parts of an old skid made out of split logs and planks bolted together in a "V." The skids (perhaps with the aid of ice, snow and gravity) conveyed ties to assembly points where they were stacked for water or wagon transportation.

Portable sawmills in some cases made the ties far back in the wilderness. The sites of these mills attract attention because of the piles of slabs and trimmings left when they were moved. One such area is about three miles south of Agua Piedra Ski Run at the top of a high ridge leading up toward Jicarita Peak. It is called Ripley Point.

If you should explore the upper reaches of Angostura Canyon you may come upon some traces of the old elevated flume which was used to float ties down to Tres Ritos. Parts of the flume were still standing a few years ago. I first saw them in 1938 while hunting snowshoe rabbits.

THE HIGH COUNTRY around Jicarita Peak receives thirty-eight inches of precipitation annually, though it is only twenty-five miles as the crow flies from the desert by the Rio Grande. Most of the precipitation is in the form of winter snow. It was the melting of these deep snows which provided the water for the log drives.

Jake Ortega, one of the old tie cutters, described to me the heavy snows of March and April, in which he cut ties for ten cents each. He was one of the hardy fellows who did piece work, usually with one companion, in the more inaccessible places. The men who did this work knew the high country intimately, and Ortega once located the body of a boy who got lost and froze to death in a blizzard in that area.

The men batched in log huts or lean-tos, some of which you may still find at 10,000 or 11,000 feet in the Agua Piedra Basin. If the men worked at sawmills, they lived in big company bunkhouses.

Many of the workers were from nearby Mora, Cleveland, Vadito, or Peñasco. They were experts with the broad axe, the double bladed axe, and the peavy. Some of them even worked from boats in the Rio Grande! Many men who were refugees from the revolutions in Mexico participated in tie cutting and in the log drives on the streams. These early *braceros* were a mixed lot of people, some deserters from the Mexican army, some from the rebel armies of Villa or Zapata, while a few were simply refugees who had lost all in Mexico's ceaseless bloody revolutions of the 1910 to 1924 period.

There was no love lost between the workers from Old Mexico and the Spanish-speaking New Mexicans, who resented the fact that the foreign laborers, by accepting less pay, had lowered wages among the tie cutters.

Although the Mexicans were notable knife fighters and the mountain people of northern New Mexico were not innocent of some knowledge of rough and tumble brawling (especially when in their cups), there was little bloodshed. Times were hard and work was not easy to come by. The company kept liquor to a minimum in the lumber camps, and the big, soft-spoken Scandinavian foremen, brought in from Minnesota or Maine, were able to keep things under control. Many of the men in supervisory positions had their artillery close at hand just in case.

Tres Ritos was the yarding place for

(Continued on page 69)

Butte City's Fortune Tellers

(Continued from page 43)

members would not marry a certain woman. The wedding was actually postponed for nearly a year. The pair was afterward married and divorced.

If there is any potent force in hypnotism, then Kellogg was a hypnotist. He did all his tricks for me just to show me he could. I heard what was supposed to be a pencil writing between slates and I could fill pages with his various feats, some of which I could explain and most of which I couldn't. Magicians, and there is a national organization of the best ones, do not often explain their work. Their triumph is to get a new trick their contemporaries do not and cannot see through. Once I counted twenty-six persons sitting patiently in Kellogg's reception room, waiting to have the future pried open at $10 or more for a peek.

AS KELLOGG'S fame spread, out-of-town people began to seek him. A well-to-do widower from Wise River had fallen in love with a Butte girl. He had promised his dying wife he would never marry again so he was in a terrible quandary, simply because he didn't want to break his word. He came to Kellogg to see if the mystic could induce his wife's spirit to release him. This was a large order but Kellogg thought it could be negotiated for $2,000. The rancher had $1,600 and the professor, with apparent reluctance, compromised on that amount.

The next evening the rancher met up with his dead wife at midnight in a suite of rooms in a building opposite the Butte free public library. Later I saw the celestial robe of white cotton in which she appeared. It had been dipped in liquid phosphorus but originally it cost Kellogg $1.65 at Symon's store. I never found out who the woman was who represented the dead woman. The ghost very kindly gave the rancher her permission to marry again and he was a happy man. He declared he recognized his wife's voice immediately.

Everybody would have been perfectly happy had not the rancher proceeded to tell his fiancee about the deal. When he told her he had paid $1,600 to Kellogg, the fireworks began. There was a bankroll she might have had the spending of. She told her rustic lover to get back the money or the wedding was off, so the man from Wise River hunted up the chief of police and told him his troubles. Kellogg was arrested for fraud, jumped a $200 bail bond, and fled. He was arrested in Pocatello but in returning escaped from the deputies. Then the hue and cry started and Kellogg was again captured in Idaho Falls. This time he came back handcuffed and in an Oregon boot.

But Professor Kellogg was resourceful, even in jail. He was arraigned before a justice of the peace, who gave him "until next morning to enter pleas." Now, justice courts usually open at 10 a.m., but when the county attorney, the police, witnesses and spectators appeared at that hour, the judge told them that the Kellogg case had been set for 9 o'clock and as no one had appeared to prosecute him, he (the judge) had dismissed the case. New warrants were sworn out but Kellogg was never caught again.

"Cut Bank" George Brown and Kellogg hid out in an apartment in the Ansonia block where meals were brought by the trusty messenger "Lemons," who never divulged a secret. Fred Sutherland, on my promise of secrecy, took me up to visit with Kellogg, who was dining on champagne and truffles while the police of a dozen western cities were looking for him. There were only four persons in on the secret. I published an interview with Kellogg, relating his experience as a fugitive in the wilds of Idaho with bloodhounds after him, and fell out with Chief of Police Wynne because I wouldn't tell where Kellogg was hiding.

One morning he was smuggled into a hack and driven to Silver Bow Junction, where he boarded a train without a ticket, paid $50 for a stateroom, and kept on going. The rancher lost both his money and his sweetheart. Kellogg left his big diamond in Butte and later there was a lawsuit about its ownership. But he didn't leave it with the rancher—his attorneys got it.

Murder at Horse Creek

(Continued from page 41)

herd reached the Platte River in Carbon County, the rancher informed the man that he had come near enough to the Cheyenne area and discharged him. McCuaig faded into the unknown forever.

It was said that Miss McArthur remained in Cheyenne for several days and then disappeared without trace. One rumor had it that Norman McCuaig was romantically involved with his cousin, Miss McArthur, and that the two of them later met elsewhere. But nobody knows for sure where either of them went or what happened to them.

A few articles in the Cheyenne *Daily Leader* related the story of the tragedy and the thoughts of the neighbors and the press about the whole affair, but the story soon was pushed aside and forgotten as the community turned to other matters.

In 1882, C. A. Potter, Laramie County Attorney, wrote to Wyoming's Governor Hoyt that a Norman McCuaig was wanted in Laramie County for the murder of the Jacksons and that a reward of $500 was posted for his capture. The reward was never collected and remained on the books until a few years ago when the treasurer transfered the money to another account during a routine audit of the books.

Today the Wyoming wind blows through the high boughs of Lakeview Cemetery's old pine trees. A light penciled notation in the sexton's book, following the names of the Jacksons, states that the two were murdered by Norman McCuaig. Such is the only official record of a violent deed of long ago, another unavenged murder which was more the rule than the exception in the Old West.

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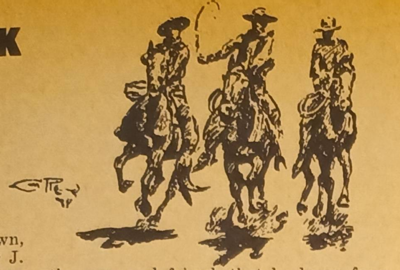
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos



A PAIR FOR PANCHO

Some Part of Myself (Little, Brown, $6.95) is the autobiography of young J. Frank Dobie—from his birth in 1888 into the thirties—edited by Mrs. J. Frank (Bertha) Dobie. This reviewer was one of the many who urged Frank to write about himself and while he admitted that he had a story to tell, his interests were so wide and so varied that he preferred to write on other subjects. From time to time, however, he did write about himself—perhaps with the autobiography in mind on occasion, but it seems to this reviewer, far from it, on others. That we have a fairly complete picture of his first forty-plus years is due to two things—first, the "autobiography box" in which Frank placed a copy of everything he had written about himself that he thought would be helpful in writing his story when he finally settled down to serious work on it; second and far more important, the extraordinary skill of Miss Bertha in piecing together and rounding out the self-portrait. In several of his books Frank paid tribute to Miss Bertha but perhaps he said it best in the dedication of *The Voice of the Coyote* (Boston, 1949): "To Bertha McKee Dobie, Through the years I have derived as much from her habit of clear thinking as from her particular criticisms. She is the most incisive and the most concretely constructive critic I have ever known. Her sense of form and fitness and her precision in details have gone into every book I have written."

Most of the text may be already available in some form in the collections of the dedicated few but this reviewer must confess reading "Along Lake George" for the first time in this book. Some of the other chapters touch but lightly the memory buds and one cannot be sure (without diligent research) whether it was talk with Frank or one of his short newspaper "pieces" that leads to such recollecting. To say the least, this is the first time that the pieces have been welded into a highly readable whole and it is a must for all Dobie fans and all others interested in the making of a writer and a man. It is enhanced with a "Foreword" by Miss Bertha, an index, and a number of photos of Frank, his family and friends. The publication of this book is a literary event of great importance. Strongly recommended.

Frank Dobie: Man and Friend (Potomac Corral, The Westerners, P. O. Box 6006, Arlington, Va. 22206, $2.50) is the first printing of a paper presented to the Corral by the Senior Senator from Texas, Ralph W. Yarborough, on April 27, 1967. This is a different Dobie book—while there is a brief biographical sketch, Senator Yarborough devotes most of the text to incidents which illustrate Dobie, the man and friend, that he knew from personal experiences. Dobie and Ralph Yarborough had their "ups" but during the thirty years that they were friends they also had some "downs." The frank discussion of these low-water marks in their careers and how their friendship helped first one and then the other rise above them is heartwarming. Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes contributed the foreword, "Pancho's Friend Ralph" and there is a photo of Dobie and Yarborough. For the dedicated Dobie fans there is a limited hard cover edition of 250 copies, numbered and signed by the Senator and Jeff at $6.00. This is No. I in "The Great Western Series" recently authorized by The Corral. Strongly recommended.

RANGE LIFE

The Life and Times of Cyrus Alexander (Dawson's Book Shop, $15.00) was written by his nephew, Charles Alexander in 1876 but this is, so far as your reviewer knows, its first appearance in a book. The original manuscript is in the Bancroft Library of the University of California and this book was published from it. It was edited by George Shochat who wrote a brief foreword and numerous informative footnotes about the people mentioned in the text. Cyrus was a mountain man but after making and losing a small fortune (for those times) trapping, made his way to San Diego sometime between 1827 and 1833. After trying the sea lion and sea otter trade, he went to work for Captain Henry D. Fitch, a pioneer rancher in the San Diego area. He became a trusted employee of Captain Fitch and was chosen to locate a ranch for him north of the Bay. Cyrus located a good ranch site on the Russian River and Captain Fitch was successful in getting the land grant. Cyrus operated the ranch on shares and at the end of the partnership received half the increase in livestock and part of the land for his labor and management. The author Charles arrived in California in 1850 and worked for his Uncle Cyrus for three years. During these years Cyrus told Charles the story of his fur trapping days in the Rockies and of his early life in Mexican California. Charles made some notes of the fireside recollections of his uncle and was an eye-witness to many of the happenings related in the last part of the book. Charles bought land from his uncle and was his neighbor for a number of years. This is the story, simply told, of a pioneer California settler and rancher. It was expertly printed in an edition of 350 copies by Saul and Lillian Marks at the Plantin Press for Dawson's. It is worthwhile social and agricultural history.

Paul Patterson's *Pecos Tales* (Paisano Books, $5.00) was published for the Texas Folklore Society by the Encino Press of Austin, Texas. The ranch raised author - cowboy - disc jockey - teacher and traveler writes about his family and friends on the West Texas range. Paul was a listener, too, and for this we can be thankful since he has set down tales and anecdotes of the cowmen he met on the range, on the trail and in town. While this is primarily a range book there are a couple of buried treasures in it plus a few ghost stories. There is a fine section of range life photos and the book was designed by the Encino maestro, Bill Wittliff.

QUARTER HORSES

For all that has been written about the American quarter horse in countless chapters and articles, no complete book on the history of this uniquely American animal had been put together. Now, *Quarter Horses, A Story of Two Centuries* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Robert Moorman Denhardt will fill a great need for horse breeders and horse lovers. Denhardt is probably the best qualified to write such a book. He is the author of the three-volume reference of the American Quarter Horse Association, *The Quarter Horse*, and the *Official Study Book and Registry*. He was one of the organizers of the association and a long time director. In addition he wrote the very popular *The Horse of The Americas* and edited the classical North American edition of the classical *The Horse of the Conquest* by R. B. Cunninghame. Denhardt's new book traces the Quarter Horse's origin, development, and major bloodlines. Outstanding horses from Colonial times and the men who trained and bred them are described in detail. The book includes an index, a selected bibliography, a glossary and selected photos of Quarter Horses of note. For breeder, student, or buff, this book is a must.

PRESIDENT, CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC

Simeon Ide wrote, printed and published two books about his brother, William B. Ide, at Clarement, New Hampshire in 1880. The first we can refer to as *A Biographical Sketch of The Life of William B. Ide* and the second as *Who Conquered California?* Much of the text of the first book with minor changes appeared in the second. The Rio Grande Press has just issued facsimile reprints of Simeon's two books in a single attractively bound and printed volume at $10.00. To this reviewer the decision to reprint both seems wise—scholars may make their own studies of the two slightly different texts. The first editions of both of Simeon Ide's books have long been rated "rare" and expensive and previous reprints are all OP and climbing in price. This current reprint contains much new material: A "Foreword" by Governor Ronald Reagan, a "Publishers Preface," an "Introduction" by Dr. Benjamin Franklin Gilbert, Professor of History at San Jose State College, and an index. Professor Gilbert's introduction is a particularly valuable addition and should guide the future researchers in their appraisals of the value of William Ide's contributions during the days before, during and immediately following the raising of the Bear Flag and the declaring of the California Republic. A bargain!

MEXICAN MOUNTAIN MAN

Tough Trip Through Paradise, 1878-1879 (Houghton-Mifflin Co., $6.95) edited by Bennett H. Stein is the remarkable story of Andrew Garcia written by himself. Garcia was a pilgrim to the Northwest from the lower Rio Grande country of South Texas. He worked as a horse herder for the cavalry shunning temptations of the frontier and saving his money. Among other experiences, he participated with the Army in the war against the Nez Percé Indians who were led by Chief Joseph. In early 1878, Garcia left the employ of the Army and threw in with a mountain man by the name of Beaver Tom. Beaver Tom, though seasoned in wilderness living and dealing with the Indians, could not cope with John Barleycorn. Garcia's hard earned and patiently saved money was invested in beaver traps, provisions, and goods to trade to the Indians, and he and Beaver Tom were off to the Musselshell. The ensuing two years transformed Garcia into a true son of the wilderness. He rid himself of Beaver Tom after giving up on trying to reform him. Garcia tells in humorous detail of the feminine wiles of the Indian maiden. Because of his strict Spanish upbringing, Garcia is torn between the enticing temptations and his fear of hell fire. He marries three beautiful Indian girls and finally settled down with a white wife. Garcia's style is humorous and racy. His narrative gives much detail and insight to the emotions of the Indians whom he comes to respect and to love. Stein's masterful editing molds Garcia's voluminous papers into a logical story without changing the colorful style of Garcia's reminiscenses. Highly recommended.

ASTORIA RETOLD

Adventure at Astoria, 1810-1814 (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) is a new edition of Gabriel Franchere's journal of those exciting and historically important years. It was first issued in French at Montreal in 1820 and first translated into English in 1854 and published by Redfield of New York. This current reprint was translated and edited by Dr. Hoyt C. Franchere, a great-grandson of Gabriel and now Dean, Division of Arts and Letters, Portland State College. In his highly informative introduction Dr. Franchere not only traces the publishing history of this eye-witness account but provides much family history and some accounting of Astor and his associates in the Astorian enterprise. This edition also includes the new preface and the appendix added to the 1854 edition by the author Gabriel. There is an index, some carefully selected illustrations including two by John Mix Stanley and one by Paul Kane and a double-page map showing the route overland used by the Astorians in 1814 to return to Montreal. There is so much new in this edition that it is a must for all students of Northwest and fur-trading history.

SAM HOUSTON: CHEROKEE

In 1829, Sam Houston resigned the governorship of Tennessee and lived in exile for four years among the Cherokee Indians. Many feared he was made or was the victim of some secret plot. Rumors and legends developed from this obscure period and little knowledge was gathered on the events which actually transpired. In later years when Houston served as President of the Republic of Texas, Governor of Texas, and United States Senator, he maintained a certain air of mystery. *Sam Houston With The Cherokees 1829-1833* (University of Texas Press, $6.00) by Jack Gregory and Pennard Strickland is the reconstruction of Houston's life during this four-year period. The authors researched Indian agency records, Congressional documents, trader's account books, contemporary diaries, letters, missionary reports and Houston's letters and speeches. The Thomas Gilcrease Institute made the Indian Archives available, and the authors drew on their own knowledge and observations of Cherokee culture. The Cherokees were of two groups—the full bloods who clung to their Indian traditions, and the plantation owners and merchants. It was the latter group that Houston was most closely associated with. The book is rich in details which are meticulously footnoted. In addition, a Houston Chronology—1829-1833, a source bibliography, and an index make this book stand out as an important contribution to the understanding of a great American.

IOWA GUN BATTLE

The Albert City Caper (Don Buchan, Marathon, Iowa, 50565, $2.50) by Don Buchan is an informative reconstruction, partially fictionized, of the characters and events surrounding Iowa's famous gun battle. On Saturday, November 16, 1901, near Albert City, Iowa, a bank robber called "Pappy" was killed by a posse, and his two henchmen, Lewis Brooks and Albert Philips were captured. All three names were fictitious and the true identity of the convicted Brooks and Philips was never learned. Buchan develops the personality and character of the trio through a series of conversations and desperate episodes involving bank robberies, burglaries, and muggings. All were yeggmen—hard case types of a bygone era, who beat their way from town to town by hoboing. Though they often lived in hobo jungles, they were not really hobos. After lucrative jobs, they often retired to comfortable hotels and high living until the loot gave out. They paired up for jobs, but seldom confided in each other beyond planning and carrying out their nefarious deeds. Buchan's booklet ably reports an early gun battle researched from newspapers and court records. A good selection of photographs backs his narrative. Perhaps equally important is the author's colorful presentation of the yeggman, a true bad guy of a bygone era.

"Don't go looking for 'Made in Brooklyn,' that's genuine Sioux War surplus!"

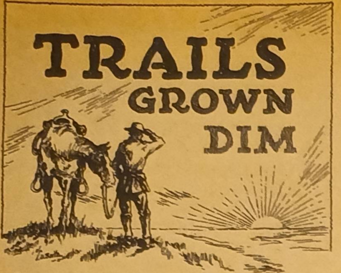
SAN FRANCISCO IN RUINS

In two short minutes, between 5:12 and 5:14 A. M. on the morning of April 18, 1906, San Francisco was transformed from a tranquil city facing another bustling day to a scene of chaos, carnage, and terror. A gigantic earthquake toppled buildings, burst water and gas mains, ruptured streets and triggered a massive fire. A quarter of a million people were left homeless and property damage was beyond calculation. The quake, fire, and three days of suspense and disaster are retold in striking detail in *Disaster, 1906, The San Francisco Earthquake and Fire* (Julian Messner, $3.95) by Edward F. Dolan, Jr. The impact of such a catastrophe seemed unsurmountable, yet the people rose to meet the tragedy, overcome desolation, and to rebuild a new San Francisco. Aid was rushed to the city from everywhere, and leadership emerged to defend the city and marshall forces to rebuild. The book includes a brief bibliography and an index.

NEW MEXICANS TODAY

Forgotten People (Calvin Horn, $5.75) by George I. Sanchez is the author's study of New Mexicans first published in 1940. Sanchez traces the background of the New Mexicans, the Spanish speaking peoples who preceded the Anglos and who live on much as the Anglos found them. The Spanish people of Taos County are considered in depth. Their cultural and educational status is compared to other citizens not of Spanish colonial background. The communal family society was largely isolated from the outside world and few individuals rose above it to achieve academic or economic success. No one represented the New Mexican legally or politically until the '30s. But Sanchez, speaking out in a new foreword to his new edition, is bitter about the promising New Deal efforts which dried up due to World War II. He feels the great hope for the New Mexican is education. Much is being done in Taos County today through the Northern Rio Grande Resource Conservation and Development Project—an effort to harness natural and human resources for individual and community improvement. Sanchez does not mention this new effort. Perhaps he is the logical one to assess its benefits to his people.

TRAILS GROWN DIM



If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Towndrow-Dale

My great-grandfather, John Towndrow, was born in 1853 in England. Around 1880 he and his wife, Emma Treece, moved to Raton, New Mexico, where John died in 1930. Arthur, Harry, Joe, George, Will, Herb, John Jr., Mary and Isabella were his children.

John Jr. married Maude E. Dale in 1908 in Raton. Maud's father was Edgar Dale, her mother Mary Elizabeth Carl. Edgar Dale, born in 1861 in Missouri, later moved to Ross, California, where he operated a livery stable for many years. He had nine children: Catherine, Maude, John, Anna, Walter O., Roy H., Mabel, Lucy, and Thomas. I would appreciate any information on anyone related to this family.—Dalene Thomas, 4535 South Acoma, Englewood, Colorado 80110.

Woody Hanford McCoy

I am trying to learn more about my father, Woody Hanford ("Arkansas") McCoy. He was born in 1877 in the Ozark Mountains. He was in the Indian Territory in the 1890s. He made two trips to California, and was a homesteader in New Mexico Territory. I remember hearing him mention Ardmore, the Chickasaw Nation, and Oxnard, California.

In Harold Preece's book on the Dalton Gang, mention is made of a meeting between Emmett Dalton and an old acquaintance of his in Hollywood, California. Emmett drew a gun but his business manager stepped in and took the gun away. Does anyone know who this acquaintance of Emmett's was?—Lloyd S. McCoy, 231 Sumner Street, Elsinore, California.

Ledbetter-Pearson

I am trying to find out who my ancestors are on my mother's side. Her father was from the Ozarks and his name was Norman Chesser Ledbetter.

Her mother was Luella Jane Pearson, daughter of Emma Jane Clouse (Pearson) and James Pearson, a pastor in Shenandoah, Iowa.—Mrs. Ronnie Foland, Route 2, Lyman, Nebraska 69352.

Bradford

I'm compiling material relating to some of the old-time surveyors and civil and mining engineers of the Southwest. One of these old-timers was William Bradford, Jr., who surveyed the original townsite of Nogales, Arizona, in 1899. He was probably connected with the surveys of the N.M. & A.R.R. through Arizona Territory to Mexico. Any maps, letters, field notes, sketches relating to surveys, or other information will be appreciated.—George E. Sites, P. O. Box 1331, Nogales, Arizona.

Schencks of Phoenix

At the turn of the century my grandmother, Lola May Cosbey Schenck, raised racehorses on a ranch in or around Tempe and Phoenix, Arizona. She had been divorced from William H. Schenck in 1896; my father, Elbert Harold Schenck, had been born the year before in Rayne, Louisiana, while his parents were making the trip west from Cincinnati, Ohio. Apparently my grandmother had taken a steamboat down the Mississippi to New Orleans and planned to go from there to Arizona, where the dry climate was hoped to be better for her health.—Eileen Schenck, 8640 San Miguel, South Gate, California 90280.

Edna M. Moore

I believe I have distant relatives living in Kentucky by the name of Moore. I would like to get some knowledge of this family. My grandfather, Edna M. Moore, was born about 1814 to a large family. My father was his only son. Grandfather was disowned by his father on account of their different beliefs concerning slavery, and he went to Indiana, then Illinois. Finally, in Iowa, he met and married Elvira Lemaster (he was then forty-four years old). Both of his daughters died, one at the age of six and my father's twin at the age of twenty-one. My father died in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in 1926.

I have been told that Edna Moore was about six-feet, two-inches tall and a dead ringer in appearance for Abraham Lincoln. He and Lincoln studied law together in Illinois at one time.—William M. Moore, 1111 South Florence Avenue, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74104.

Boone Lowe-Catherine Willhite

I would like to hear from anyone who knows about Boone Lowe. my grandmother Catherine Willhite's first husband. She later married Reuben Wells, my grandfather. I would like to know if there were any children born to Boone and Catherine.—Mrs. Alta McKenzie, 133 D Street N.W., Ardmore, Oklahoma 73401.

Joe Rutherford of Dallas

I would like information on the living descendants of Joe Rutherford, who died in 1945 in Fort Worth or Dallas, Texas. His wife Josie, daughter Maude, and sons Glen, Jodie, Bill, Claud and two others survived him. My father, William Jess Rutherford, is Joe's brother (or half-brother). We lived at Jay, Oklahoma, for many years.—Mrs. Fritz Thompson, General Delivery, Clarissa, Minnesota 56440.

Sheriff Birchfield

Billie Birchfield was a sheriff in Arizona and New Mexico in the 1880s or 1890s. I would like to correspond with members of his family or anyone who has any information concerning him.—Bill Birchfield, 125 Westridge Drive, Tallahassee, Florida 32304.

John Barney Scott

I'd like to hear from anyone who could tell me what really happened to John Barney Scott in Louisiana about 1878 or 1879. We are told he disappeared—some say he drowned in the Red River, others say he was killed by Indians, and one report claims he reappeared in Arkansas years later. He was married to Emily E. Evans in 1872 and had two sons and one daughter. After John disappeared, Emily took her two living children to Bowie County, Texas, where a third son was born early in 1879. On one of the children's death certificates, John Barney is listed as having been born in New York but the 1880 census says he was born in Louisiana. Was he an orphan, given away by his mother? If so, to whom?—Mrs. Woodrow Wilburn, Route 3, Box 239A, Texarkana, Texas 75501.

McLeod

I would like to hear from anyone who knows about Daniel McLeod or his descendants. Daniel was one of four sons of Alex and Christina McLeod. He was born in the Bruce Mine area of Ontario, Canada, around 1878. He ran away from home when he was fifteen and headed west. No one heard from him again.—Mrs. Marilyn Gurney, Route 1, Box 247, Drain, Oregon.

William Benjamin Sammons

Can anyone tell me where and when William Benjamin Sammons died? He was born between 1810-1815 in Trenton, Tennessee. After the Civil War he settled in Fairview, Texas. One of his sons, Shade Allen, has a letter written by William and dated December 27, 1903, Fairview, Texas, so he was still alive then.—Mrs. Mary Lou Martin, Star Route 4, Box 13, Bishop, California 93514.

Houk-Hall

My uncle, Ralph Pettie (Rafe) Houk, son of James Henry Houk and Esther Francis Hall, was born at Neutral, Kansas, in 1868. His parents had come to Kansas from Kentucky in 1866. I would like to find any descendants of this family. The last I heard, they were living in Oklahoma.—Arthur L. Edwards, 3220 East Sixth Avenue, Durango, Colorado 81301.

Boren

I would like to hear from anyone named Boren or their descendants.—Richard Cowling, Box 371, Lyons, Colorado 80540.

Baldwin

I would like to find Virgil Baldwin and Bill Baldwin. I last saw them in 1922 in Eagletown, Oklahoma. I had a letter from Bill Baldwin in 1933 from Ringold, Oklahoma. Their father's name was Rash, a sister Myrtle. I would appreciate any information about them.—Carl Taylor, 5914 Cerritos Ave., Long Beach, California 90805.

(Continued on page 52)

LOOK!

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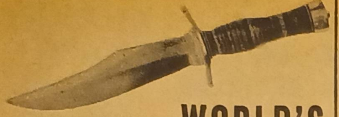

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 50)

Bradford

William, James C., Adam, Asa, and John Bradford came to Peters Colony in Texas in the 1840s from Missouri. Desire correspondence with any descendants. Most of these men lived in Austin in 1850.—Bobby Bradford, 4211 Pasadena, Midland, Texas 79701.

Fred Gordon

I would appreciate some help in tracing my father's family. I do not know the first names of his mother and father. He did have a sister by the name of Mildred. My father's name was Fred G. Gordon. Born in Centerville, Iowa, December 26, 1883. He was employed by the Santa Fe Railroad in Raton, New Mexico in 1910. He returned to Iowa that year because his mother was very ill. She may have died at that time. He came down to Colorado Springs after that and worked for the Colorado Southern Railroad. Married my mother, Ruby Wilcox of Colorado Springs.

He had an aunt living in Pueblo, Colorado, named McElroy. He went back with the Santa Fe Railroad again in 1918, and worked with the Rio Grande Division at San Marcial, New Mexico, where he died in October 1918. I have no more knowledge of his family, and I hope that someone may help me.—Jim Gordon, 5050 42 Avenue South, Seattle, Washington 98118.

Sagero

For many years my husband and I have been trying to locate anyone who might know of the Sagero family who was living in Oklahoma in 1916. It is very important that we find this family. Maybe one of your many readers can help us.—Mrs. N. Babcock, 35418 Ave. A., Yucaipa, California 92399.

Bob Cannon

The last time I saw my brother, Bob W. Cannon, was in California in 1951. He was going to Montana to work on a cattle ranch. He would be about forty-nine years old.—Larry Cannon, La Cebadilla Ranch. Route 2, Box 802, Tucson, Arizona 86710.

Titsworth-Dawe

I would like information about the Titsworth and Dawe families who were my mother's and father's people. They were located in southern Colorado around Trinidad, Colorado. Ann Titsworth was my mother. Her brother was United States Marshal for the Southwest District at one time. Any information would be deeply appreciated.—Joe J. Jordan, 4850 Rickman Road, NE, Salem, Oregon, 97303.

Clark-Schmidt-Bevan

I would like to hear from any descendants of brothers and sisters of Richard Biddle Clark, born 7 April 1830, in Decatur Co., Illinois, son of John and Mary Becker Clark. He was youngest of eleven children, raised on a farm. As a young man, he worked on flatboats on Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Came to Colorado during the gold rush. Enlisted in Union Army, Co. G. 1st, Colorado Infantry at Nevada City, Colorado Territory, 3 October, 1861. Discharged at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, 18 November 1865.

Also information on John Nicholas Schmidt. Born 17 January 1845, in Bayreuth, Bavaria. Died 4 December 1922 in Lincoln County, Kansas. Married Anna Barbara Hacker in Bayreuth, Bavaria. Came to U.S.A. about 1871-73. Where in Pennsylvania did they settle before they came to Kansas? Who were his parents?

And information on relatives of John Bevan. Born 13 January 1858 in Monmouth, England. Came to U.S.A. about 1877-78. Married to Hannah J. Johnson (who was born in Wales, 2 December 1865) at Carman, Illinois, 15 December 1886. Moved to Oakley, Iowa 1887, then to Divide, Wyoming in 1910 where he died 19 February, 1919. Where did he first settle in U.S.A.? Who were his parents?—Mrs. J. E. Bevan, 1030 So. Jackson, Denver, Colorado 80209.

Brooks-Hendrickson

I would like information on descendants of David Brooks who left England 1730. He married Ann Clark of Vermont. Who were her parents? Also David Morgan moved from what state to Missouri around 1830? Who were the parents of Sarah Hendrickson born February 11, 1811 in West Liberty, Iowa?—Mrs. James Jefferies, Box 287, Canyonville, Oregon 97417.

Flores

I now have in my possession the names and addresses of 2,500 descendants of Julian Flores. I will need several hundred more to complete my record and request any descendants of Julian Flores to write to me and I will be glad to answer any questions.

My name is Juan (Chancla) Garcia, born February 9, 1898; reared in San Diego, Texas. Julian and Ventura Flores, father and son, came to San Diego when Texas used to belong to Spain, when George Washington was President of the United States. Julian Flores married Teresa Ramirez and their children were: Ventura, who married Rafaela Garcia; Jacinto, who married Matiana Gonzales; Jose Maria, who married—; Ana Maria, who married Juan Gonzalez; Isabel, who married Remigio Garcia; and Antonio Jose, who married Francisca Ramirez and Maria Simona Guerra. I am a direct descendant of Jacinto Flores.

I would like to hear from the "Bodets" now residing at New Orleans, Louisiana. The wife of Bodet was a direct descendant of Julian Flores.

Capt. Jack Everett of Montgomery County, Alabama came to San Diego and married Antonio Flores, great-granddaughter of Julian Flores and had nine children. The mother of Jack Everett was Martha Crawford.

The mother of Julian Flores was "Paddy" McGovern, a fullblooded Irish lady, hence the blue eyes of many of his descendants.—Juan G. Garcia, P. O. Box A, San Diego, Texas 78384.

Old Oklahoma's Red Hills People

(Continued from page 38)

dike, for the last time I took off to tell my Red Hills friends goodbye.

Shag and I spent the morning hunting, fished in the afternoon and went swimming. The Landers hated to see me go but they were not sad about it. Things happened, changes occurred and were accepted accordingly. That night after supper as I shook hands with the numerous family members, I missed Shag and Lena. I found the brother and sister standing beside Klondike at the pole corral.

"We hope you don't stay away too long," she began, firmly believing my absence from the hills could be only temporary.

"Of course I'm coming back," I replied, believing it. Parting with them somehow brought me almost to the point of tears.

"Of course he'll come back," Shag declared. "How can anyone stay away from these here hills for long?"

How, indeed? To them the Red Hills composed the world—security, safety and all things worth living for.

Both held my hands and Lena said gently, "This is not goodbye. Only until we meet again."

Mounting Klondike, I rode a hundred yards before looking back. Shag and Lena stood motionless in the moonlight watching me. That vivid picture was to remain with me, for I never saw them again.

Of course I wanted to go back, and once beat my way on the railroad as far as Amarillo, Texas, from Arizona. There both the law and Father caught up with me.

Nearly fifty years later I did return to the Red Hills, only to encounter heartrending scenes. The machine age of civilization had finally overtaken my friends. The few people who lived in the area were newcomers. None had ever heard of the ones I inquired about; they knew only of a few names in faded letters on fallen, rotting boards in widely scattered family burial plots. By poking and digging in the grass and weeds I found three bearing well remembered names.

Today in the Red Hills there is no evidence of the singular people I once knew. No part of any old cabin remains standing and the grave sites have disappeared beneath vegetation and persimmon sprouts.

Their final uprooting must have been the cruelest of tragedies. Plummer, who owned the Indian allotments they squatted on, died and his estate went into other ownership. The Red Hills were parceled out and sold.

Fate dealt kindest to the hill folks who died there before they were driven out. The others, bewildered and lonely, must surely have spent their final days as restless wanderers in alien lands. They were a people without a country, without a future except awaiting the clammy hand of death among strangers. And I will never forget them.

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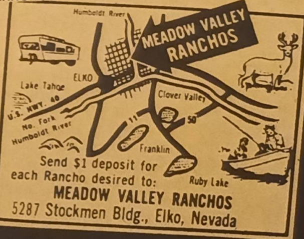

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Tennessee Hell-Raiser

(Continued from page 14)

cause or to denounce as traitors those who opposed it. He was present with his friends at the polls in every election, armed and ready for any exigency. To the cry of "Lincoln hirelings," he shouted back "copperheads" and "rebels." And while most of the wild, undisciplined population sympathized with the Confederacy, they submitted to Pinkham's authority because they feared him.

On Independence Day, 1865, Pinkham became indignant because no preparation had been made for its celebration. He hired a drummer and fifer and paraded through the streets with his men, waving the national flag, to the great disgust of the Secessionists. General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox and the demonstration had all the earmarks of exultation over that fact. But no one interrupted the procession. "Old Pink," as they called him, was just too dangerous to tangle with.

The parade ended in a saloon where some Secessionists had gathered. Old Pink, his judgment impaired and his patriotism inflamed with liquor, got up on a table to make a speech. When he had finished, he demanded that everyone present step forward and join him in a toast to Abe Lincoln and the glory of Union arms.

Ferd rose eloquently to the occasion. "I'm Ferd Patterson—from Tennessee and Texas—and I don't drink with no damned Abolitionist!"

It became so quiet that the hoarse breathing of men was the only sound. The heat in the room was stifling.

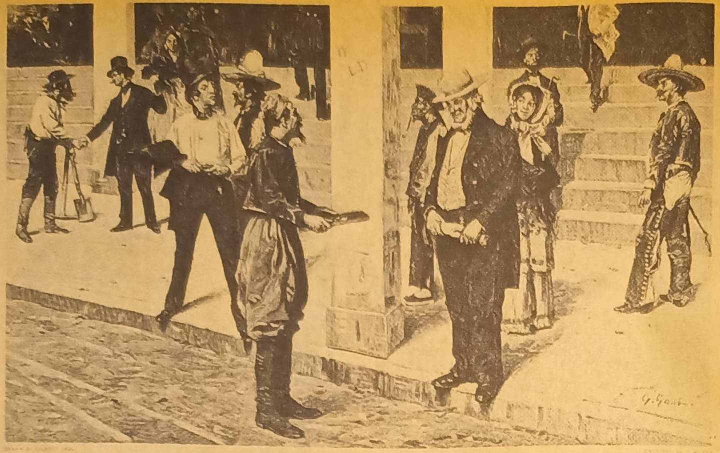
Old Pink's frown gathered in a scowl. He began climbing down from the table, and the Southern contingent braced for a free-for-all. Pinkham's friends, realizing they were outnumbered at the moment, seized him and dragged him from the premises. The room remained quiet, but not for long. A man had challenged Old Pink and gotten away with it!

THE SECESSIONISTS flocked around Ferd. They promised to contribute a liberal portion of their profits from the mines and gaming tables for his services as their leader. Ferd accepted. Now a new, and noisier, procession through the streets replaced the one which had ended only minutes before.

Idaho City boasted a small brewery, the posession of which suddenly seemed essential to the culmination of their newfound happiness. It was a bloodless capture. The owners, law-abiding citizens who detested being slaughtered, fled for their lives.

Ferd and his gang celebrated for two days. When all were happily unconscious, Pinkham and his crowd appeared and rolled them into the street.

Knowing the character of Patterson, everyone expected nothing less than a shooting affray on the spot. They were surprised at Ferd's submission. It soon became apparent, however, that this piece of colossal impudence had precluded any possibility of friendly negotiations between Old Pink and himself.


IN FRONT OF THE EMPIRE SALOON.

Century Magazine 1892

One evening Ferd strode into the Empire, San Francisco's famous gambling palace, broke and hungry. A few hours later, he found himself with good food, and the attentive companionship of a charmer named Ida Mae.

Two weeks passed, while their followers worked up the rivalry and exaggerated sayings on both sides. They urged each to perforate the other and promised to back up their champions.

On July 23, Pinkham went to Warm Springs, a bathing resort near Idaho City. Meeting several friends there, he drank too much and became quite loud. Ferd, returning from Rocky Bar, fifty miles back in the Bitterroot Mountains, with some of his men, decided to stop for a bath.

Inside the saloon, the Pinkham contingent was singing the popular refrain of "John Brown." As Ferd stepped upon the porch, they had just completed the line "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree."

The President of the Confederacy had been captured at Irwinsville, Georgia, in May. Curious, as were all Unionists, one of the singers asked, "Pink, do you think they will hang Jeff Davis?"

"Hell, yes!" roared Pinkham. "In less than six months."

Hearing a step on the threshold, he turned to gaze into the hot eyes of Patterson. Neither man spoke. Their vengeful looks were the only signs of recognition. Ferd moved up to the bar, his men crowding behind him. Pinkham, his frown deepening, walked out onto the porch.

AFTER a couple of drinks, Ferd checked his revolver with the proprietor and went out back to the swimming pond. An unprincipled little fellow named Bill Terry followed him.

Terry had been a member of the gang tossed out of the brewery and had begged Ferd to kill Pinkham. Later, he had accused Ferd of losing his nerve, for which breach of etiquette Ferd promptly shot a hole through Terry's ear. Instead of firing a second shot and exterminating him entirely, as he could easily have done, Ferd had merely disarmed him.

"Spare me for God's sake!" Terry cried.

Ferd had let him go. "Run for a doctor," he commanded. "If you die, you'll haunt me."

After that, Ferd had been rewarded with a show of undying gratitude. Day and night, Terry, spaniel-like, had licked the hand that had smitten him. Actually he hated Patterson and was out for revenge.

While Ferd was taking his bath, Terry returned to the bar. Unnoticed by the proprietor, he thrust Ferd's revolver under his coat and went back to the pond. He told Ferd that Pinkham and his friends were planning to attack him. Ferd dressed quickly and strapped on his revolver.

Meanwhile, a Pinkham man named Dunn, who had seen Terry steal Ferd's weapon, told Pinkham that mischief was brewing and suggested they return to Idaho City at once.

"No," Pinkham replied, "when he insulted me in the barroom, I was prevented from defending myself. This time I will not be run off by the rebel hound."

"Stand your ground, Pink!" urged Dunn, jubilant like Terry over the results of his mischievous interference. "I have a loaded five-shooter, and will stand by you while there is a button on my coat."

The words scarcely had left his lips when Ferd appeared on the porch. The glare in his eyes met the deepening scowl of his antagonist as he hurled his challenge, "Will you draw?"

"By damn, I will!" Pinkham snarled, and whipped out his pistol.

Ferd drew his revolver, cocking and firing it in the same motion. The ball struck Pinkham in the shoulder, and Pinkham's bullet passed above Ferd's head into the roof. Before Pinkham could re-cock his pistol, Ferd shot him again, this time near the heart.

Pink reeled down the steps and fell in the roadway. Dunn, forgetting his promise, dived under the porch—and did not show himself again until the rest of Pinkham's friends came from behind the house to remove the body.

Patterson's men, pleased with the results but fearing for his personal safety, suggested that he get out of the country for the time being. Ferd armed himself with two revolvers. Mounted on a good horse, he started south for Boise.

WITHIN half an hour, news of the killing reached Idaho City. The Secessionists claimed that Ferd had killed Pinkham in self-defense; the Unionists demanded Ferd's arrest and immediate execution. Terry and Dunn, instigators of the showdown, disappeared and were never seen again. Excitement was intense.

Rube Robbins, a former deputy sheriff under Pinkham, armed himself with a double-barreled shotgun, mounted a fast horse and left town alone in pursuit of Patterson. At a little wayside inn seventeen miles south of Idaho City he surprised his quarry eating supper.

"I have come to arrest you, Ferd," he said.

Ferd stared into the twin bores of the shotgun. Robbins was noted for his bravery and had been the hero of several bloody encounters. A shotgun in his hands was no matter to take lightly.

"All right, Rube," Ferd replied, and handed over his revolvers.

They rode back to Idaho City in the morning darkness. A few miles from town Sheriff Updyke and his deputies intercepted them and claimed custody of the prisoner. Ferd breathed easier. He felt safer in the hands of the sheriff. They skirted the town and arrived at the jail before the Unionists clamoring for Ferd's hide learned of his capture.

"He's going to have a fair trial," the sheriff told the mob. "Everything is going to be done legal."

The Pinkham crowd doubted Updyke's sincerity. Ferd was given comfortable quarters in the jailer's room and allowed free run of the prison yard. His friends kept him liberally supplied with whiskey and visited him every day to help drink it. Even Annie, whom he had scalped in Portland, wired Ferd asking if there was anything she could do.

It was too much for Pink's followers. They called a mass meeting of all who were in favor of giving Ferd a first-class lynching. A spy relayed the news to the prisoner. Ferd put the proposition to the sheriff, and Updyke agreed that it would be a good joke to have Ferd himself report the proceedings.

Shortly after midnight more than 300 earnest men assembled in a wooded ravine across Moore's Creek. Several frothy speeches were made, resolutions were adopted for the better protection of life and property, and a plan agreed upon for stretching Ferd's neck, while some seventy yards away, a cocked pistol in his hand and concealed in the shadows, sat Patterson.

As soon as the meeting adjourned Ferd reported back to the sheriff. When the mob marched on the jail at sunup, they found the place garrisoned with every thug and tinhorn gambler in town, all of them armed to the teeth and peering through loopholes and knotholes, ready to kill.

Spectators crowded the hills and housetops to witness the slaughter, but the day wore on with nothing more serious transpiring than the noisy exchange of vulgar threats and epithets. By nightfall representatives of both factions had been chosen to work up peace terms. It was agreed that none of the mob would be arrested for this unlawful action, and Ferd would be tried by a jury of his peers.

THE SHERIFF, being on Ferd's side, was careful to pick the right peers. Ferd met the ordeal confidently. In fact, when one of his lawyers arose and began making an eulogistic speech in his behalf, he exclaimed with an oath, "I wish I'd shot that fellow instead of Old Pinkham!"

The jury acquitted him without leaving the box.

The Secessionists flocked around Ferd, tendering their congratulations; the Pinkhamites were determined that he receive the punishment they thought his crime merited. Sullen eyes watched as he walked down the street. Death lurked around every corner.

Ferd's friends decided to smuggle him out of town. That night they loaded him into a coach. Thinking he was being taken to Salt Lake City, the Pinkhamites rode in pursuit, armed with shotguns and rifles. Instead, Patterson's friends had taken him over the Blue Mountains on the Thomas Toll Road into Washington Territory.

Ferd thought about returning to Texas, but the lure of the Northwest was too great for him. He went to Walla Walla. The first man he encountered there was Thomas Donovan. Donovan had come to Walla Walla to work as a policeman after leaving Portland.

"We have an old score to settle," Ferd reminded him.

Donovan went to the leading merchants in town and informed them of Patterson's threats. "I cannot continue to go from place to place because of him," Donovan said. "What should I do?"

"If you disregard the warning," the merchants advised him, "you yourself will be to blame. Either you have to kill him, or he will kill you."

Donovan brooded over the problem several days. One morning he watched Patterson leave the Bank Exchange Saloon and enter a barber shop next door.

Inside the shop, Ferd took off his coat and vest to be shaved. The barber had lathered his face when Donovan walked in, a cocked pistol in his hand.

Ferd leaped from the chair, trying to reach his revolver which was in the pocket of his coat hanging on the wall, and Donovan shot him through the head. He put another bullet in Ferd's body as it fell across the threshold.

The moment Patterson always feared had come. He died with his boots on, a towel around his neck, and soaped to the gills.

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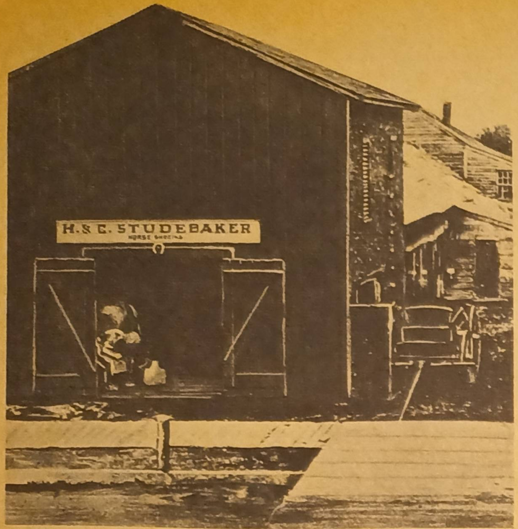
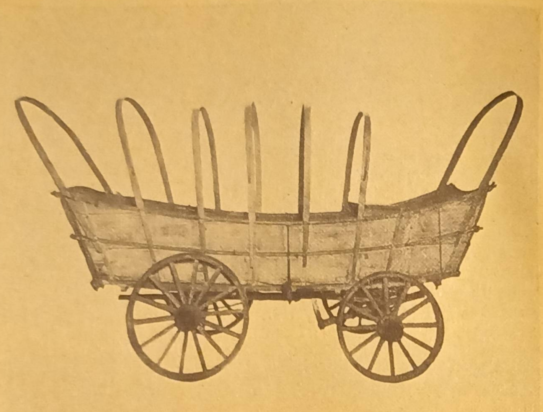
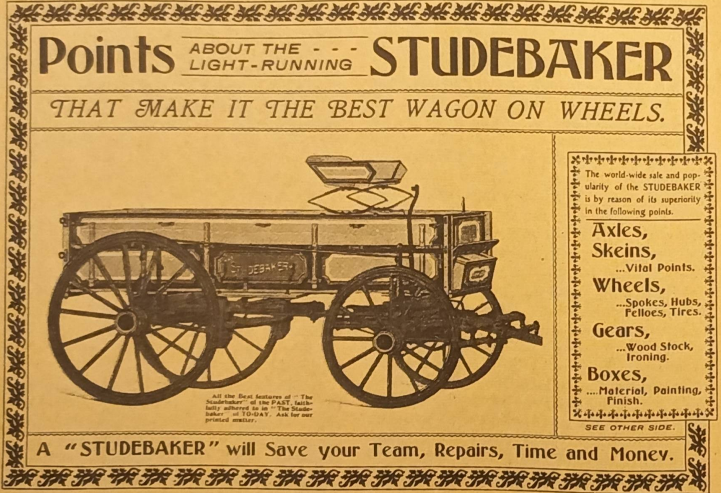
WAGONS by STUDEBAKER

The greatest epidemic ever to strike this country was Western Fever, and its only cure was wheels. Five brothers set them rolling . . .





Clement and Henry Studebaker opened for business in the simple shop shown above, in South Bend on February 16, 1852. At right, the actual wagon built by John Studebaker (Senior), for moving his family from Pennsylvania to Ohio to Indiana. Below, one of Studebaker's early ads for a general utility wagon.



Points ABOUT THE LIGHT-RUNNING STUDEBAKER

THAT MAKE IT THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS.

All the Best features of "The Studebaker" of the PAST, faithfully adhered to in "The Studebaker" of TO-DAY. Ask for our printed matter.

The world-wide sale and popularity of the STUDEBAKER is by reason of its superiority in the following points.

Axles, Skeins,
...Vital Points.
Wheels,
...Spokes, Hubs, Felloes, Tires.
Gears,
...Wood Stock, Ironing.
Boxes,
....Material, Painting, Finish.

SEE OTHER SIDE.

A "STUDEBAKER" will Save your Team, Repairs, Time and Money.

By ANTHONY A. AMARAL

Photos Courtesy Author

"ALWAYS give more than you promise." This was John Studebaker's advice to two of his sons when they started their backsmith shop in 1852 at South Bend, Indiana. The sons never departed from this advice, or from their own determination to manufacture a line of wagons of the best quality and workmanship. The *Studebaker* trademark became as commonplace across America in the era of wagons and horses as Ford is today synonymous with the gasoline engine.

Clement, Henry, John, Jacob and Peter were the sons of John and Rebecca Studebaker. The father was a blacksmith and wagon maker by trade. Each of the sons, as soon as he could lift a hammer, learned the art of combining fire, steel and a strong pounding arm. Knowledge of the craft was to be the greatest gift their father could pass on to them. But there were other factors that contributed to his sons' success. Studebaker taught them to be thrifty, independent, and to "owe no man anything, but to love one another." This motto was on a sign which hung over his blacksmith shop.

In 1836, when he was still stout in spirit and his family not yet completed, John Studebaker decided that opportunities for himself lay farther west of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The "West" then was the Ohio country, Indiana and Michigan. Gettysburg was still shy of immortality by about twenty-seven years when John Studebaker loaded his family and some household belongings onto a Conestoga-type wagon built by himself, and trekked to Ashland, Ohio. But Ashland, as Gettysburg, was for nearly ten years after, unyielding in opportunities. The fault did not lie with John Studebaker. He was an excellent blacksmith and wagon maker. It was the times. There had been national panics, bank failures and crop failures. Compounded, they held John Studebaker back from the prosperity he had wanted for himself and his family.

Hope always seemed to be farther west. By horseback, John Studebaker rode the northern Indiana country to locate a site offering possibilities for his trade. By now his sons were young and capable blacksmiths and were left in charge of the shop while he was away. Henry was twenty-two, Clement eighteen, and John sixteen. Jacob and Peter were younger, but were learning blacksmith techniques.

JOHN STUDEBAKER arrived in South Bend, a small town on the St. Joseph River. He was pleased with the town's apparent potential. Waterpower was cheaply available and a strong factor in attracting mills and factories. South Bend was a good place, he felt, for a blacksmith works.

Almost a year was to pass before Studebaker was ready to move his family to South Bend, and in the same Conestoga wagon that he used in his move from Gettysburg to Ashland. But Clement decided to go on ahead. During that winter he taught a district school at South Bend for fifteen dollars a month.

In the fall of 1851, the rest of the Studebaker family arrived. But the new hope which John nourished in his thoughts was not matched by his health. It would be up to his young and vigorous sons. Henry and Clement decided to start a blacksmith and wagon-building shop. They had $68 saved and two sets of their father's blacksmith and forge tools. The firm was called The H & C Studebaker Manufacturing Company and opened for business on February 12, 1852. Their first day of business netted them twenty-five cents for heating, shaping and nailing on two horseshoes. Within the year, they built three wagons and sold two, and the seed of what would become a giant corporation had sprouted.

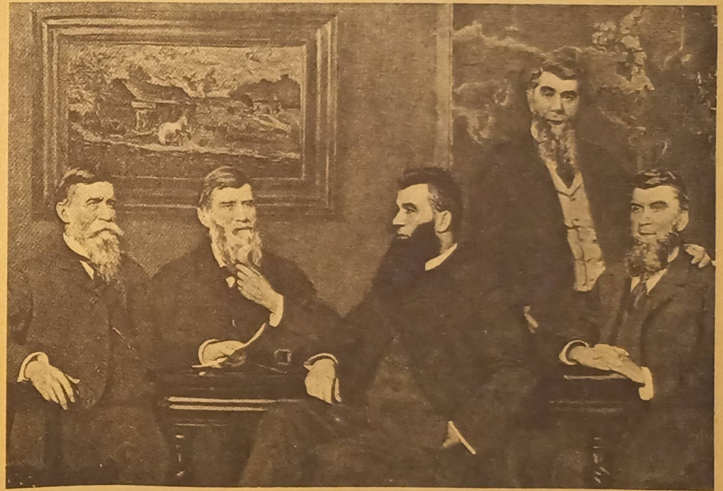
Young John Studebaker had thoughts of joining his brothers, but those gilt-edged stories he had heard about gold in California were a magnet. When a wagontrain was being organized at South Bend for the journey to California, John approached the leader of the train and offered to build a wagon, drive it to California, and donate the wagon afterwards to the train for three meals a day. The wagonmaster agreed.

Ten days later John, with the help of Clement and Henry, had his wagon. In March, 1853, John joined the train for the long trip to California. Five months later he arrived in Hangtown, a bustling young city of miners, promoters and businessmen. John surrendered his wagon, and his total remaining assets amounted to fifty cents. John had had a hard-earned $65 when he started from South Bend. At Council Bluffs, he learned an expensive lesson when he was hoodwinked in a three-card monte game. Still, fortune was watching John almost the moment he arrived in Hangtown.

His immediate aim had been to go to the gold fields, and the temptation was strong even when he was approached by the town blacksmith who was seeking an assistant. John was reluctant, but advice from another townsman warned him that very few of the hundreds of men who were searching the hills for gold ever became rich. The real strike was in steady employment, and that in itself was scarce. John decided to heed the advice and work for the blacksmith named Hinds. It was a sound decision and eventually it proved to be a vital link in the Studebaker brothers' expansion of their wagon works.

BLACKSMITH work became incidental in John's chores. His main task was to build wheelbarrows which were in constant demand by miners. John Studebaker received ten dollars for each. In future years the name John Studebaker might have had little significance to miners, but Wheelbarrow Johnny, his nickname, would have identified him immediately in the gold fields.

John corresponded with his brothers to keep abreast of the activities at the firm. There had been a steady but slow growth. Clement and Henry were turning out about a dozen wagons a year but lacked capital to expand. In 1857 a competing wagon firm contracted with the government for building army wagons, but could not handle the entire order. They contracted with Henry and Clement to build a hundred for them according to army specifications. Delivery was to be in six months. It was almost an impossible task for what facilities the brothers had available. A more serious problem was the lack of a sufficient supply of aged wood. This was their immediate problem after additional men and extra forges were acquired. The brothers finally invented a kiln which quickly dried the moisture from green timber and this process was to be used



Bearded, as befitted the times, are the Studebaker Brothers: Henry, Clement, Jacob, Peter and John. Below, the rise of urban life in the 19th century resulted in steady municipal orders for special equipment such as this street sprinkler.

Studebaker

by the brothers for many years. Some of the wagon parts which they could not manufacture themselves were subcontracted to other firms.

The Studebaker brothers delivered the hundred wagons in ninety days, three months earlier than the time stipulated in the contract. The firm netted only a minor profit but the experience in mass production techniques—particularly their drying kiln—was a valuable asset.

For five years John stayed with Hinds. He saved $8,000. He decided it was now time to return to South Bend. With his money belt filled with California capital, he started the long journey home around Cape Horn to New York.

The H & C Studebaker Manufacturing Company had had six years of growth when John returned to South Bend. Progress had not been easy in spite of the brothers' reputation for quality. First of all, there had never been enough capital for expansion. Competition, too, was pressing with many small manufacturing outfits. Then there was Henry's apparent lack of enthusiasm for the business. His health had deteriorated, and more than making wagons he wanted to turn to farming.

John's arrival home seemed to solve most of the problems. He brought capital and now the firm could at least produce wagons without waiting for sales to allow additional manufacture. He also brought enthusiasm. He had seen a large part of the United States and was convinced that transportation was going to be a great industry. He told Clem and Henry that soon there would be cities in the West as large as those in the East and that people would persistently move west. Wagons—all types—would be needed.

Clement was inspired by John's imaginative predictions. Henry, however, remained anxious to leave the firm. John finally bought Henry's interest in the company and Henry went into farming from which he eventually derived an extensive reputation and profit.

Elegance and sophisticated taste were the hallmark of Studebaker's carriage line.

WITH John's money, the firm started an expansion program. John's first move was to advertise. The initial announcement appeared in a local paper in 1858:

Encourage Home Industry
Northern Indiana
Carriage and Wagon Factory
H & C Studebaker

Would call attention of the public to their large and splendid assortment of Carriages, Buggies, Wagons and Sleigh-cutters. They can now assure the public that the work in their establishment cannot be excelled in Northern Indiana for durability or fineness of finish. None but the best workmen are employed in the Factory, consequently it is the only establishment in this part of Indiana that will warrant their work. Blacksmithing, painting, trimming, custom work, and repair done on short notice in the best style. The new factory is on Michigan Street south of the American Hotel.

John stressed the firm's quality materials and workmanship. Running gears were soaked and boiled in oil to drive out moisture and to add toughness. This process was important for Studebaker wagons whose destinations were the arid West. Axles, read a Studebaker catalog, are the foundation of all wagons and tough Indiana black hickory was used in their manufacture. Skeins of steel made running easier, and the white oak, slope-shouldered spokes, a Studebaker innovation, contributed sturdiness and durability.

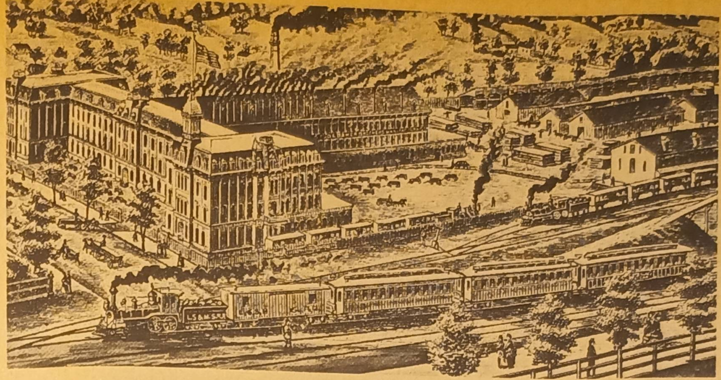
The backbone of the company's vehicles was the Studebaker wagon. In its capacity, the Studebaker wagon matched the services performed by the pick-up truck of today. Studebaker built thousands of these wagons well into the twentieth century. Built for rugged work and terrain the sturdy wagon with its familiar green painted body with red trim and red wheels was a favorite with farmers and teamsters, and became a moving advertisement in all areas of the United States.

The Studebaker wagon was often challenged by close competitors with their own work wagon. In Kokomo, Indiana, a Studebaker agency challenged a Webster wagon agency by the oblique remark that Webster wagons were poor haulers because the spokes were made of ash. That set the spark and the Webster dealer reported that the Webster would haul a heavier load no matter what the final weight would prove to be. The Studebaker dealer agreed to a contest in the public square. It was a Saturday afternoon and the Webster wagon piled on 258 bushels and the mules hauled the load without mishap. Studebaker jumped the load to 272 bushels of wheat, but half way around the square one of the spokes in a back wheel cracked. The Webster dealer smiled gleefully although the Studebaker wagon was able to continue around the square.

It appeared, amidst all the betting from the onlookers, that the Webster had won, but the Studebaker team did not feel it had been knocked out of the contest. The Webster wagon increased the load to 280 bushels. The mules could haul the heavy load only a short distance. Undaunted, the Studebaker crew tallied a load of 314 bushels. Webster jumped the load to 321 bushels. But on making a turn the weight finally pressed on the wagon. The front axle cracked in the center, but the iron truss rods, braces and supports held the load.

The Studebaker dealer claimed honors for his wagon, but the Webster dealer would not concede. He called for more wheat. None was left and so flaxseed was used. And so it went on. Finally, the Studebaker wagon carried a weight of 21,025 pounds and the mules hauled the load 25 feet. By then, the judges had declared the contest finished. Studebaker had suffered only the cracked spoke. The Webster suffered small breaks in the front axle, the sand bar, in three of the cast iron truss bars, and the rear axle. If nothing else, the contest did prove the tough competition among wagon manufacturers at the time.

BY 1860, the shop was gaining momentum. Production line techniques were being developed and there was now a paint shop, lumber yard, office, and repository. Peter Studebaker, who had established a mercantile business at Goshen, was displaying and selling Studebaker wagons, the first off-plant agency.



From the smoldering ruins of the Studebaker plant rose the largest wagon works in the world. A wagon was made every seven minutes!

The tremendous spread of Studebaker products throughout the United States, particularly in the South and the Far West, had to wait until after the Civil War. The threat of war had brought Federal contracts, and Studebaker Brothers agreed to build chuckwagons, ammunition and transport wagons, ambulances, artillery caissons, and even a specially designed cart for hauling kegs of beer to troops. Naturally, the military contracts gave considerable impetus to the growth of the firm.

Even before the end of the war, John sensed the coming trends in American history—greater growth and greater movements of people to the West, and a larger civilian demand for wagons. He intended Studebaker Brothers to be in the forefront with a complete line of horse-drawn vehicles.

In 1864, Peter Studebaker sold his mercantile store and joined Clement and John as a partner. Peter took charge of opening branch showrooms for Studebaker products.

Following the Civil War, the post-war boom began. Orders for wagons flowed in from California, the Southwest, and the devastated South. More mechanics and blacksmiths were hired and agencies opened in large cities in the East and in California. By 1868 the firm was incorporated as the Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Company. Jacob, the youngest of the brothers, joined John, Clement and Peter. Jacob brought to the firm a sharp business sense and a thorough knowledge of the carrier trade. Under his management, the carriage division reached new heights.

Now the Studebaker Brothers were designing and manufacturing vehicles which encompassed the whole panorama of horse-drawn wagons and carriages. Farmers, urbanites, businessmen and public officials could choose from a thick Studebaker catalog a variety of vehicles—side curtain school bus, two-horse lumber truck, six-horse log wagon, coal wagon, sewer wagon, road oiler, sprinkler, business wagon, garbage wagon, and the famous Studebaker wagon. For the carriage trade, everything was offered from an economical family model to elegant coaches costing about $20,000. The popular line included broughams, clarences, phaetons, runabouts, victorias, tandems, and some four-in-hand coaches with lavish styling and gold-plated lamps.

Army wagons and ambulances continued in limited production for frontier military units. Virtually unchanged in design, these wagons made by Studebaker were used in the Spanish-American War, Boxer Rebellion, with the British in Africa, and in the First World War.

Expansion, particularly after the Civil War, continued through national fiscal crises and bad times. In 1872, a plant fire slowed production, but the Studebaker factory came back bigger. Another fire in 1874 devastated two-thirds of the large plant and rumor indicated that not even Studebaker could survive this conflagration since much of their assets had been used to build up the firm after the first fire. But immediately after, employees rallied and offered the brothers all the funds they could muster to assist in putting the firm back in business. The gesture was a tribute to their fair labor-management policies, but Studebaker Brothers refused the offer and insisted on borrowing from regular sources.

IN A NEW plant covering twenty-six acres, Studebaker Brothers were, in 1878, turning out wagons and vehicles in assembly line fashion. "One every seven minutes" was the proud slogan of the largest wagon and carriage manufacturer in the world.

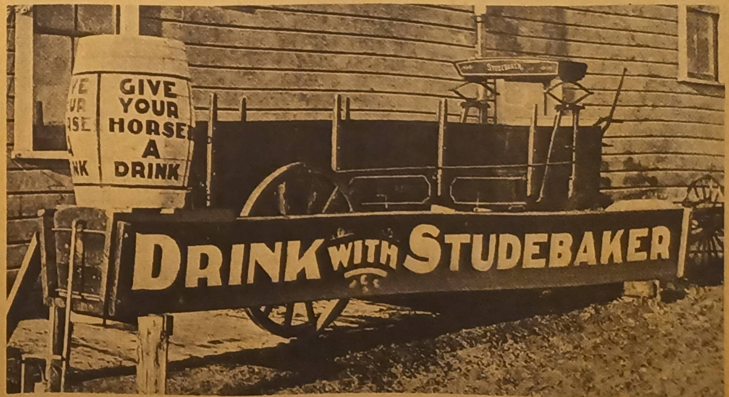
The next decades witnessed over a half-million people driving in Studebaker horse-drawn vehicles in the United States and foreign countries. Awards for styling and craftsmanship were garnered by Studebaker at expositions abroad and at home. At the Chicago Fair of 1893 a spectacular display of Studebaker vehicles, thirty in all, was the high point of the firm's forty-one years of building, for from then on, another idea in transportation, a horseless carriage, was to slowly develop into real proportions. Young men such as Maxwell, Olds and Ford were experimenting with a mechanical vehicle with the same fervor and dedication which characterized Clement, Henry and John in their younger days.

But Studebaker was not going to be caught believing the scoffing remarks made about the new vehicle. There was some doubt if the fad would last, but if the mechanical auto did prove itself, Studebaker wanted to expand into this area. Younger members of the firm were displaying a zeal for the new idea, and Studebaker hired scientists and engineers to develop an auto car.

In 1901, Clement Studebaker died. That year was the fiftieth anniversary of the Studebaker organization and twenty electric Studebaker cars were sold. Two years later the first Studebaker gasoline car was sold. By 1911, the auto car was more than just an "idea." It was a reality and the beginning of a dynamic era in transportation. Studebaker sales from cars totaled twenty-eight million dollars, while the carriage and wagon revenue slipped to eight million. Even more phenomenal was the fact that Studebaker, out of 5,000 wagon manufacturers, was the only firm to successfully make the transition.

John Studebaker retired in 1917 at the age of eighty. Like the horse drawn vehicle, John realized he was no longer the mainspring of the great corporation. His motor-minded young management team was the future of the firm. Two years later, the last brother died. By 1920, the transition was completed and not another wagon or carriage was manufactured by Studebaker.

Advertising was a key item in acquainting people with the Studebaker name. One way was to attract the horse.



Church Hollow Treasure

(Continued from page 17)

to their surprise that the glyph was a topographic study of the Church Hollow settlement! The lines conformed to Ceder Creek and two of its tributaries, along with the pioneer road system—with two exceptions. These two mysteries could not be accounted for on their Caplinger Mills Quadrangle map, or on the makeshift paper settlement, so would have to be solved during the upcoming field work where prominent landmarks were plainly visible.

Based on Mr. Attebery's findings, we have provided a map whereby the reader may follow the story, hopefully eliminating the annoyance and brain-busting frustrations placed on too many fans of treasure yarns. Note how the large glyph's "kettle-line" conforms with the settlement's topographic features. The curved sides flow upward and outward, presisely matching the two Cedar Creek tributaries dividing the settlement. The large cross protruding vertically from inside the kettle clearly matches the Church Hollow trail, and the trail east of the settlement. From this crossroad, the river-port towns of Warsaw and Osceola were to the north, Springfield to the south, Caplinger Mills to the east, and approximately forty miles to the west was the State of Kansas.

The "kettle's left foot," as seen by facing the glyph, defines the lower end of Church Hollow Branch, the three splayed toes straddling Cedar Creek and another north-trending tributary, their junction marking the Cedar Creek Mill. Or, if the leg were shortened a bit, the now invisible church would lie beneath the taloned foot.

The "kettle's right leg" was one of the two exceptions. It strayed from the category of trails or tributaries. (In Missouri, tributaries are called "branches," so hereafter we shall follow suit.) Not finding a branch to fill his needs, Mr. Attebery turned to landmarks and found that, if used in proportionate distance and angle with the opposite leg, the clawed foot is firmly centered on Cedar Bluff, with Cedar Creek and the Osage burial mound within its grasp. All lines of the large glyph-map have been explained now with the exception of the two delicate symbols flanking each side of the kettle's "church cross." To use the glyph-map as it was intended to be used, imagine yourself on the limestone hill north of the settlement the glyph-map outcropped at your feet. Standing toe-to-toe with the kettle's feet, look down at the glyph and memorize the design. Now lift your gaze and look straight ahead at the jagged panorama of what had once been Church Hollow. With your eyes, trace the memorized lines upon the waiting canvas before you. Allow your eyes to find and paint the kettle's form; it begins to your left. The beginning tip is a line at first, scratched deep into crusted earth, and as it moves toward the creek, is chasmed deeper. As the line moves toward you it suddenly curves smoothly away to etch the kettle's rounded bottom, where it joins the opposite line formed by the upper reaches of Church Hollow Branch. The branch curves and bulges into the final sweep which ends the kettle drawing. It would seem our anonymous 1861 map-maker observed and appreciated the Master's skill with one-line paintings. Observe, as he did, that the kettle was split in half. Divided by man! Only a trail at first, then a wagon road. A road born from man's need of Cedar Creek's water and the mill-wheel it eventually turned. Wagons came from miles beyond the settlement, laden with bulk corn for the Cedar Creek Mill to process.

The rutted trail can now be added to our imaginary painting. For the vertical, or upright part of the cross or "T" begin at Cedar Creek and draw a line straight through the center of the Church Hollow settlement, stopping only when you have reached a point well east. Here, a north-south crossroad completes the top line of the "T."

Once your eyes have found the chasmed kettle and the rutted "T," gently raise the lines and lift them above the settlement until they hover in mid-air, suspended only by your willpower to keep them there. Bring the stiffened image toward you, condensing and shrinking with every forward inch until it's close as you would place a transparent overlay upon the solid picture beneath. As you can see, they match!

With these parts of the landscaped jigsaw puzzle indelibly fixed in your mind, you will now notice the void—the remaining two symbols whose smallness masquerades their importance.

THIS MUCH of the story was known before undertaking a trip to Church Hollow, but paper-work had now come to a standstill. Armed with the Caplinger Mills Quadrangle map and their historically accurate plat to the old settlement, Mr. Attebery and Dr. Sullivan arrived in the Hollow to search out the missing pieces.

Join Attebery and Sullivan beside the partially deciphered glyph-map and look once again across the Hollow. Using the same method just applied in decoding the kettle and church cross glyphs, you will see that the two little symbols are inside the kettle walls, one on each side of the rutted trail.

From the glyph-map, start walking straight ahead, crossing over the first branch. Theoretically, you have just passed through the north wall of the kettle and are now inside. Exactly 900 feet from where you began walking in a southeasterly direction is the second glyph-rock, located between the kettle wall and the upright mast of the church cross.

The small glyph resembles a crossed pick and shovel. The tips form the four points of a compass. Very few people have ever known about the compass glyph, and those who know it exists, do not know just where it is.

What about its twin? Combing the area between the old road and Church Hollow branch, Attebery and Sullivan looked for anything unusual. It should have been another glyph-rock. Or could it designate the actual treasure site?

For you who are not familiar with Missouri's lush flora, it is not easy to locate small glyph-incised stones in the state's brushy and hilly regions. Although Cedar County is a land of scrub cedar, it is not so dense as to choke out other vegetation. In the old days hickory, walnut, hackberry, pawpaw and oaks were intermingled with almost any kind of brush, grass or vine you can name. The wooded and hilly slopes are easily climbed, with none exceeding a 45-degree angle, but visibility is zero. The "it" was not found.

Remembering the one clue given by the partner who survived the Civil War, Attebery and Sullivan re-examined the phrase, "Thirty minutes east of the church." Had it meant thirty minutes by compass? Thirty minutes by time? Using the log church as a starting point, with a protractor, the area was mathmatically searched. The glyph-map was approximately thirty minutes east of north.

Back on the limestone hill, looking at the kettle line, they began checking all possibilities. Suppose too much emphasis had been placed on its meaning the treasure container? They began wondering if the curved line might represent a bell, or even a fireplace dog-iron.

Walking back down into the settlement they tracked down each of the old homes. With a metal detector, they reconnoitered imaginary yards. Where would the women have set their wash kettles? Where would the dinner bells have hung? Wonder if there had been a church bell? Even the fireplaces and hearthstones were given a good going-over. They found every conceivable kind of hand-made implement, but "gold" was terribly conspicuous by its absence!

One old home which Mr. Attebery calls "House of the Silver Maples" interested them more than all the others, as it is almost on a collision course with the east tip of the small compass glyph.

The missing piece to our stone puzzle will be found someday, and will dutifully serve as a key to unlocking the curse that accompanies some men in search of other men's gold. Without the missing piece, the kettle cache will probably wind up at the bottom of the proposed lake. Just remember, the map-maker has not been wrong *yet*. Everything he recorded in stone has proven one hundred per cent correct. It's out there, somewhere between the old road and Church Hollow Branch.

James D. Attebery is not only one of Missouri's busiest historians, he is also a realist. He cannot devote the time necessary for treasure hunting. Other towns are in danger of drowning, and there is so much to preserve, and so little time. He sincerely wants the golden coins found while there is still time—before the incoming waters rearrange the land as it stood a century ago.

To you he offers the fruits of his labor, possibly served on a golden platter. Only one small thing is asked from you. Should you visit the old Church Hollow settlement, *permission must* be obtained from the present landowner. Few people ever object to visitors as long as they are informed of your presence and know what you are doing. We wish you luck!

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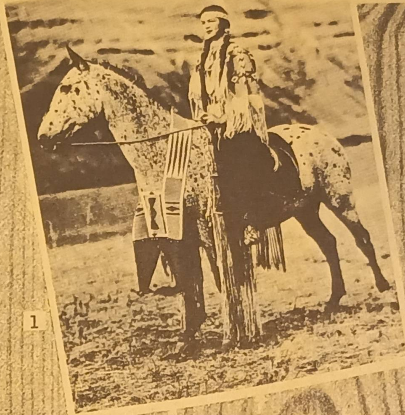

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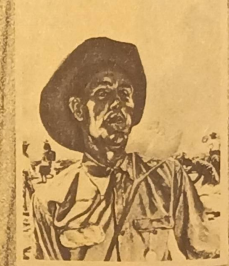

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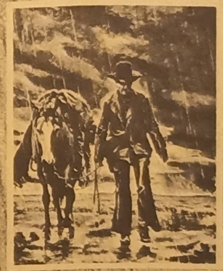

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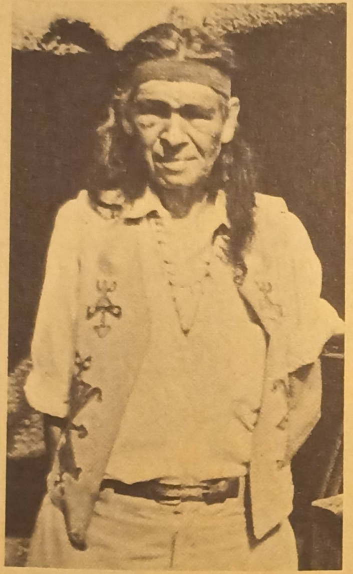
LETTER RIP!

Dear Readers:

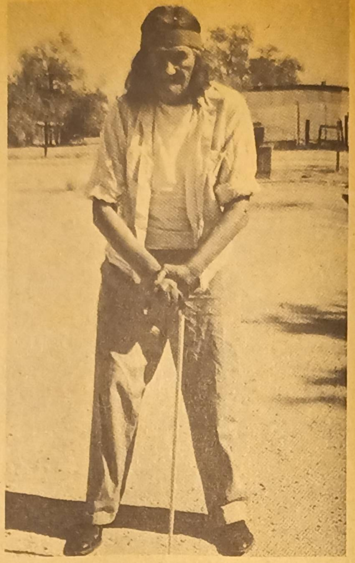
This is a switch—you usually write to us!

"Apache Tears" which ran in the Winter, '67 OLD WEST brought in an extraordinary amount of letters—far too many for us to run. There were two, however, which questioned Nino Cochise's age and we are taking this opportunity to print a couple of recent photographs which weren't received in time to run with the story. Nino, at ninety-four, has a part in the television series, "High Chapparal," which is being shot on occasion in Old Tucson. (He is not in every show, of course.) Our two readers mentioned above had seen Nino in his new role.

For those of you who contend that he couldn't possibly be ninety-four, we can only say (1) if you're not an Indian, and (2) if you don't have a professional make-up man, then possibly (like us around here) you're showing every year of your age and then some—and nothing we could say would convince you!



Nino Cochise, 1966.



Courtesy Mike Griffith

Nino Cochise, 1967.

Dear Sir:

I read Grace Pratt's "Ghost Ferry in Hoodoo Valley" in a recent OLD WEST and thought she did a fine job. Few people have ever heard of that part of Idaho and few have lived there.

My father bought some timberland at the sound end of Hoodoo Valley sixty years ago. We were about halfway between Athol and Spirit Lake and about a mile east of the Seneaquoteen (pronounced Se-ne-ack-o-teen) road. I helped log in that country. Logging was done in winter and the logs hauled out on sleds. In summer we cleared land of stumps.

The winters were long and snow would get four feet deep. We did our traveling on snowshoes. I've hunted deer and cougar in Hoodoo Valley but never shot a cougar. I guess they were just too smart for me. But once a cougar jumped me and my horse. I could smell his breath in my face for years afterwards. I've always thought I'd invited attack—it was almost dark and I was wearing white goatskin chaps. Maybe the cougar mistook me for a deer?

Author Pratt was accurate in every way.—Burt F. Berrier, 2553 Chadwick Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Western Publications:

In the Fall, 1967 OLD WEST I saw a picture of Harry ("Indian") Miller. I am certain this is a reproduction of a picture I took of him in 1926. At that time I was working on a road building job out of Flagstaff, Arizona. Indian Miller was in business at Canyon Diablo at that time. He ran a trading post and small animal farm and called his place "Fort Two Guns." I came to know him quite well.

One Sunday afternoon my partner, George Hanson, and I were visiting Miller. One of his prize animals was a lynx. He took it in his arms and carried it during most of our tour of his zoo and I took a picture of him with a cheap box camera. So the animal (which doesn't show up well in the picture) is a lynx.

I gave Miller one or two of the copies of the photo and kept one, but lost it later in a hotel fire.

Incidentally, sometime after this, Miller killed a deer and returned to his zoo with some of the blood scent on him. The lynx tore his clothing and lacerated his arms and body, hospitalizing him for quite a long time.—W. P. Mollohan, Box 48, Webster Springs, West Virginia 26288.

Gentlemen:

While reading "Indian Fighting on the Texas Frontier" in the Winter, 1967 OLD WEST, I was quite surprised to find the name of Sam Gholson mentioned. When I first started treasure hunting, I was told to go see Sam as he had quite a story concerning a fabulous lost mine near Yuma, Arizona.

I found Sam in a dilapidated trailer-house parked beside an irrigation ditch a miles west of Somerton, Arizona, on Highway 95. Sam, for all his years, was a real gentleman and had an excellent memory. After many hours of conversation, during which time I took notes, he told me the story of the Doc Barlow treasure. I typed the notes and Gholson signed them. I wonder if this Sam Gholson is the son of the Indian fighter?

Here is his story: "About fifteen years ago, Mr. Bert Hanna, a friend of mine, introduced me to a Dr. Barlow, who I believe lived in New Mexico and who owned mines there. During the course of the evening, Dr. Barlow asked me if I knew of any Indian signs and maps cut in rocks around Yuma. I replied that I did and that I would be glad to show them to him. Bert Hanna then added that Doc could read signs and maps like most could their ABCs.

"Several days later, I showed Dr. Barlow and Bert Hanna these signs and maps. Dr. Barlow studied the maps and markings for about thirty minutes and then stated that there were two waterholes two or three miles to the west. I confirmed that there were. He then asked if there was a tumbled down part in the mountains. I said yes and pointed to it. He then stated that there was an old rock house on the second bench, about six miles away. Again I replied affirmatively and told him it could be seen from a point about half way up a nearby hill.

"Doc and I climbed to the point and he studied the house. Then he told me that he believed there was a long monument built lengthwise about one-half mile from the house, on the flats. Also he believed there was an old Spanish smelter on the southwest point of the mountain south of Castle Dome." (Here Sam interrupted his story and said that, although he had not seen the smelter, he knew people who had.) "This smelter, Dr. Barlow claimed, was about twenty-three miles from where we were. There was another Spanish diggings thirty miles northwest of Picacho Peak and there were five graves there and ore had been buried with the bodies.

"I asked him a lot of questions about the maps and signs and he said there were forty mule-loads of gold buried in those hills. About two weeks later I went alone to the location of the two rocks with the maps on them and discovered that these maps indicated another rock which also had a map on it. I located this rock and found that it was a map of Picacho Peak." This was Gholson's story. —C. H. Topley, 229 West Third, Roswell, New Mexico 88201.

Dear Sir:

Walt Coburn's story "Goodhearted and Unlucky" about Long George Francis was one of the best you have published, I felt. Perhaps this was because it brought back to memory so many, many familiar places.

As a girl of sixteen, I spent a summer in Montana with my family, visiting at the home of kinfolk, the Louis Webers at the foot of the Big Snowy Mountains north of Hedgesville; and at the Chrisman cousins at Kolin and Moccasin. War had been declared between France and Germany as we started home on the Burlington Railroad in August of 1914. It was not until 1936 that I got back to Montana. Since then I have visited there a number of times and never tire of the stories of old Virginia City, Helena, and of the Great Falls country, and east to Belt. One summer I drove to Fort Benton because that was the landing place for the steamboats that brought my kinfolk to Montana back in 1865. This is an interesting old town. The John Chrisman family and the William Y. Lovell family both landed there in June, 1865.

Is there anyone living in Montana who remembers Col. and Mrs. Francis Diemling of Virginia City? He was postmaster, appointed by General Grant, and after an illness his wife became postmaster there until 1887 when she returned to Virginia after his death. They had two sons, Will and Finn Diemling. In 1964 I met a dear old lady, Mrs. Mary Gohn of Virginia City. Her son Bob, who is totally blind from a mine explosion, has the Territorial Bar in the old Territorial building. He had put in the flooring, the plumbing, and even the electrical wiring with some help, in his tavern. He mixes the drinks and makes change. Truly Bob Gohn is an amazing fellow. Her other son's wife had charge of the museum on Main Street and gave me much valuable information.

Does anyone remember Lou and Nick Weber, who were known as the "Wheat Kings?" They raised wheat on their holdings at the foot of the Big Snowy Mountains during World War I and into the '30s.

Does anyone remember Don Hunter, who freighted out of Billings and was lost to the knowledge of everyone? It was thought he met with foul play. His brother Fay Hunter became quite well known as a trick rider in rodeo. A younger brother Percy died at the orphanage at Twin Bridges, Montana. They also had a sister Arvilla who was lost track of around 1904. Their mother Flora Hunter died in Helena about 1934.

Any information on any of these would be appreciated—E. C. Laughlin, 815 P. Street, Gering, Nebraska.

Smokey Felts and Old Streak.

Hi, Joe:

I have been reading your magazines for a long time and know some of the people you write about. I have been around quite a bit, mostly on a horse. Worked on lots of ranches, rode quite a few bucking horses. I am seventy-two now and still riding. Don't own a car, and don't want one. I live just like I've always lived, on a ranch five miles east of Gardner, Colorado. I draw an old-age pension, have two donkeys and an old saddle horse. I am sending you a picture of us and if you care to put it in one of your magazines I'd be mighty happy. I have been through things that you write about. I am getting old and often think about the things I've been through and come out alive—with the help of God and my old horse.—Smokey Felts, Gardner, Colorado 81040.

Dear People:

I really enjoyed reading the Calkins tale. In 1904, when I was eight years old, my father bought a book and my older sister read it to Father and me on a winter evening. The stories were: "Old Stumpy," "MacLeod's Adventure," "An Exciting Boat Ride," "A Race for Life," "A Bad Medicine Man," 'Saved by a Jack," "A Woman's Brave Exploit," "In the South Country in '75," "Sequoyah," 'Outjuggled," "The Desperate Escape," "Byers' Stratagem" and "How He Got It." I can remember every one of them and thank you for reprinting them. —Reno Dobbins, P. O. Box 311, Butte City, California.

Dear Sir:

Last December a lady told me how her grandparents had manned a station-stop up Black Canyon in Phoenix on the old Military Road between Fort Whipple and Fort McDowell from 1865 until 1879. They built the station the same time John Y. T. Smith began to cut hay for the U. S. Cavalry from the fields around the ancient irrigating ditches (still visible northeast of Mesa on Highway 87) left by the mysterious Hohokam Indians.

Her grandparents had to haul all their water in barrels on a wagon. The round-trip was forty miles. Once when they were dangerously short of water, they were forced to leave an Indian in charge of a valuable horse, because a settler had promised to come by that day to examine it. Anxious to impress the man that the horse was sound and strong, the grandfather carefully instructed the Indian to say that the horse was young. "Remember to tell him—in the spring the horse will be only two years old."

The Indian nodded gravely and they started their lonely trek across the desert. But on their return the horse was in the stick-corral. Sometime later the indignant settler stopped in for a meal and the mystery was cleared up. The Indian had told him, "Horse—in Spring—too old!"

Grandma was a great favorite with the troopers because she always kept a large, cool crock of boiled potatoes ready to be fried a crisp brown in a jiffy for the horse-soldiers who were always hungry and in a great rush.

In their hurry they spilled a lot of grain as they fed the horses. Grandma gathered this up and saved it until she had enough to convince her husband that he should buy her some chickens. Once she added home-fried chicken to her menu, the troopers were careful not to spill the horse feed so that they could leave her a full sack.

In January I stopped twice in Sunflower up on Sycamore Creek in the Tonto National Forest south of Payson. There is only one building, a cluster of trailers and a thousand robins who winter along the sheltered banks of the creek. It, too, had been a station on the old Military Road north of Fort McDowell and is still thirty miles out in the middle of nowhere. As I stood down by the dry creek to look up at the snow on Mt. Ord and to listen to the birds I imagined I felt the loneliness that must have welled up in the hearts of those sturdy pioneers.—Victor J. Boisvert, Holy Cross House, Douglas Road, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

Dear Sirs:

To my surprise I found a picture of my dad, the late Billy Day, and the twin moose, Pete and Nellie, in your magazine. These moose were found near Athabasca, Alberta in 1910. They were bottle fed on cow's milk, cared for and broken to drive by my father. They were driven in Edmonton at the Exhibition in 1911. The same fall they ate some frozen potatoes and both died. They were not quite two years old at the time the picture was taken. Billy Day was buried in Aklavik, North West Territories, at the age of eighty-six. The world is indeed small.—L. R. Day, 9512 - 75 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Dear Publisher:

Being an avid reader of all your magazines I need your help, perhaps through your letters column. I am collecting old cameras and old photographs. When I have enough of the different types and sizes of both, I will offer a display of these, depicting "Photography in the Old West," to any museum, bank or other organization which would like to have such an exhibit. Their only cost will be shipping.

If anyone is interested in donating or selling such items, I would like to hear from them.—Sam Banks, 2012 Hemphill, Ft. Worth, Texas 76110.

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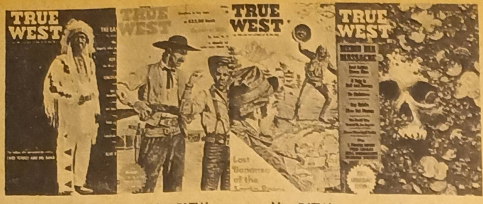

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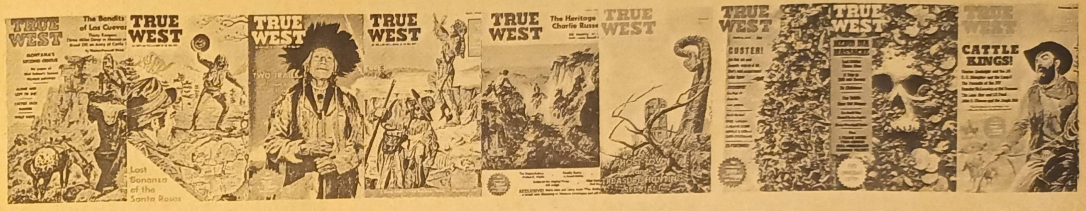

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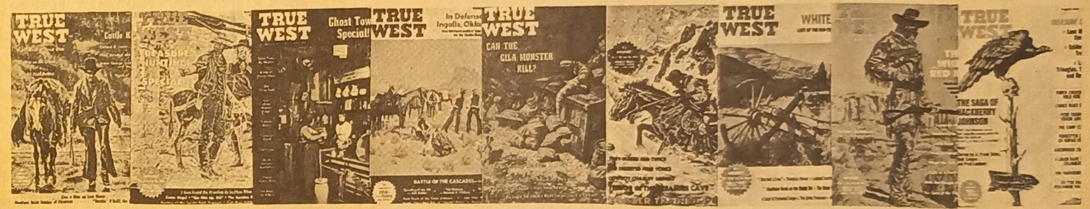

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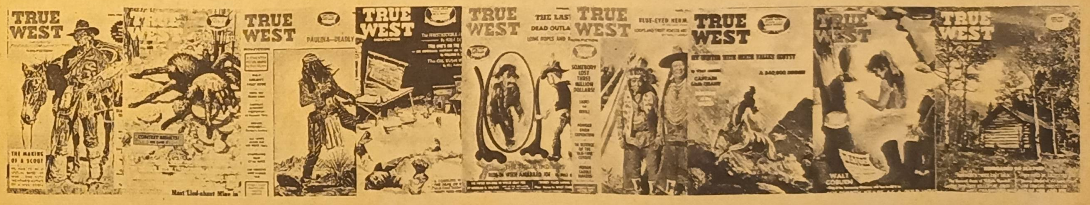

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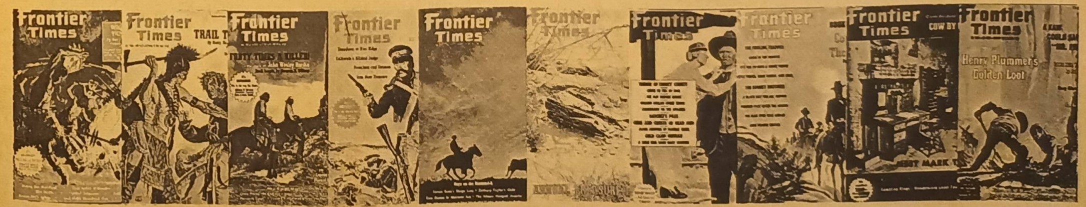

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KIDNAPPED, TARRED and FEATHERED

—RELATED BY A MAN WHO GOT MIXED UP IN THE NOTORIOUS "CRIPPLE CREEK WAR"

By W. S. "BILL" CROSBY
As told to HANK GIVENS

Photos Courtesy Author

I'M THE only living witness to the kidnapping on June 23, 1894 of the commander of the Colorado State Militia. That event was unthinkable enough. But they took Adj. Gen. Thomas J. Tarsney to Austin Bluffs and tarred and feathered him. It was one of numerous acts resulting from labor troubles in the gold camp of Cripple Creek, Colorado, the only case of its kind occurring in the United States.

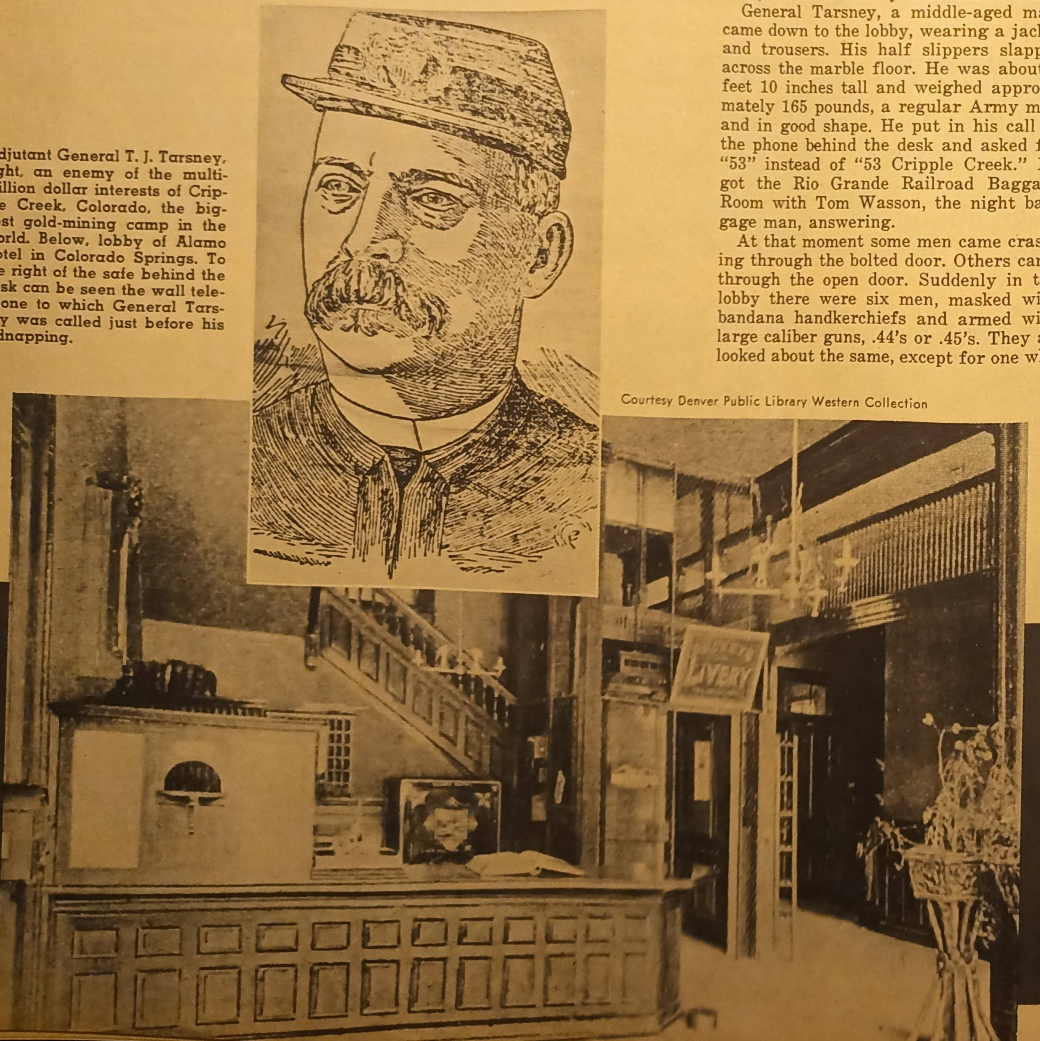
The millionaire mine owners lived in Colorado Springs and controlled the town, including city and county law officers. I know this to be a fact, for no matter where I turned to get help after General Tarsney was kidnapped, I was unable to find it. The worst of it was, it finally dawned on me that I'd had a part in a staged affair, of which only General Tarsney and I were unaware.

Troops of the Colorado State Militia were at that time in Cripple Creek where a labor strike had been going on for some months. General Tarsney was considered by the miners to be their friend. He stayed in Colorado Springs because it was pleasant, and kept in touch with General Brooks, who was in charge of the state troops at Altman in the Cripple Creek District.

I didn't suspect a thing when I got a telephone call in the afternoon from J. H. Fullerton, proprietor of the Alamo Hotel in Colorado Springs, to report for work as clerk at 7 p.m. that night. He'd taken over the Alamo and it had never paid. We had an understanding that when he got the hotel on its feet I'd go to work as night clerk at an agreed salary. I'd been a hotel clerk in Manitou, Colorado, and when his call came I was impressed with what seemed to be an advancement in my position. I reported for work that night, never suspecting I was only being used.

About 11 p.m. General Tarsney and his law partner, Mr. Bagtelle, who were guests in the hotel, left a call for early in the morning. They took off their guns and put them in the shelf under the desk, then went to bed.

In the meantime, I kept busy in my new duties, registering guests and seeing that orders for ice water were filled. After midnight I opened a door to let in the cool night air, but left the other door bolted. I went back behind the desk, little knowing that shortly all hell would seem to come through those doors.



Adjutant General T. J. Tarsney, right, an enemy of the multi-million dollar interests of Cripple Creek, Colorado, the biggest gold-mining camp in the world. Below, lobby of Alamo Hotel in Colorado Springs. To the right of the safe behind the desk can be seen the wall telephone to which General Tarsney was called just before his kidnapping.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

A TELEPHONE CALL came for General Tarsney about 1 p.m. I told the caller the General had retired and unless it was something important I wouldn't call him. The caller said it was "53 Cripple Creek." I knew that was the telephone station where the General could contact the troops at Altman. Since there were no telephones in the rooms at that time, I sent a bellboy with the message.

General Tarsney, a middle-aged man, came down to the lobby, wearing a jacket and trousers. His half slippers slapped across the marble floor. He was about 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighed approximately 165 pounds, a regular Army man and in good shape. He put in his call at the phone behind the desk and asked for "53" instead of "53 Cripple Creek." He got the Rio Grande Railroad Baggage Room with Tom Wasson, the night baggage man, answering.

At that moment some men came crashing through the bolted door. Others came through the open door. Suddenly in the lobby there were six men, masked with bandana handkerchiefs and armed with large caliber guns, .44's or .45's. They all looked about the same, except for one who was larger and seemed to be their leader. I thought I recognized him from his stature.

General Tarsney heard the racket, turned to see what was going on, and threw down the phone, leaving Tom Wasson on the other end of the line listening to the hubbub. As the men came threateningly toward him, General Tarsney reached under the desk for his gun, and tried to shoot it. He found the shells had been taken out.

The gang grabbed for the General and he put up a fight. They slugged him over the front part of the head with a gun. He hit the floor and was knocked out. In the struggle the big man's bandana was knocked off and I saw it was Bob Taylor.

Two of the men picked up the General and carried him out, while the others followed along behind. Outside the door I noticed that the bellboy and night porter were standing, along with Sam Agard, the policeman. They really looked scared but, in reality, they were only carrying out previous orders to stay outside and mind their own business during the kidnapping.

I supposed the gang would take General Tarsney across the street to Alamo Park and hang him, and I thought I ought to go along. But they kept telling me to keep back and brandished their guns. I was finally convinced I should get back behind the desk where I was supposed to be when I felt blood trickling down from behind my ear, where they'd hit me with a gun.

Sherm and Frank Crumley had one of those old-fashioned landaus. Their reputation wasn't any too good, and I mention this because they didn't deny it themselves. Their hack was waiting there in front of the hotel, and the men loaded the General in.

Back behind the desk I called the county jail, hoping to get help. John Lay, the jailer, said he was there alone, and there was no one he could send to help the General. I called the police station and talked to the captain, who said he was also alone. I coundn't find anybody to help, because they were all in on the plan to kidnap General Tarsney.

After awhile, a reporter from the Colorado Springs *Gazette* happened to drop by. I told him what had happened and he got in touch with the wire services. It wasn't long before the wires were buzzing from the *Rocky Mountain News* in Denver and the Denver *Republican Times*.

After the kidnapping General Tarsney was taken to Austin Bluffs, northeast of Colorado Springs. He was stripped to the waist, tarred and feathered, and told never to come back to town. They gave him a blanket and sent him off in the dark. He walked nearly thirteen miles before he got to Monument, north of Colorado Springs, about 4 p.m. the next day, and was taken to Palmer Lake, south of Denver. Gov. Davis H. Waite sent out a special train to bring him in. They said there was a nurse and a doctor on board, along with several gallons of benzine to remove the tar. I don't know for sure that this was true, but that's what I heard.

The author as he appeared in 1894.

THE DAY after the kidnapping L. C. Dana, chief of police of Colorado Springs, who'd also been aware of plans to get General Tarsney out of town, decided it would look good if he questioned me, as a matter of routine. He and Fullerton, manager of the hotel, cornered me in the lobby and questioned me about who I thought had done the kidnapping. I told them Bob Taylor was the leader, that when his bandana handkerchief had dropped to one side I looked at him as plainly as I was looking at them at that moment. They hustled me into a private office and told me I was crazy to even suspect Bob Taylor, that he'd been in Cripple Creek during the kidnapping. They told me they didn't want to hear anymore of that "stuff." I knew for sure that Bob Taylor's alibi was phony, because I had seen him get off the train from Cripple Creek early the evening before.

I worked as night clerk at the Alamo eight nights after that, and each night Fullerton, the manager, predicted I wouldn't be there when he came to work the next day. During those eight nights I received a number of threatening letters and phone calls, and I knew I'd talked too much.

The second night after the kidnapping a special train arrived carrying Denver newspaper reporters, and Sam Howe, chief of detectives of Denver, one of the fine, pioneer officers of the country. He'd been appointed to his job, as were all police and firemen in the state capital at that time, by Governor Waite, who'd asked him to come to Colorado Springs, not just to protect me, but to do private detective work for him. Along with Howe were six hand-picked detectives. For five nights while I was on duty these six men guarded me. Two of them appeared to be only bums sleeping in the lobby; the others were stationed in strategic places nearby.

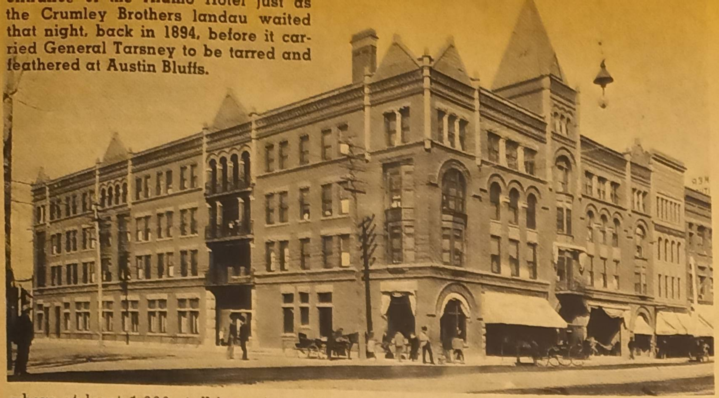
Since the mine owners had control of the law force in Colorado Springs and El Paso County, Sam Howe and his men worked independently, and were not known to local authorities.

The Denver papers carried columns about the kidnapping, tarring and feathering of the General. They followed the story from day to day. On the other hand, the local papers, controlled by the mine owners, printed very little about it.

The big mine owners had had trouble with the striking miners for about three months previous to General Tarsney's kidnapping. The owners resented the miners' demands for healthy working conditions and suitable wages. While the owners took millions in gold from their bonanza mines, they cut wages and refused to drain the mines where miners worked in water over their boots, 10 hours a day for $2.75. The wages had been $3.00 a day.

In an effort to end the trouble once and for all, the mine owners ordered Sheriff Frank Bowers, former marshal in Manitou, to organize 1,800 deputy sheriffs to suppress the strike. Bowers was a good police officer, but not a general, so W. S. "Win" Boynton, chairman of the county commissioners, and a friend of his, Bob Mullen, took over the handling of the deputies.

And this was the beginning of the Cripple Creek War staged on Bull Hill, the most famous hill in the district. On its slopes or in its settlements, such as Independence, Midway, and Altman, lived miners and prospectors. The deputies, whose job it was to run the striking miners out of camp, marched on Bull Hill, entrance of the Alamo Hotel just as the Crumley Brothers landau waited that night, back in 1894, before it carried General Tarsney to be tarred and feathered at Austin Bluffs.



where at least 1,000 striking miners were always entrenched behind a formidable fort of logs and rock. "General" Jack Jackson, who'd been busted out of West Point after two years, commanded the strikers and directed the positioning of the "cannons" which were aimed downhill toward the deputies. This threatening artillery was later found to be only painted logs and stove pipes.

Waite had been elected governor on the Populist ticket and he favored the miners. After the Cripple Creek War started he declared martial law, and ordered out 500 of the State Militia, headed by General Brooks, who ordered the deputies home. The deputies prowled around for a time, but finally came back to Colorado Springs. Peace was restored by the presence of the militia, and the miners, therefore, considered General Tarsney, as head of the militia, their friend.

In an effort to get back at the governor for calling out the state militia, the mine owners arranged to have a gang of six men do their dirty work to General Tarsney.

WHEN the miners in Cripple Creek heard what had happened to General Tarsney, they spread it on the grapevine that they were going to blow up all of Colorado Springs' water reservoirs, then come down to blow up the town. And they were capable of doing it. There were 3,200 of them, fully armed, and they knew how to handle dynamite better than anyone. There was a lot of excitement around town, and 500 home guards were organized. The alarm for them to assemble was the fire bell at City Hall.

That jailer who couldn't find a single man to help General Tarsney the night before, managed to round up 1,600 deputy sheriffs, and the alarm for them to gather was the whistle in the light plant, south of Colorado Springs.

The whistle blew at 1:15 a.m. on June 25, 1894, and Colorado Springs became the wildest town you ever saw. Everybody knew if the miners had come to blow up the town there was plenty of cause for running. There wouldn't be a thing left of Colorado Springs when those experts with explosives got through with it! But the miners didn't show up.

After a time, somebody went to the light plant to investigate why the whistle had blown. The engineer there said a fellow came in with a Winchester, and (using his words) said, "He stuck it in my guts and he said, 'You get hold of hat string and hold onto it until I tell you to let go.'"

That was the cord to the whistle. After a time the gunman disappeared.

The hero of the day was Jack Johnson, who'd directed the miners in the Cripple Creek War. When he heard they planned to dynamite the town and its water supply he wouldn't allow the miners to carry out such operations.

After the strike of Cripple Creek miners, the members of the American Railway Union went on strike and uncoupled any engine with a pullman on it. Not wanting to get into trouble with the U. S. Government, however, they did let the mail car ride behind the engine. These members were in sympathy with the miners, feeling that General Tarsney had been treated outrageously. Along with the *Rocky Mountain News* (which was strongly for Governor Waite and labor unions), the Denver *Republican Times*, and the State of Colorado, the members contributed money for a reward. Twenty thousand dollars was offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the six men who'd kidnapped, tarred, and feathered the General.

ABOUT A YEAR after the kidnapping there was a break in the investigation when a man walked into the General's office in the State Capitol in Denver, and asked if the General would guarantee him the reward if he got one of the men who put tar and feathers on him. General Tarsney told him there was $10,000 already on deposit, which he could guarantee for sure. The fellow said he was broke and wanted $10 to get something to eat and to send a telegram. General Tarsney gave him $10, but told him not to use it for the telegram. Having a "frank" on Western Union, the General tore a stamp from his book and signed his name on it. He handed it to the man and told him to paste it on the telegram so that it would cost him nothing.

Later General Tarsney and Sam Howe went to the telegraph office and asked to see the telegram, which the clerk produced. The telegram was to a member of the gang in Kansas City and read, "If you come back right away I can get you a job as marshal on the railway pullman strike." Some of Howe's men went to Kansas City and arrested the man. He was taken to Denver and questioned about the kidnapping. He wouldn't talk.

The mine owners demanded that the prisoner be returned to Colorado Springs, claiming that when he was a deputy with the group that went to Cripple Creek, he hadn't turned in his gun and badge. On the way to Colorado Springs the prisoner, scared of what the mine owners would do to him, told Sam Howe that he'd spill everything if Howe would take him back to Denver. In his confession he vindicated me by saying, "That kid sure knew what he was talking about when he said Bob Taylor was running the show!" He was released on a $1,000 bond.

About a year and a half after the kidnapping the case was set for trial in El Paso County Courthouse in Colorado Springs. General Tarsney arrived for the trial on a six-car train with a company of soldiers, and artillery loaded on a flat car. They marched to the courthouse and surrounded it. The man didn't show up for his trial, however, for the mine operators had put up his bond, then told him to leave town.

It'd been suggested that I was the one who removed the bullets from General Tarsney's gun, but it eventually came to light that George Dayton, the day clerk at the Alamo Hotel, had taken them out. Dayton became a special detective for the Mine Owners' Association, and eventually committed suicide.

At the time of the kidnapping Bob Taylor's occupation was just about anything that would pay. He was a bad man. He'd worked in Cripple Creek at one job after another and always boasted he had four notches on his gun. He'd worked on the Colorado Springs Police Force for a time. After the kidnapping he held up the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad, and the Crumley brothers, who'd furnished transportation to General Tarsney's tarring and feathering, used their landau as a getaway from the train robbery. After the kidnapping, all these men had to do when they got into trouble, was to go to the head of the Mine Owners' Association and say, "Get me out of this, or I'll squeal about the Tarsney affair," and they were protected. Bob Taylor was eventually killed in a gun battle in Oklahoma.

During the rest of 1894 incidents kept cropping up resulting from the ill-feeling between mine owners and miners. Two men were shot in a gunfight in the alley next to the Colorado Springs *Gazette*. And when the Republicans held their convention that fall in the opera house, several doors north of the First National Bank in Colorado Springs, delegates took shots at the speakers.

Sam Howe reported back to Governor Waite conclusive evidence that it was the wealthy mine owners of Colorado Springs who'd been behind the kidnapping, tarring, and feathering of General Tarsney; that both county and city law enforcement officials were controlled by the Mine Owners' Association and made no effort to find members of the gang. The $20,000 reward remained untouched, for there was never any conviction.

Desert Log Drive

(Continued from page 46)

hundreds of thousands of ties brought in by horse-drawn wagons or sleds, skids from the nearby steep hillsides, and of course the long elevated flume using the waters of Angostura Creek. There was another flume called the Flechado Flume, and reportedly another in Comales Canyon. All of these places are favorite spots now for vacationing Texans and Oklahomans.

MUCH of the story of the almost forgotten log drives must be worked out by reading the signs left in the woods many years ago. Living witnesses are few and their survivors widely scattered. Then, too, some of them worked in only a small sector of the vast area embraced by the operations, and may not have seen all of the activities. Many of the more skilled were from places as far away as New England or the Great Lakes states who went on to the Pacific Northwest after the New Mexico job. The Mexican refugees returned to Sonora, Durango, or Chihuahua.

On the east side of Angostura Canyon I once came upon an area covering an acre or more, where all the trees big enough to be made into ties had been cut and left lying where they fell as though a tornado had devastated the place. Since the stumps were sawed and not broken, obviously men had done the job.

As I thought over this bit of evidence I could only deduce that the operations of the loggers were suddenly halted by the company due to lack of demand for ties or diminishing profits. The unfinished work remained as it was the day the quitting signal sounded for the last time and men lined up for the final pay call of the Santa Barbara Tie and Pole Company.

If you walk through the beautiful upper basins of the Angostura and Agua Piedra Creeks you will cross many dim old roads hidden in the depths of the forest and blocked here and there by fallen trees. The trails are not hard to follow, almost up to timberline in places. Long-abandoned, they testify to the great activity there during the years of the log drives.

While deer hunting in 1952 in the Agua Piedra Basin, I met the Mascareñas brothers, Juan and Fernando, of Vadito, both over sixty. We sat on logs by a lovely mountain park while we talked and rested. They had cut ties in that very locality in 1921. Both of the gentlemen had bagged their bucks that day and hung them up for their grandchildren to pack out next day.

Final pathetic reminders of the old timber harvest are a few skeletons of the huge draft horses used by the tie-cutters, lying where the faithful animals succumbed to the rigors of their tasks or to the hardships of the winter climate.

The mountains still produce timber, though the higher elevations are seldom tapped now. But lumber logs are hauled out by truck on good mountain highways. The old water-borne log drives are no more.

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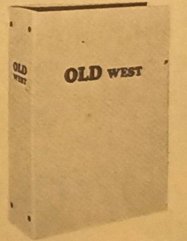

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Mickey Free—Manhunter!

(Continued from Page 11)

Goodah and Sneezer were sent to positions between the buildings. Sergeant Rip, Sieber and Clum took up a strong point by the waterwell in the center.

Just at sunrise Geronimo, Naiche, Victorio, Ponce and Gordo swaggered into the Agency compound, followed by a spread-out formation of stalwart warriors. They were bare to the waist, painted, heavily armed and ready for anything. They pressed forward to where they knew Clum would be waiting. There was no sign of Mickey Free.

When nearly 100 warriors had gathered in the compound, doors flew open on all sides and militia and police stepped forth with rifles leveled. Geronimo immediately saw he had been horsed into a trap, one engineered, as far as he was concerned, by Mickey Free.

"Where is the halfbreed *yu-dastcin* with the snake-eye and the forked tongue?" he growled.

Agent Clum carefully stepped forth and opened the parley by addressing the dreaded raider through Sieber.

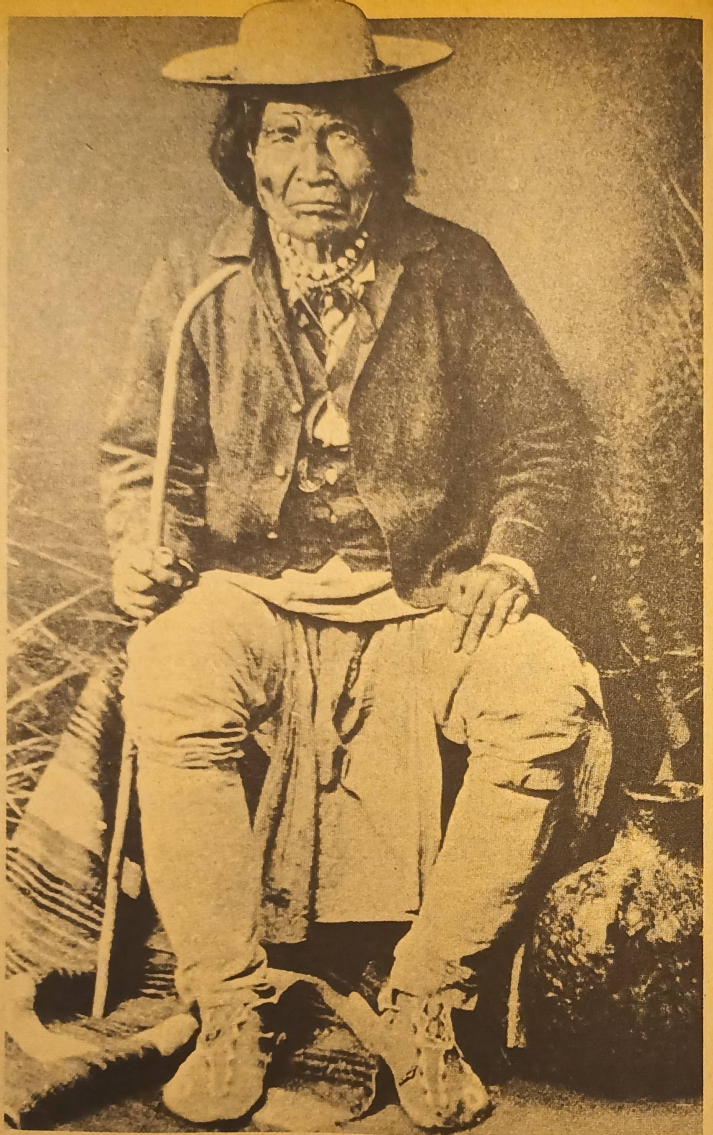
Mickey Free appeared out of nowhere and took up the cue: "Geronimo," he translated Clum's words, "you promised me you would remain on the San Carlos. You lied to me. Here you are several hundred miles away and you and your warriors have been robbing and killing white men. You have broken the peace treaty made by Chief Cochise and General Howard. So now I have come to take you back. I do not want any more trouble. If you and your people will listen to me, with honesty in your hearts, no harm will come to you."

Waving his rifle, Geronimo shouted, "You are the false White-Eyes who came to the Chiricahua Reservation a year ago and broke the peace treaty made by the Great Chief and Taglito and the one-arm general. Do not talk to me about breaking treaties. You and your sick brain! You sent the evil-eyed snake to my *rancheria* last night to beguile me into accepting a truce that you have proven false. I would not accept your word for it if you now said the sun is shining!

"We are not going to San Carlos with you. If you make any more mistakes you and your two-faced Apaches will not go back to San Carlos, either! Your bodies will remain to stink here at Ojo Caliente for the zopilotes and lobos. Observe! You have 120 men; I have but 90. Are such odds ever effective against true Apache men?"

Some of the warriors shifted into different stances, moving their weapons. Clum tried to hide surprise at this defiance. He looked around at the nearby hills, as if thinking this was the time for Major Wade and his cavalry to charge in upon the stage. But there was nothing moving within his range of vision except several buzzards hovering in the turquoise sky. The cast of characters was enlarged, however, when a group of women suddenly appeared from beyond the commissary and aggressively formed a semi-circle around their men. There were about thirty of them and they were armed. The odds were even.

Clum shot a glance at Naiche and Victorio, two other white man haters. He looked at his men and his gaze settled upon Mickey. He noticed that worthy had his long-knife out of the boot *cuchillero* and stuck loosely in his belt, his one black eye steadily fixed on the *Netdahe* leader. He then noticed that Geronimo had his finger on the trigger of his rifle with his thumb holding the hammer at half-cock, and that his hate-filled eyes were fastened on Mickey Free. Just a twitch of that thumb would start the fireworks which would end in carnage.



Nanay

There was silence. The fact that Geronimo was hesitating was a good omen. He too was considering the consequences if he fired that first shot.

Suddenly there came a shrill Apache yell, echoed by others, from behind the circle of warriors. A Netdahe squaw had stolen the show from the men and had leaped on Clay Beauford from behind and hooked one of her hands on his face and the other on his crotch. For an instant the warriors turned their painted faces to look. But not Beauford. He began to struggle and managed to shake the woman loose, then in a mighty heave, flung her from him. Her emotional outburst had broken the tension.

Clum seized the initiative and strode forward briskly. Mickey seemed to float alongside. Clum reached out a hand to Geronimo as if in a friendly gesture, but instead grabbed the barrel of the Sharps. "Give me that gun!" he commanded.

Geronimo made no reply, nor did he relax his grip. He did not seem to move a muscle. His eyes were glaring malevolently, but were directed at the Green River knife weaving in Mickey Free's hand. Sieber, Sneezer, Rip and Eski surrounded Victorio, Naiche and Ponce; the Apache police got busy. In the background the militiamen were forcefully disarming warriors, none of whom had dropped his gun when ordered to do so.

This was the first and last time Geronimo did not surrender on his own terms. He had always claimed he bore a charmed life, legends grew around this claim, and who knows but that the Ojo Caliente incident proved it.

IN THE summer of 1878, Tom Horn (1860-1903) came to Arizona Territory seeking adventure. He arrived at Prescott, broke and hungry. His last two-bits got him a beer and free lunch at Dan Thorn's saloon on Whiskey Row. Horn was a hefty young man and he was a talker. He'd jawbone loud and long on any subject under the sun. Thorn's was a hang-out for soldiers from nearby Fort Whipple and Horn was soon in an argument about the relative merits of troopers and Indian scouts. He had heard about Mickey Free, and welcomed this chance to sound off about him. It had not occurred to him that anybody except a big man could do all the things attributed to the little halfblood Apache scout.

The argument ended when Horn decided to try a six-months' enlistment in the scouts. He was sworn in at Fort Whipple as a packer, with the grade of private, rear rank. He and several other recruits were forthwith ordered to Fort Apache. Upon arrival at the big fort in the distant White Mountains, Horn was shown to a vacant tent, there to await the arrival of his boss-to-be, Al Sieber.

It was late and Horn had just crawled into bed when in the darkness a voice in English said: "Are you 'Talking Boy'?"

Horn popped up like a jumping jack. He had not heard anything move in his tent, but squatted beside his pallet was a man.

"Chief Sibi (Sieber) and Cory Cooley want to see you," the man chuckled.

Horn pushed his blanket aside, grunted, felt for his boots and while pulling them on realized that his nocturnal visitor had gone. Outside he saw a campfire about a hundred yards away with three men crouching around it. He walked over, trying to appear calm.

One of the campers said, "I'm Sieber. This is Cooley, an' you've done met Free."

Horn sized up the speaker and the other white man with a long glance, but his gaze rested on Mickey. A man that size, he thought, could possibly get around with less fuss than a larger man, but did he have to act like a ghost and move like a shadow?

Sieber wanted to "size up" Tom Horn and ask a few questions. Horn filled him in about his boyhood back in Missouri, but got long-winded about guarding a wagontrain on the way west, and scouting for the army in Wyoming and Montana. Mickey and Cooley sat by silently.

"Cap'n Forsyth is your sicilder boss here," Sieber interrupted. "Tomorrow you go with Free an' Cooley up to Pedro's people. You'll stay there awhile till I send for you. You got t'get used to these people—learn their lingo—if you aim t'be a scout. Do what Free an' Pedro tell you. Don't mess with their wimmen, an' keep away from old Cochine. He's no good."

The next morning Sieber and Cooley were gone, but Mickey escorted Horn up to Chief Pedro's camp on Diamond Creek. Chief Pedro of the Mogollon-Tonto Apaches had the largest *rancheria* on the Whiteriver (Fort Apache) Reservation, with about 500 warriors and their families camped nearby. One thousand more were scattered farther back in the mountains, all within signaling distance in case of trouble. After Mickey had Horn located in a wikiup, he rode off by himself. He had a sweetheart in Pedro's tribe.

By the time winter arrived in the high country Horn had become somewhat "Indianized," had acquired three horses and a trail outfit—had even taken unto himself a young widow, who did his washing, mending and cooking.

When Mickey Free, accompanied by three comely squaws and two stalwart bucks, arrived unexpectedly, they were herding twenty good horses, all wearing Mexican brands and shod with copper shoes.

Mickey gave Horn a laconic rundown on recent events. He and other scouts had made a trip into Sonora and Chihuahua, hunting dissident Apaches. He had found and returned them to the reservation and had received the twenty horses found running loose in Mexico as a bonus. Would Talking Boy care to have that pinto stallion to bring some good blood into his herd of Indian broomtails? Horn nodded his acceptance.

Mickey went on in his calm but accented voice. "You may with me ride him. Sibi says bring you down to S'Carlos for Chris-maas dinner. One shirt! No cold there mebbe."

Horn soon roped the pinto, then Mickey told his five companions to take the others to the clan's corral. He then stood by and watched Horn saddle the half-wild stallion. Horn got mounted and somehow managed to keep from being bucked off, then he and Mickey rode out. En route south Mickey continuously interrupted Horn by telling him bits of other happenings—things were bad at S'Carlos. General Orlando B. Willcox (1823-1907) had taken over command of the Arizona Department from General Kautz, and was reorganizing the cavalry. John Clum had resigned as Agent last year and H. L. Hart had succeeded him. It was too soon to tell but rumors were that Hart would not last long. Victorio and Nanay were gone again; Geronimo, Naiche and Loco were disgruntled and were preparing to jump the reservation. Now the scouts had to guide the troops into the field—if and when—to hunt the dissidents, and all were needed, which was the reason why Sibi had sent for Horn.

SAN CARLOS had indeed become a hotbed of disorder, more so than at any previous time in its tempestous existence. A wilderness reservation of about 4,400 square miles, or 2,820,000 acres, it was controlled from the Agency headquarters compound of forty ugly acres on the north bank junction of the San Carlos and Gila Rivers.

Politicians of the Interior Department were feuding with the militarists of the War Department, the Apaches were caught in the middle. Ata-Klis-Tish, a crafty old shaman, held secret council meetings with all the tribes and advocated a return to "the good old days" when The People waged war on all enemies. He was making great headway until he was mysteriously stabbed to death.

Mickey Free was blamed for this act, but he had evidence which denied it. Reporters from eastern newspapers and magazines swarmed all over, feeding the fires of controversy between the various groups. One reporter called the compound a "Hell Hole by the River"; the military people called it "Hell's Forty Acres." Few of the reporters ever ventured for their news copy beyond the Agency buildings, the military offices of Sibley City, or the Post Trader's spacious barroom. The nearby rough-and-ready town of Globe, unpredictable Tucson, sleepy Phoenix, and the capital at Prescott were secondary sources of news.

Merchants from the towns charged that civilian agents were selling supplies such as flour, salt, sugar, baking powder, beans, lard, meat, blankets and so forth much cheaper than the merchants could sell. Rations were supposed to be issued weekly to 12,000 Indians, but no more than 4,000 ever showed up in the ration lineup—the register showed a population of 4,300. It was axiomatic that the civilian authorities sold the balance elsewhere. It was claimed that beef cattle disappeared by the herd—before the Indians even got a smell of meat. It was alleged that soldiers confiscated the cattle as soon as they were delivered by the ranchers at the reservation borders.

The worst troublemaker was a reporter whose *seudonimo* was Cross Cut. He and a woman he had picked up in Tucson accosted Mickey Free and asked—almost demanded—a box of fine silk dresses Mickey had brought up from Mexico on his last trip and had intended to present to his Apache girl friend. But Mickey had an eye for profit and told the reporter he would sell them for *cuarenta pesos oro* each, which was the equivalent of a U.S. double-eagle gold piece. The reporter and his woman made the mistake of getting abusive. A sentry walking his post in the vicinity was the only thing which stood between the reporter and his woman and death. The corporal of the guard was called and the pair was taken to Army headquarters.

Captain Adna Romanza Chaffee (1842-1914), who happened to be the officer-of-the-day, questioned the pair, decided they were *persona non grata* and ordered them banished from the reservation. Chaffee, a no-nonsense martinet, gave Mickey a stern look but did not attempt to question the integrity of the scout. From then on, San Carlos Reservation was bad news for most reporters. Neither the military nor civilian officials could have done right by their Apache charges in the newsmen's eyes if they had hand-fed them with gold spoons and bathed them in oil and myrrh.

SILVER had been discovered in the San Pedro hills the year before and a great rush was on. A town called Tombstone sprang up and soon was a boom town. Al Sieber and Tom Horn grasped the opportunity, got out of the scouts, and went prospecting for silver. Mickey Free couldn't be bothered, however, and he reenlisted when his time was up. It was March, 1879, and he was on stand-by duty, impatiently waiting for the procrastinating troops to get organized for another campaign after the runaway Apaches.

Al and Tom didn't do so well. When they ran out of a grubstake they made a contract to provide 100 deer, at ten a day, to feed the miners. Their price was $2.50 per carcass delivered at the main butchershop in Tombstone. They were doing all right as hunters until Mickey led in a small detail of cavalry in charge of a lieutenant who had a message from General Willcox.

The General wanted Sieber and Horn to report to Fort Apache. They were to consider themselves under full pay from the moment of receipt of the message. They still had to deliver thirty-three carcasses to keep the contract they had made, but Mickey said he'd fix that. He had a furlough coming, and he told Sibi and Talking Boy he would fulfill their obligation to the butcher. Mickey hired three stout Pima lads to do the heavy work while he did the shooting. He had thirty-three deer in two days, right there in the Dragoon foothills, practically on the doorstep of Tombstone.

That pleased everybody except the butchers. Mickey had presented them with a bill for $5.00 per carcass, and their objections were of no avail against that black orb which stared straight ahead as if it were aimed down the barrel of a Winchester 66. Mickey did not think he was being highhanded; Horn and Sibi had to get their $2.50 each, and he too had to be paid for his time and effort. The butchers paid, but swore never to have anything to do again with the cockeyed halfbreed.

MICKEY rejoined Sieber and Horn several weeks later as the scout-police were in the process of cracking down on some restive clans who were making *tulepa* and *tiswin* in the mountain meadows between the Black and the Salt where the Fort Apache and San Carlos Reservations had a common but unmarked border. The 3rd, 5th, and 6th Cavalry Regiments were in the area but were unable to get results of the kind to please Willcox.

Sieber took ten men; Horn took ten men; Mickey took a young scout nicknamed "Hambone" and went to see Old Pedro. Horn locked horns with Alchesay and Sieber had it out with Cochine. Between the three parties they wrecked twelve "stills" and had to jail two men. These sweeping results made matters worse at San Carlos and Agent Hart lost all control. General Willcox ordered the cavalry to take over, and he made Captain Chaffee the Indian Agent, relieving Hart July 1, 1879. Several years of Agency records mysteriously vanished.

Summer came, and crafty Old Nanay sent word to San Carlos that he and Golthlay (Geronimo) were living well in the Sierra En Medio but wanted to come to the reservation and visit with their families whom they had not seen for over a year. (This was absurd as everyone knew the *Netdahe* had their families with them.)

Hal-Say, the warrior who had brought the message, was one of the Wild Ones. Chaffee stealthily signaled to the police to seize Hal-Say, which they did, clapping him in irons and throwing him into the guardhouse. This was an error soon apparent when the scouts pointed out to the captain that now there was no one to take an answer back to the broncos in Mexico. It would do no good to release Hal-Say after having so treacherously jailed him. What to do?

"Send Mickey Free!" Sieber said.

Chaffee ordered a party made up of Free, Sieber, Horn, and Grijalba to take the message. The latter, an erstwhile captive of the Chiricahui, had been a friend of Geronimo's son, Chappo.

The four scouts made it to the middle mountains (also called Sierra Huachinera) in five days. They were in no great hurry. At the foot of Terras Mesa they were challenged by an Apache who obviously had been stationed there as a vidette. He told them Geronimo was expecting Hal-Say. They told him Hal-Say had decided to remain with his wife at San Carlos. The lookout replied that Hal-Say did not have a wife. They countered by saying that Hal-Say had to get married.

He then told them that Geronimo was in his *rancheria* near the top of the mesa and described the place. The scouts pressed on, and the vidette remained behind to see if any soldiers were following them.

At the *Netdahe* hideout, Geronimo would have nothing to do with Mickey or Horn. Naiche looked with scorn on this negotiating business; but Nanay said it was all right. Geronimo trusted Sieber, sometimes, and liked Grijalba, saying he would talk through him.

Free, Sieber and Horn were shown where to camp—off to one side so they'd be out of things. Their horses were cared for by some boys, and women brought them food and drink. As darkness fell a council fire was lighted up on the other side of the *rancheria*. Mickey, although he was the least trusted of the visitors, strolled around to see what he could see. He came back and stated his belief that there were close to a thousand Apaches in the camp, and that he'd heard enough to distrust Grijalba.

AT DAYBREAK two old women brought food and drink, followed by a minor shaman who escorted the scouts to the tribal council directly after sunup. The whole tribe was gathered around Geronimo who stood on a stump in the center. All eyes were on the notorious Apache leader, but Mickey Free was much more interested in what was being said in whispers nearby.

Geronimo, his swarthy face grimmer than usual, began to talk. He spoke so everyone could hear, but his glittering eyes were fastened on the four scouts. He spoke of all the wrongs done to him by the Agents, by the soldiers, and by the White Mountain Tontos, by the Mexicans, and by the settlers.

He had more grievances than one could imagine, yet he wanted to go back and live on the reservation! He wanted all the horses and guns and ammunition he could use. He wanted to make enough *mescal* to keep himself well crocked; he wanted calico for his women, shoes for his children, and everything else he ever saw or heard of was on his want list. He talked for about two hours. Geronimo was the greatest chief, to hear him tell it, the best talker—and the biggest liar in the world, to hear Sieber tell it.

Finally the actor ran out of lines. Sieber sat still for some time, and then he turned to Mickey. "Free," he said in a mutter, "tell that damn big-mouth what I say, no more no less, hear! No—yuh tell 'im, Grijalba, but tell 'im right!"

He whispered: "Free, listen in."

Then Sieber stood up and coughed loudly. He told Geronimo he had asked for everything under the sun, and a heap more than he'd ever heard of. He said he was not there to make a bargain with him, just to find out what he (Geronimo) wanted, and now that he knew he'd go back and report to the general.

Not an Indian stirred or spoke for a long time after Grijalba's translation. Finally Geronimo stood up and said, "We will meet here again at sundown."

Sieber went back to camp and stretched out on his back, his eyes staring at the big sky. Free and Horn took a walk around the *rancheria;* Grijalba joined them en route. When they returned, Sieber was still lying there staring, and his brow was wrinkled in thought.

When questioned by Tom Horn he said, "I'm thinkin' up a heap o' things t'tell that flat-faced s—o—b at the council tonight."

After a pot of good mule stew and fried bread served by the old women, along with an extra treat of coffee and a bag of Bull Durham, the scouts sauntered to the council fire. The head *shaman* called the council to attention and Geronimo made the opening remarks, all of which were uncomplimentary to everything not of the Apache world. He then sat down.

Sieber stood up and looked at the crowd then addressed himself to Geronimo. Grijalba began translating and Mickey concentrated on any statements which might be misinterpreted. "This morning you asked for many things, and you knew that I could not give you many of the things you asked for, and I think that you asked for them because you craved to talk and not because I could or would do as you asked. Anything I do promise you know damn well you will get.

"Now this I will say to you, come back to the reservation and behave yourself and draw your rations, as many other Apaches are doing now. They are happy, and you will be happy, too, and you know it but you are too ornery to admit it. I can promise you no more, and you have not complained of not getting what I have promised you, or I would tell you you are a liar.

"You are a man of war. There is hate in your heart and no room for peace. But I am telling you this mess cannot last. The white men are as leaves on the trees. There are hundreds of White-Eyes to every Apache. All the Chihuicahui, or nearly all, and some Mimbrenos, are within hearing of the words I am saying now. Your people cannot stay on the warpath and not be killed. Soon your people will all be killed and how will you ever replace them?"

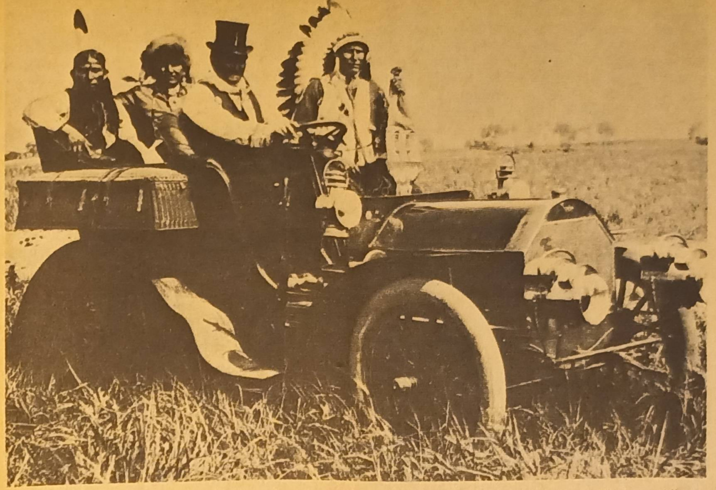
"El Chivero," (Grijalba) Geronimo interrupted, "told me the American soldiers will never follow me into Mexico!"

Mickey quickly nodded in agreement. Sieber scowled, but hesitated only a minute. "That has been the case for a time, and I know you have no fear of the Mexican soldiers. And to that I will say that in a short time, within a year, another treaty will be made by the American and Mexican Governments, allowing American soldiers to enter these mountains, and then you will be doomed to capture, or will be killed for, as I said before, the Americans are without number. I leave tomorrow for San Carlos. *Enju!*"

Al Sieber then turned and went back to the scouts' camp. Free and Horn remained long enough for Grijalba to complete the translation. Sieber's talk had made a deep impression on the *Netdahe*. Geronimo spoke to Naiche, and immediately Nanay and the other chiefs broke into earnest conversation. A *shaman* came over and told Mickey, Horn and Grijalba to leave. They returned to camp.

All night long the council fire burned and at daybreak the scouts were roused out of a fitful sleep by the old *shaman*. He said, "Golthlay said tell Peacemaker we will come back."

The scouts looked over the *rancheria;* not a dozen men of warrior calibre were left in the hideout. A score of old people—probably too old to travel—were going about their morning chores and making enough noise to simulate a thousand people.



Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Later, unique "publicity" photo of Geronimo at wheel of Pierce-Arrow car.

"Humph!" Horn grumped as the scouts got ready to leave. "Looks like Ah just came along for th' ride. Can't even get a fresh horse."

"You are our bodyguard, Talking Boy," Mickey Free said slyly. "Can help me pick up fresh horses at the Gallegos rancho on way back."

The four scouts took a month returning to San Carlos. They not only picked up four good saddle horses on the way, but kept a watchful eye on Geronimo's northward movement, a ragged column which was stretched out for miles.

WHILE the returnees were being settled, the reservation officials made some basic changes in the rules. They located the Geronimo clans on the Whiteriver (Fort Apache) Reservation in the remote Turkey Creek country. Now that there were no more Apaches on the war trails, some of the scouts were ordered to the Mexican border patrol—four to each platoon of cavalry. The long service scouts were detailed among their reservation bands (clans) to assist and advise their kinsmen and to keep the military informed concerning the Indians' progress and behavior.

Al Sieber resumed his duties as Chief of Scouts. Grijalba was assigned as interpreter at the San Carlos ration-issuing counter. Tom Horn stood outpost duty until his current enlistment expired, then he went prospecting.

The BIA and the miltary brass wanted to bring the tribes together indissolubly. They gave this task to Mickey Free; he was promoted to lieutenant from sergeant and made a sort of Ombudsman.

It was while thus involved that Mickey Free, now twenty-eight, met a sprightly Pinaleno maiden named Juana and soon married her. They were joined in the old traditional Mansos Apache wedding ceremony which lasted one moon (28 days) from courtship to end of "honeymoon." Juana, a member of a former Sonoita *Hako* clan, traced her kinship back to Chief Poramuca. The couple moved into Mickey's scrapwood shack just east of Hell's Forty Acres and both were happy.

From there the peripatetic scout was able to circulate among The People, now consisting of 7 distinct tribes, 69 clans, a nation of well over 5,000 unruly people. As ambassador-at-large, he stuck mainly to the Pinals and the Chiricahui, and although he tried diligently the record showed that he failed. To overcome the inborn suspicions various tribes held for each other, coupled with years of festering distrust of the white man in general and the Agency officialdom in particular with its deceptions, confusion, low-aims and indecision always so apparent, the Indians' rankling hatred was so deep that no one man, or group of men, could have accomplished the task.

During December, 1879 Chief Beduiat (Victorio) again became tired of talk and suddenly disassociated himself from Geronimo and struck out for himself. He returned to his native mountains in southern New Mexico and allied his Mimbreno followers with some Mescalero dissidents and a few Jicarilla braves. This gave him a following of about 200 warriors. He had to feed them and their families (Apache women and children always followed their men) and soon he was pillaging hamlets and ranches from San Simon Creek to the Rio Pecos. Cavally troops guided by native scouts from Forts Cummings (1863-80), Selden (1865-79) and Stanton (1855-96), pursued the raiders but accomplished little other than to keep them running—and raiding. Mickey Free, Lieutenant of Apache Scouts, Department of Arizona, could do little about the depredations as long as Victorio remained in New Mexico.

The situation abruptly changed when Mickey noticed that a small band of strange warriors, including a fast-talking *Shaman*, had made camp in Tufa Stone Wash where it merged with the San Carlos River. He made a solo scout of the encampment and soon learned that these strangers had been sent by Victorio to recruit more braves and acquire much needed horses and supplies. The warriors, as soon as they realized the feared half-breed had them located, decamped, making a swift swipe at the cavalry picketline and escaping with twenty-two horses during which theft they wounded the sentry.

Mickey shot two of the raiders, then kept the *Netdahe* under surveillance until help caught up with him. On March 8, 1880 he brought back word that Victorio, with sixty warriors, had raided the picketline of Troop E, 9th Cavalry, between Fort Bayard and Silver City and had killed or wounded eight soldiers and captured forty-six horses. Major Albert Payson Morrow, cavalry commander of southwestern New Mexico, knew the reputation of Mickey Free and requested, through channels, that the manhunter be transferred to his command for an indefinite period.

Captain A. R. Chaffee, recently reassigned as southeastern Arizona field commander, was willing to oblige his old comrade and forthwith ordered Free to the New Mexico field. When Mickey started to take his young wife along, Chaffee dissented. Mickey took off alone and Chaffee had another black mark against him.

Morrow's pursuit of Victorio gained momentum when Mickey arrived, picked up the trail, and led the way. Tracking began in a sheep camp below Lordsburg, where in the Animas Valley four *bracero* herders had been killed and Victorio's people had butchered enough mutton to last them quite a spell. For days the trail led eastward. crossed the Rio Grande Valley and led up into high country.

A late winter snow suddenly blanketed the world in white and the plodding cavalry had hard going. Mickey, riding a day ahead of the troops, saw the trail wind deeper into the piney Guadalupe Mountains then disappear into a large red hole in the ground. He was not inclined to ride into that trap alone. It took him a day and a night to catch up with Morrow's troopers as they had turned back to Fort Selden.

In the meanwhile, Colonel (Brevet Major-General) Edward Hatch (1832-1889), cavalry commander for the New Mexico Department, ordered the full regiment of the 9th, about 500 men, into the field; this included a company of Mescalero Apache Scouts. Mickey scouted ahead and picked up Victorio's winding trail back near Hillsboro where they had wrecked a ranch and killed two settlers. The trail led through the maze of canyons called Pinos Altos, then down to Skeleton Canyon.

Mickey was frequently within long rifle range, but usually refrained from shooting until the cavalry got close enough to support him. The trail showed the marauders had crossed into Mexico unnoticed by the border patrol. Mickey knew the hostiles were close enough to be engaged, providing the cavalry would put on a forced night's march, but Major Morrow would have none of it.

The scout had no inhibitions about crossing the border (in fact he still wasn't sure whether he was an American or a Mexican). He asked Morrow for permission, and got it, to follow Victorio and see what he could see. He took along five young Mescalero scouts, and as true Apaches will, they kept up with him. A week later, deep in Chihuahua, he found where Victorio was joined by Chief Nanay and his motley band from Sonora. The raiders began a whirlwind sweep eastward, slaying en route nearly 400 Chihuahuenos in *barrios* and *ranchos*.

HISTORY records the savage sweep of the red horde through the borderlands of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Sonora and Chihuahua. It tells of the ponderous American forces, hampered by devious reservation Agents, trying to catch up—and of the more nimble Mexican forces who were reluctant to catch up. It tells of the ubiquitous Mickey Free and his dwindling group of scouts keeping visual contact with the raiders, sending back information on where to engage and possibly exterminate the wily Victorio and his predators.

Mickey turned back north to meet the U. S. troops at the border and guide them south to the red trail. He was with them when Hatch, Grierson, Forsyth, Gatewood, Cruse, Mills, Tupper, Rafferty and Morrow with 1,800 soldiers, 200 Apache Scouts, and 40 Texas Rangers were stopped by General Terrazas, partly because they were on Mexican soil and partly because the general believed the Apache *diablos* were up a box canyon where he could get all the credit for destroying the most fearsome raider of all time.

Lieutenant Thomas Cruse (1857-1941), who was in charge of a detail of Apache Scouts attached to the forces out of New Mexico, and his friend Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood (1853-1896) who also kept a diary (much to the displeasure of their superior officers, as it turned out later), were close enough to get basic accounts of the battle from eye-witnesses when Victorio and his marauders were surrounded and nearly exterminated on October 14, 1880 by a combined force of Mexicans who had him outnumbered ten to one. Only three warriors and a like number of women escaped and, under Nanay, fled to Pa-Gotzin-Kay above the Big Bend of the up-Bavispe Barranca.

Pa-Gotzin-Kay was an impregnable stronghold in the Sierra Madre set up by Tahza's clan of forty who had fled when John Clum closed their Chiricahua Reservation in 1876. They remained secure in their hideout in the Mother Mountains, and some of their descendants are there to this day. Victorio, Naiche, Geronimo, Nanay, Juh and Loco, and others had hideouts nearby, several of which were never seen by the troops under Willcox, Kautz, Crook or Miles, although some of their Apache scouts visited the strongholds and kept their knowledge to themselves.

AL SIEBER reassigned Mickey Free to special police duty covering the vast reservations—the Whiteriver (4,800 square miles) and the San Carlos (4,400 square miles) with headquarters at Fort Apache, San Carlos and the sub-agency at Camp Goodwin.

The Indians were mysteriously restive, and by summer of 1881 a beloved old *shaman*, or medicine man, named Noch-ay-del-Klinne had the Fort Apache tribes riled up with a series of Ghost Dance rituals. Agent J. C. Tiffany became alarmed the craze would spread south to San Carlos where most of the volatile *Netdahe* lived. Colonel Carr, fearing widespread disorders, himself led a column of 117 cavalrymen and scouts north to arrest the *shaman* if he persisted in the religious orgies.

Captain Edmund C. Hentig was in command of the troopers and Lieutenant Thomas Cruse in charge of the scouts; Mickey Free was senior scout and interpreter. The Apaches saw them coming. Captain Hentig and four troopers were killed; three were wounded; and about twenty Indians, including some scouts who mutinied, were killed in a battle later headlined by newsmen as The Cibicu Creek Massacre.

The battle lasted several days and carried all the way to the outskirts of Fort Apache itself. An undetermined number of Indians were killed. When repercussions of the "religious dances" reached Washington, President Chester A. Arthur ordered a shake-up of the military establishment on the Arizona frontier. In the meanwhile ten white settlers, including women and children, were killed by the Apaches, and much property was looted and destroyed. The Noch-ay-del-Klinne affair ended with the old *shaman's* being shot to death. Five mutinous scouts were arrested, two of whom were sentenced to Alcatraz and three sentenced to death. The latter were hanged March 3, 1882.

This was also the year when General George Crook, now nicknamed "Rosebud George," was ordered back to Arizona Territory to take over command of the Department from General O. B. Willcox. J. C. Tiffany, the San Carlos Agent, 1880-82, was also relieved by Philip P. Wilcox, who lasted one year as Agent. Things quieted down for a while which pleased Mickey as it gave him a chance to spend some time at home with Juana, who presented him with a son, September 30, 1882.

The day before this momentous event, young Lieutenant Britton Davis (1860-1930) of the 3rd Cavalry arrived at San Carlos and was temporarily assigned to the police and scout companies. When Davis heard of the birth of a son to the wife of his lieutenant of scouts, he made the gentlemanly gesture of writing a note of congratulations to the father. Apparently this act of courtesy and thoughtfulness so pleased Mickey that it endeared the young officer to him for life.

Shortly thereafter a *Netdahe* Chiricahua, Nah-de-ga-ah (called Gar for short), fired a shot which won him a few paragraphs in history. Gar was known to be long on action and short on brains. He had been brooding out in the hills when he saw one of Alchesay's clansmen ride by on a sleek brown horse. Gar drew a bead on the Tonto and shot him out of the saddle. He then captured the horse and rode back to his wikiup. Gar traded the rifle for a bottle of *mescal*, proceeded to get drunk, and bragged about what he had done. The bereaved wife heard about it and reported him to the police.

Gar took his stolen horse and headed back into the hills. Mickey Free and Al Sieber picked up his trail, which was as plain as if a ten-mule team had made it. They caught him, subdued him with a rifle-butt stroke, took him to Fort Apache and threw him into the guardhouse. He was brought to trial and convicted of murder and horse stealing and sentenced to be shot—Indian fashion.

Unfortunately, he and two Apache cellmates broke out of their cell, released three others from an adjoining cell, and the six made it to the picketlines. The Indian sentry took a shot at them, called the corporal of the guard, and three of the escapees were shot down but Gar and two others escaped.

MICKEY FREE was the first to be notified so he took up their trail in his lone wolf manner. Sieber rounded up six scouts and followed. The publicity-seeking officers at Fort Apache and San Carlos notified the press and cooperated in all ways possible with the newsmen from the safety of their offices. Mickey had the fugitives cornered along the Nantac escarpment when Sieber and his scouts arrived. Between them they shot and killed two of the outlaws but again Gar escaped unscathed. After dark he backtracked and crept close to the scouts' camp.

His only weapon now, besides the inevitable reservation-issue Bowie knife, was a rusty old Army-surplus single-shot Sharps. But one shot was all he needed. He killed the scout on horse guard, and appropriated his Spencer repeater, ammunition belt, and a good horse. The sudden shot in the moonless night spooked the other horses and they broke away.

There was no tracker in the entire West, white or red, as ruthless as half-breed Mickey Free when his Indian was up. That included Al Sieber when his Dutch was up. When they were angry, nothing could stop them. It was said that either could "track a shadder on a rainy night." They told the other scouts to round up the horses, and struck out on foot. Like bloodhounds they smelled out the trail of the murderous Chiricahua. The big hellion led them a hectic chase; he ambushed the scouts bringing up the horses, shooting one of them and getting away with a chunk of jerky and a bandolier of Spencer shells.

For a week he was hounded by an ever-growing consortium of trackers—Apaches, white ranchers and Mexicans. After they had lost his trail at the rushing Black River at Bear Canyon they doubled back and found he was up in the East Fork meadows where he had killed two of Corydon Cooley's cowboys in a line camp and had stolen all their weapons, food and horses.

The knowledgeable Britton Davis, in close touch with the manhunters, suggested a change of strategy. He realized that the reason why the outlaw remained in the vicinity was that he had a young woman he wanted to join up with him. Davis cannily told Mickey Free, and between them they worked out a plan.

Davis issued an extra ration of food, a calculated amount of firewater, and Mickey spread the word there would be an intertribal dance held to welcome The Season of Golden Leaves. Over 1,000 Apaches attended, old and young, male and female, as was expected. Mickey also attended, after posting his scout-police at strategic points to observe the festivities.

A sharp-eyed young warrior, Nah-delthy attended too, and it was he who spotted the outlaw when he appeared in the crowd dressed in grimy Levis and a wide-brimmed Stetson. Nah-delthy, unarmed at the time, notified Mickey Free and the two of them tackled Gar on the spot. The crowd immediately reacted. Many of them jumped into the fray. Other scouts and police arrived and took over after cracking a half-dozen heads with rifle butts. Gar was dragged off to the guardhouse at Fort Apache and shackles put on his legs.

The following day, to avoid more trouble with the seething clans, the police removed Gar to the guardhouse at San Carlos. Within a week the outlaw's woman had secretly visited him several times by the cell window. On the third visit she smuggled a loaded six-shooter in to him.

The night sentry on duty happened to be an Apache whom Gar knew quite well. He talked his friend into letting him take a walk outside in the yard so he could see the stars once again. The sentry apparently saw nothing wrong with that, and let him out, still in leg chains. They walked around the yard; the guard with his rifle ready, remaining behind the prisoner.

Gar then pulled the old ruse of saying he had to step behind the bushes. He started to lower his Levis and the sentry lowered his rifle, butt down. In the next moment Gar shot the sentry through the head with his hidden six-gun. Quickly he grabbed the rifle and shot at the sentry on the adjoining post, but missed. Naturally the shooting alerted all scouts, and the next shot was by Mickey Free. It broke Nah-de-ga-ah's back. Other people were gathering and a harsh voice commanded: "Kill him dead!"

Mickey recognized that voice and he stared at the arrogant face of Captain Chaffee. It was the face of the man he detested most. Although no longer the Reservation Agent, having been relieved of that post by Civilian Agent J. C. Tiffany, Chaffee was still in command of several military units on the reservation including scouts. Gar was writhing on the ground, and Mickey flashed his long Green River knife and bent over the dying prisoner.

"I will kill him as now you ordered," he spoke in his garbled English, "or rather would you kill him and let me supervise?"

"No! Wait! Hold it!" interrupted the horrified Tiffany.

There followed a heated exchange of words between the captain and the civilian, with Mickey translating for the benefit of Apaches in the crowd. In view of the foregoing events, he knew opportunity was knocking at his wikiup door. The Apaches reacted vociferously, and Mickey translated for Chaffee's benefit. The outcome was a closed-door conference the following day, with the ultimate result that Tiffany got relieved and Chaffee got orders to brutal Fort Bowie.

A MONTH or so passed and feathers ruffled over the Gar incident had not yet smoothed down when an habitual old advocate of violence, Kaah-Tenny (pronounced *Ki-at-ti-Nay* in Apache), kicked up a ruckus which had a bizarre backlash. A mimbreno of the *Chi-henne* clan, and a relative of Nah-delthy whose father was a strict clan leader, Kaah-Tenny had been a *Netdahe* warrior under Mangas Coloradas, Cuchillonegro and Beduiat. He stood six feet tall, a big lout of a brave with nearly twice the heft of the lithe Mickey Free who was the only man Kaah-Tenny ever feared.

Now he was a *Chen-ata-t'-ose-Ta-bay*—meaning a Bad One, or Tonto, or in modern white man's terms a psychopath. He became a lone wolf and opportunist, always ready for a fight or frolic that could turn into trouble, especially for the White-Eyes. The only white man he could get along with was George Stevens, who was married to an Apache woman and who was a respected official at San Carlos while engaged in the freighting and trading business.

Kaah-Tenny talked Stevens out of some equipment—guns and horses—and got a pass off the reservation to go meat hunting. In the San Simon Valley he and his sidekick, Chino-Ati, came upon six Pinalenos who had also been authorized off the reservation to go deer and turkey hunting. Kaah-Tenny and Chino-Ati ambushed these unsuspecting men and took their horses and weapons. They followed up with two raids, one on a pair of prospectors whom they killed, the other on one of Stevens' freight outfits where they killed the driver and helper and looted the wagon.

First Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood in full-dress uniform.

The wagon was packed with pots and pans consigned to the Agency ration warehouse—utensils which were worthless to them. Out of sheer malice they threw the cargo in all directions, and later the reservation stay-at-home Indians had a field day salvaging the utensils and trading the surplus for other goods.

Naturally the news soon got back to San Carlos, and Mickey Free was ordered to find the marauders and bring them in, "dead or alive," Al Sieber added, unable to go along as he was again laid up with his recurrent "misery." Mickey picked up the marauders' trail in Pinal Pass and followed it to San Simon Wash and on to Stein's Peak. He killed Chino-Ati but Kaah-Tenny escaped—"running like a scared coyote."

The manhunter stayed on the trail and it circled around back to Fort Apache. Kaah-Tenny popped in on his old *rancheria*, toting two gallons of whiskey he'd gotten from some unscrupulous traders, the type who always hung around the outskirts of reservations. The Indian talked some clansmen into hiding him and then all went on a big booze. In his cups he boasted how he had killed a party of six Pinal meat hunters. This word soon reached Britton Davis, recently assigned to the sub-Agency at Camp Goodwin (changed to Fort Thomas in 1883).

Mickey Free, hard on the killer's trail, arrived at Goodwin almost as soon as the news, and reported to Davis. The lieutenant furnished Mickey with the latest clue and the manhunter lost no time. He found Kaah-Tenny in a drunken stupor on the trail and because it was so close to home, Mickey did not wield the deadly long-knife; he merely looped a rawhide riata around the thick neck, revived the *Netdahe*, and dragged him into Davis' office. Kaah-Tenny was tried and convicted of murder and sentenced to three years in the Federal Penitentiary at Alcatraz but his murderous exploits were far from ended.

GERONIMO was thoroughly angered over Kaah-Tenny's capture, trial and sentence. He and the other chiefs had ridden many war trails with the big hellion. A word from the leaders and soon the foment of discontent increased among the Wild Ones, most of whom held the fear that they too might be confined behind those grim prison walls. Geronimo did not cry "police brutality" and he did not appeal to the courts; he preferred to let his instincts guide him. He got into such a violent rage that he even renewed his old *Netdahe* vows. He constantly kept an eye out for a chance to kill Mickey Free, and never lost a chance to do him ill. He also added the name of Britton Davis to his list of hate.

The Kaah-Tenny incident further bonded the friendship between the grim little manhunter and the young West Pointer. Mickey became Davis' faithful interpreter, his life saver, and in return Davis was the only white man who would associate with Mickey off duty and who helped him in many ways. This comradeship lasted until June 1, 1886, when Lieutenant Davis resigned from the Army.

The whole affair gained national circulation in magazines and newspapers. When these articles were read to him, Geronimo reiterated his anger against Mickey Free who had been the Apache-English-Mexican interpreter to the newsmen.

Geronimo's discontent was justified for many reasons, at least in his own estimation. Certainly the military under Kautz, Willcox, and Indian Affairs under Colyer, Tiffany, Sterling, Wilcox and Hoag, had not lived up to their promises. The two organizations had been backstabbing each other behind the scenes ever since San Carlos was first organized back in 1871. Bribery, thievery, and all-around dishonesty were rampant. There were constant beef shortages; grain was moldy; the cows were thin and dry; most horses not belonging to the military were hipshot old broomtails good for little besides crowbait. Clothing and blankets were hard to come by; medicines had become nonexistent; people were coming down with "the fever."

All of the Indians knew about the inter-agency squabbles, but most put up with the situation because they could do nothing about it, and partly because they thought they could see something better in the future. Geronimo believed otherwise. He and Naiche, along with Perico, Chappo, Nolge, Nanay, Mangus, Benito and Bylas got together and brewed up a big batch of illicit *tiswin*. Chi-hua-hua, Ulzanny (Josanny), Chatto, Loco and Juh, chieftains of neighboring clans, also joined in.

They drank until their bellies bloated. In the inter-tribal hoedown they became loud and quarrelsome as Indians always do. Drunk or with a hangover, the Apache was by nature about as easy to get along with as a wounded grizzly bear. Boasting of their fighting prowess, and some being called liars, the Indians were on the verge of fighting each other.

Someone reported the spree to Davis, who immediately sent for Mickey Free. The scout had been home attending to his ailing wife. Free and Sieber came with a strong force of Indian police and arrested the thirty leaders of the revelers. Before being confined, the prisoners were brought before Davis, who gave them a lecture through interpreter Free. Among other things, Davis threatened to report them to General Crook who had just returned to Arizona Territory and for whom Geronimo had a certain amount of respect.

Geronimo then launched into a tirade of abuse on Mickey Free, and accused him of falsely translating events to the authorities, especially to Britton Davis. This got him no place. Having been placed in irons once before, Geronimo was determined not to undergo such humiliation again, and swiftly changed his attitude. He became vacillating and ingratiating, almost, and even admitted that he may have been wrong! Davis then ordered the group released, after giving them another lecture on how to behave. This was what the wily Apache wanted. He and the others returned to their wikiups and made ready to become *Netdahe* again.

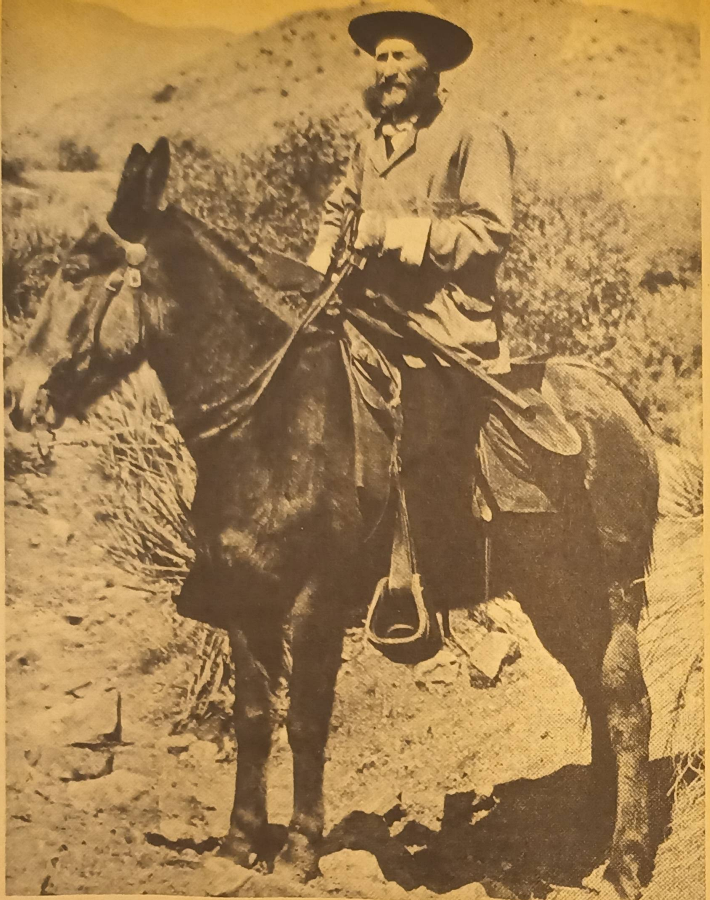
GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, on his second tour of duty in Arizona—officially September 4, 1882 through April 12, 1886—was enmeshed in executive command work in Department headquarters at Fort Whipple that October when he received the belated message that over a thousand "southern" Apaches had broken out at Camp Goodwin and San Carlos Reservation.

With Captain John G. Bourke and other aides, and a handful of scouts and packers, he headed for Fort Apache where he paused long enough to get the over-all picture. About 800 Mogollon-Tonto-Cibicu tribesmen had broken out from Whiteriver in sympathy for their cousins at San Carlos. The general ordered Colonel A. W. Evans into the seething Tonto Basin, with reinforcements from Forts Verde and McDowell, then he continued on to San Carlos.

To compound his troubles, Crook now got a first-hand view of the mess which had caused the outbreaks that summer. He promptly took over control of the reservation. Agent Philip P. Wilcox became a mere figurehead. There were now less than 4,000 Apaches at San Carlos, and a like number at Fort Apache—the rest were riding the war trails. Along with the Gar and Kaah-Tenny incidents, deeds of violence had been happening with startling rapidity. Albert D. Sterling, the interim chief of police at sub-Agency Camp Goodwin, and twenty-two settlers in the Tonto Basin-White Mountain Meadows had already been slain. The Mormon Church in Salt Lake City had protested to Washington.

Troops from Sibley City and Forts Apache and Bowie were valiantly scouring the hills. Tom Horn, Archie MacIntosh, Sam Bowman, Ed Clark, Cory Cooley, Severaino and other veteran scouts reenlisted to back up Al Sieber and Mickey Free, and numerous full-blood Apache warriors who had distinguished themselves as scouts in previous campaigns joined up with *Nant-an* Crook at San Carlos. They were assigned to police duty and within weeks the rebellious reservation Indians were calmed down.

They got in the late harvest then troopers not on field duty escorted them into the hills for the annual meat hunt—antelope, deer, elk, bear, turkey—and they were satisfied there would be plenty of meat for the coming winter.



General George Crook, 1885, near Fort Bowie, A.T.

With his Agency problems under control, Crook proceeded to organize a force of over 200 scouts, and put old-timers like Sieber, Free, Horn and McIntosh in charge of companies. The training process was going well when on March 28, 1883, the sizzling telegraph wire brought the news that Federal Judge H. C. McComas and his wife had been killed on the Silver City-Lordsburg road and McComas' six-year old son Charles had been kidnapped. The raiders were believed to have been Chief Chatto (erstwhile chum of John Clum) and his renegades who had been involved in a series of forays from Apache Pass to the Florida Mountains in recent weeks, during which time they were known to have slaughtered a score of white pioneers.

On April 23, an assault force of 1,500 cavalrymen and 200 scouts moved south to Willcox Springs. There they joined with a huge packtrain led by Tom Jeffords and Billy Fourr, rancher, and proceeded to the old San Bernardino Springs Rancho which straddled the border. The over-all command was under General Crook with Captain John Bourke, adjutant; the scouts were under Captain Emmet Crawford, with Lieutenants Charles B. Gatewood and James O. Mackay. Al Sieber was Chief of Scouts, with Mickey Free, Tom Horn, Archie MacIntosh, and Sam Bowman as his assistants.

On May 1, 1883, the force crossed the border and proceeded to the Springs, an area of ten square miles on the old rancho. About 2,000 horses and mules were in the expedition and the dust cloud raised was observed by the *Netdahe* for fifty miles. Sieber turned one company of scouts loose and they scattered into the brushy hills like javelina in a cactus patch.

Mickey Free, his course predetermined, again played the part of a *lobo solo*. By the first sunset he had crossed the old Divisadero Trail of the *Netdahe*. He had now gained a full day on the others, or so he thought. At dawn the next morning a scout straggled into his camp, worn and weary after an all-night trip. It was Tzoe, or Peaches as he was called by many, the favorite message carrier for General Crook. Two days later Mickey and Peaches had "crossed the Canyon," were inside the Bavispe Bend, and had found one of the six hideout *rancherias* still maintained by the Wild Ones. Only a handful of old men and women were in camp.

The two scouts watched them for a while, then moved on. It was known as Juh's Rancheria and was in one of these natural mountain fortresses from which a blundering military column could have been annihilated had the warriors been at home.

MICKEY AND PEACHES separated and worked the surrounding feed-in canyons. Several days later Mickey found the main *rancheria* of Chatto and Benito, and the hostiles were at home. Flitting along the perimeter he counted 60 warriors and well over 200 members of their families, all in a relaxed attitude as if resting after a strenuous ride. After darkness fell Mickey was again joined by Peaches. They conferred, then Peaches took the return trail to the column of troops to apprise Crook of the wilderness hideout.

The general ordered a night march and luckily was able to get within striking distance before being seen by videttes at daybreak. A battle followed in the brutally rough region and lasted until midday. When it was over, eight Apache bodies (four men, four women) were counted, and judging by the sign most of them had been killed by the scouts. The wounded, if any, had escaped.

The military had lost seven killed and a like number wounded. The troops captured twelve youngsters and a few old people, fifty-four horses and mules, and heaps of supplies, all of which had been taken as spoils by the Apaches from Mexican and American settlements.

During the hectic attack Mickey Free had seen two women and two warriors disappear with a small white boy into a brush-choked feeder canyon. It was never learned if the child were the captive Charlie McComas. His ultimate fate was never ascertained, although evidence exists that he was slain.

The next day while the military recovered from the battle, Mickey led two middle-aged Apache women into Crook's headquarters tent. They proclaimed that old Chi-hua-hua wanted to make peace and that they were his peace delegation. Crook refused to talk with them, telling them through interpreters Free and Peaches that he would talk with men only. The women were turned loose and, after giving them a head start, Mickey followed them. After two days he returned with the information that Chi-hua-hua, acting independently of the other chiftains, was on his way in for a conference with Crook, and if this were acceptable, a smoke signal was to be sent up and maintained until twilight on Benito's Butte. This was done.

In the meantime Crook and his aides decided on a bit of sideline strategy. They sent Peaches to a *rancheria* he knew about, deeper in the pine-clad mountains known as the Sierra Huachinero. Peaches was gone four days and nights. He had found all the chieftains in council, and after hearing what the scout had to say, they told him to go. What they intended to do, they refused to tell him. Mickey then volunteered to make the same scouting trip and after consulting with Sieber, Crook gave him permission to go. He, too, was back in four days, saying Geronimo had refused to enter into any agreement with a Tonto (Peaches) and had tried to kill Free himself, but that most of the hostiles wanted to come in.

Several days later, small groups of twenty or thirty began to filter into Crook's camp. Within a week many renegades, mostly Mimbrenos under Chi-hua-hua, Loco, Benito, Mangus, Nanay and Zele, had arrived. Chief Juh had also started in but, drunk again and riding double with a woman, had ridden his horse off the sheer trail of the up-Bavispe and both had fallen to their death. (The treacherous trail is still called Juh's Pass.)

Crook now had the problem of feeding about 400 Apaches. The returnees brought several hundred horses and loads of loot which they had captured in prior raids. Crook could do nothing but look the other way as this mass of supplies gradually disappeared while marching north out of the mountains.

GENERAL CROOK had made his base camp at San Bernardino Springs. Knowing the Indian's value of time, he was in no hurry. He also knew the traits of such chieftains as Naiche, Geronimo, Chatto and Chappo: Geronimo would rather talk than eat; Naiche would rather fight than do either; Chappo would go along with his father; Chatto would rather stall while his evil brain concocted new deviltry, which he would carefully plot but keep to himself.

Meanwhile, an orphan lad about seventeen, called Kay-I-Tah, who had escaped from the Chiricahua Reservation when it was being evacuated back in 1876 and had been holed up off and on in Pa-Gotzin-Kay, responded to the call of adventure. He had never been registered on any reservation and was still wild and free, but now had a keen desire to go to San Carlos and see if he could become a scout, as was his friend Sergeant Kid. He rashly made contact with the far-roaming Mickey Free and nearly got himself killed for his audacity. They came to an understanding and Mickey arranged to have him return to the *Netadhe* and inform Geronimo to come in or be hounded by the newly enlarged forces now being recruited by General Crook. In the meantime Crook had ordered Captain Crawford and a detachment of scouts to escort the 400 returnees on back to San Carlos. Free and Peaches continued scouting.

When no follow-up news about Crook arrived at the forts, the newsmen had to do something to justify their jobs so they began their usual stunt of manufacturing news. Each reporter tried to outdo the other with his dispatches from the various barrooms in Tucson, Globe and Bowie. The General was kept advised of what was being published but it was beneath his dignity to do anything about it. When his detractors became so vile that it stirred up the War Department in Washington, Crook then filed reports which made liars of some writers and again they were ordered out of San Carlos, Fort Bowie and Fort Apache.

Lieutenant Davis, now stationed at Fort Thomas (formerly sub-Agency Camp Goodwin), came under suspicion of being too lenient with the Indians and too helpful toward the newsmen. This cloud also cast its shadow over fifty-year-old Archie MacIntosh (1834-1902). For eighteen years he had been General Crook's most trusted scout, but in January, 1884 (claiming he was getting a mite too old) had taken an honorable discharge and a pension from the scouts, and had become Davis' rations clerk. Although known as a periodic drinker, for some reason his "periods" soon became chronic. When the Agency Chief at San Carlos summarily fired Archie, the former scout, with his wife Dominga, then set himself up on a ranch just across the line in Gila County, and their son Bob joined the scouts.

The Post Commander ordered Davis relieved from his agency duty, sent him into the field, and told him to leave his diary behind. Davis arrived at San Bernardoo Springs base camp in due time and was assigned to the scouts. Soon he was in conference with his old friend Mickey Free. Working together they got some problems ironed out; this included enlisting Kay-I-Tah into the scouts. The result was that members of Chatto's band began to filter in, but none of Geronimo's or Naiche's group.

MORE TIME passed and scouts brought word that Geronimo would bring in his people after the winter had passed. By April, 1884 all the Wild Ones did come into the scouts' camp, leaving only the original Nameless Ones of the late Tahza's clan still somewhere in the mysterious Pa-Gotzin-Kay of the Sierra Madre.

The Chiricahui were mounted on fine Mexican mustangs; Geronimo himself rode an eye-catching big brown burro jack that he would let no one touch except his son Chappo, who was also his father's bodyguard. The usual wrangling with Geronimo started and Britton Davis, backed up by Mickey Free, ordered the whole group of Wild Ones escorted to Fort Bowie.

Zan L. Tidball, U. S. Marshal for Arizona, with a heavily armed following of deputies and ranchers, arrived at Fort Bowie and objected to the big herd of Mexican horses and to the return into the Territory of Geronimo and Naiche and their warriors. Davis alerted his company of eager-to-fight scouts to stand by.

Davis, Mickey, Sieber, Kay-I-Tah and Tom Jeffords then made a secret arrangement with Geronimo to lead his people out after midnight and, for once going along with a situation that involved Mickey Free, the conniving Geronimo entered into the spirit of the occasion and had his people twenty miles farther north toward the San Carlos when Tidball and his deputies woke up in the morning.

At San Carlos General Crook appointed Captain Crawford the Military Supervisor, and knowing Davis' prior experience, Crawford appointed Davis the Acting Agent, he in turn appointing Mickey Free his Chief of Police. The authorities then split the Chiricahui into clans on both San Carlos and Whiteriver—mainly to keep them from mingling too freely and to lessen chances of causing more trouble. Mickey had his time well occupied, riding from camp to camp and clan to clan. He was able to spend a little time at home with his Juana and his son Willy.

STORM CLOUDS were again gathering over the San Carlos. Discord between the civilian authorities and the military officers grew and spread to the Interior Department, the BIA, and the War Department. Letters which soon became caustic, were exchanged between reinstated Civilian Agent Phil P. Wilcox and General Crook, and their contents became known to the rank and file of the troops. The tribes were caught in the middle, as usual, and the scouts—those who had not been released—were doing much disliked police duty and becoming decidedly unpopular by all concerned.

Agent Wilcox, fed up with the pressure, resigned in September, 1884. George Ford was appointed in his place. With this appointment the BIA made another costly mistake. Ford, a politician, was ignorant of Apache ways but was all for exercising the full authority of an

Indian Agent. One of those men who accepts advice from no one, his first big mistake was to shake up the police department. This brought old stalwarts such as Al Sieber, George Stevens, Tom Horn and Mickey Free down on him. Being enlisted men, they had influence with the military and proceeded to use it. Captain Emmett Crawford (1844-1886), who was in charge from a military standpoint, and Lieutenant Davis continued to do things their way—which at times seemed to be a third side to the coin. Whatever was ordered by the brass, Ford opposed it.

On January 17, 1885, Ford took away the farming tools issued to the Indians along Turkey Creek and gave them in return equal value in army surplus blankets. This was fine for the Indians as they knew it would be months before they'd need farming implements, and in the meanwhile they could keep warm. When someone asked them what they'd do with blankets at San Carlos in the summer, and no way to plant grain for food, the Apaches began to wonder. This situation also got to Washington. The result was an order from the War Department, dated February 14, 1885, instructing Crook not to interfere with internal operations of Indians who were not considered prisoners of war.

"What the hell!" General Crook exclaimed in one of his rare bursts of profanity. "What do they think these Apaches here on San Carlos are? Besides, who took the farm implements away from them!"

He wrote a letter to his division commander, Major General John Pope, explaining the situation and requesting that he either be supported in his administration or relieved from the responsibilities involved. Within two weeks General Pope had exchanged letters with his superiors in Washington, and gained a few points for himself but none for General Crook.

On April 18, the Secretary of the Interior, making a sincere effort to end the squabbling and put the Agency on a common sense footing, sent a telegram suggesting that public interest would best be served if complete control of the Indians were placed under the charge of General Crook. Crook, who had the whole Territory of Arizona to look after and could not be in a dozen places at once, and communications being what they were in those days, did not get the message.

But the civilians did. They always saw the messages which came over the wire as soon as the military did, sometimes even sooner. Especially if a cockeyed halfbreed scout who could read just happened to be handy when there was something worthwhile to read. Mickey read the message aloud in a wondering sort of way and a dozen men—Indian, military and civilian—heard him. This was the incident which put Mickey Free on Crook's black list.

George Ford promptly resigned. This left control of the Agency, in Crook's absence, strictly up to the military. A wire was sent to Washington and within a few days Captain F. E. Pierce, 1st Infantry, was formally appointed Indian Agent at San Carlos. The appointment came too late to save the situation. The spirit of dissension between the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the War Department, and the local military men had been working like poison. Its effects had spread all over both San Carlos and Whiteriver (Fort Apache) Reservations.

On the night of May 15, 1885, that unherioc *Netdahe* troublemaker, Kaah-Tenny, showed up at San Carlos. He had been released eight months early from Alcatraz—for some never-revealed reason. He arrived leading a Missouri mule, its packsaddle bulging with two ten-gallon kegs of frontier-made Best Procurable, which he had secured from an illicit trader just beyond the reservation line by the simple expedient of slitting the trader's throat.

Naturally Kaah-Tenny sought out Geronimo's camp along the headwaters of Turkey Creek. The result of this reunion soon developed into full-blown *boracho*, the likes of which had not been seen since the old unfettered days in Sonora. Davis' spy system suffered a total disruption as most of his police had joined the revelers and failed to put through their intelligence in time.

During the night of May 17, 124 Chiricahui—46 warriors and 78 women and children—broke away from the reservation once again and headed south.

THE BREAKAWAY was led by Geronimo, Naiche, Kaah-Tenny, Mangus, Chi-hua-hua and Nanay. Civilian officers blamed Davis, Pierce, Crawford and Crook. The newsmen had a field day. Crook en route over the rough trail between Fort Apache and San Carlos, heard about the outbreak the next day by courier. The Wild Ones split into five groups. And with flags flying and bugles blowing, there followed as usual a gallant but futile pursuit. It was led by Major Wirt Davis with two troops of cavalry under Captains Crawford and Allen Smith, and Lieutenants Britton Davis and Charles Gatewood with their hastily recruited Indian scouts.

There is only one way to trail Apaches according to the West Point book of rules and that was the way followed by Major Wirt Davis—ignore what the scouts say, they are just out-riders to bear the brunt in case of an ambush. He kept his troops in a closed column—even in the rocky, brushy areas where there were no trails —thus forcing the slowest to keep up with the fleetest. The five bands of Apaches were by then as much as thirty miles apart and the distance was increasing with each passing hour. So was the death toll as thirty-nine white citizens fell before the savage sweep.

Lieutenant Davis, heeding Mickey Free's advice, sent Free and Kay-I-Tah on one trail, which later turned out to be Geronimo's. Peaches and two other fullbloods took a trail which led to Chi-hau-hua and Mangus. Horn and Spike got on a trail that turned out to be Nanay's; Bowman and Dutchy caught up with Kaah-Tenny and narrowly escaped getting killed. In all four cases had the cavalry been able to keep up with the scouts, this Apache Campaign would quite likely have ended successfully. Instead, the cavalry column was following the other trail that petered out in the shifting alkaline sands of Sulphur Springs Valley. Somehow the column managed to keep going two more days.

The five Apache trails converged at the mouth of Cañon De Los Embudos (Fraud Canyon) just a short distance below the border. Major Davis ordered a recuperation camp. Mickey Free, Peaches and Lieutenant Davis wanted to press on. The major wanted to wait until supplies and reinforcements arrived. A week later, H. "Hank" W. Daly showed up with a packtrain.

General Crook in the meanwhile had set up headquarters at Fort Bowie, and was organizing a battalion of cavalry and about 200 scouts. He sent sixty scouts under Al Sieber and Ed Clark to cover the Pinal, Galurio, Graham, Dragoon and Chiricahua Mountains, but none of the Wild Ones were found lingering in these wilderness areas.

By July the entire expedition had crossed the border and was deployed southward. Wirt Davis with Troop B of the 4th Cavalry, escorting the packtrain, came upon an encampment of two women who had remained behind to care for two wounded men; one of the women shot and wounded a trooper but they were captured, along with some supplies left behind for them by their warriors.

On September 22, 1885, the combined American forces executed a sweep through the eastern slopes of the Sierra Madre as far south as Temosachic and after several brief clashes chased the *Netdahe* north toward the border. The Wild Ones were always far enough ahead to rest at night and capture fresh mounts at Mexican ranches along the way, but the cavalry horses kept stumbling along on bloody feet across the shale-rock canyons and lava-strewn ridges. The trails skirted the Sulphur Springs Valley, to the Dragoons, Whetstones, south again into the Mule Mountains, with the cavalry always at least two days behind.

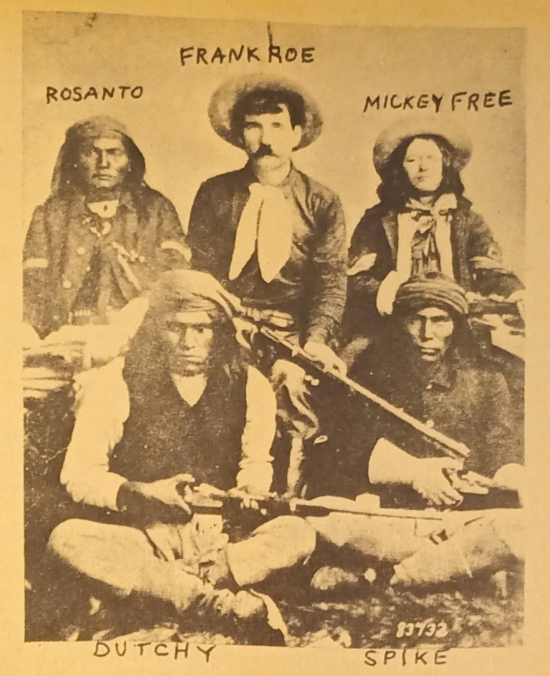
The route turned eastward again, and as luck would have it, the entire group of hostiles came upon the annual cattle roundup of ranchers in the San Simon-Dos Cabezas-Animas Valley region. The Apaches had a field day. They captured 300 good horses and a half dozen chuck-wagons with food. The ranchers lost twelve men in the raid; the Apaches lost three, then headed back south into Mexico.

BY DECEMBER, 1885 the hostiles, reinforced by a score of braves who in the interim had fled the reservations, were scattered and holed up for the winter in the warm flats along the Yaqui Bend. U. S. troops made winter camps at El Campo and at Escondido along the Bavispe Bend. Mickey Free, worried about the condition of his wife at San Carlos, obtained a furlough from Captain Crawford through Lieutenant Gatewood, and with Al Sieber, who had a winter recurrence of "rumitiz," made a quick ride back to San Carlos to see his family —the one bright spot in his life.

Sieber remained at San Carlos and in January, 1886, Mickey returned to duty by way of Fort Bowie. Crook's headquarters assigned twenty-six new Apache scouts to him and he led them down to El Campo along the Bavispe. He found that his former scout company and Troop F had moved about twenty kilometers upriver on the trail of a band of *Netdahe* at Juh's Pass. This was near Pa-Gotzin-Kay and Mickey became curious.

He left the twenty-six scouts and had a native Tarahumari scout assigned to him. Mickey scouted the entrance canyon wash to Juh's Pass and soon found that it was a cold trail. As far as he was able to ascertain there were no Apaches within a day's ride. He did, however, find a broad trail of shod horses at the ford, and knew that Apaches would never leave a trail like that, nor did they shoe their horses. He dispatched his Tarahumari runner on the trail, then returned to his company. Twilight was deepening into a no-moon night in the *barranca*.

He found that Captain Crawford and Lieutenant Maus had also decided to camp for the night. Ignoring the objections of Tom Horn, now Chief of Scouts, the officers had chosen a small shelf just above high water line clogged by rocks, tall buckthorn brush and Spanish dagger. Without saying anything to the officers, Horn and Free sent an Apache scout to Captain C. P. Hatfield, who was working the tricky trails around Basaranca, and another was sent to Beduiat's Bluff heliograph station to notify General Crook of the situation.



Mickey Free and four scouts.

When his Tarahumari scout had not returned by about midnight, Mickey set out on foot looking for him. He soon picked up, mostly by smell, the broad trail of the shod horses, followed it, and found his Tarahumari runner dead—scalped. Mickey was back in camp with his report as the cavalrymen were getting up for breakfast.

"Found squadron of *Nakai-ye gambrusinos Rurales*—bushemasters—*Piel Monteros*—they collect *Apichi* scalps—also Tarahumari hair." He looked around. "I crave vit-tles."

Mickey was eating when a sudden barrage of rifle bullets slashed through the camp from three sides.

"Bushmasters!" he yelled, and with the Apache scouts melted into the brush and rocks, seeking the assailants. The cavalrymen for the moment were stunned. Tom Horn yelled in English then in Spanish that this was an American camp. The firing continued and a half dozen men dropped, wounded, before the group had moved into positions of defense. In the meanwhile at least a hundred shots had been fired into their camp.

Captain Crawford burst from his tent and quickly climbed to the top of a rock, waving his white undershirt and shouting in English to show that his troops were friendly. The Mexicans promptly shot him off the rock. As he tumbled down, he struck his head and further injured himself.

As they rushed the assailants, the scouts saw the captain fall and their "first shot was by Mickey Free, who drew a bead on the Mexican commander. The target dropped as quickly as Crawford had done."

The dead commander turned out to be Major Mauricio Corredor, the reputed killer of Victorio. Three other bushmasters were killed and three wounded before the shooting was over. By a streak of luck none had been killed on the American side. A bitter conference took place between the two forces, and it ended in animosity on both sides. Then carrying their seriously wounded commander, the American troops broke camp and moved a half-day's ride north to a better campsite.

Surgeon Bermingham, the troop doctor, did all he could, but Crawford died several days later. On January 18, 1886, Lieutenant Marion P. Maus, now the senior officer, had the body buried near Nacozari. The troops remained there a month, waiting while additional men, summoned by heliograph, arrived to reinforce them. In the meanwhile the body of Captain Emmet Crawford was removed to be interred at Kearney, Nebraska.

DURING this waiting period, eight of the Apache scouts were missing. They returned to camp in ten days, each man showing signs of having traveled rough war-trails; all had souvenirs signifying violent contact with the hated bushmasters. They returned in two groups: Mickey Free, Peaches, Rowdy and Kay-I-Tah in one; Dutchy, Spunky and Black Rope in the other. Questioned by Tom Horn, Mickey explained they had picked up the maze of old trails between Oputo and Tepache and had located Geronimo's *rancheria* near the great *barranca* of the Rio Yaqui. Only a few women and children were there at the time, so the scouts kept on going without being seen. Dutchy, Spunky and Rope had nothing to say, but occupied themselves grabbing for food. Horn and Sergeant Edwardy knew they had made a tremendous scouting trip—one the cavalry could not possibly duplicate—and that one Apache scout was still missing.

"Where's Spike?" Horn asked.

"Dead," was the laconic reply from Rowdy.

The sun glistened on a weird belt worn by the scout.

"What's that?" Edwardy asked, pointedly and stepped close to the Apache. "Where'd you get that?"

"Him belong fat squaw."

The belt turned out to be a well-worn leather strap about six inches wide and much too big around for the lean warrior. It was festooned with eighteen American-made watches. Some artisan had skillfully riveted the watches to the leather belt, alternating one gold and one silver, and had included a turquoise studded buckle.

Spunky then proudly displayed his souvenirs. He produced a blood-stained gold crucifix which must have come from a revered niche in some Catholic home. He also revealed a heavy silver bracelet, studded wth jewels, several rosaries, and a snuffbox of silver with gold inlay.

Dutchy, not to be outdone, tossed his parfleche to Horn. Horn opened it upside down and a dozen reeking scalps tumbled to the ground. Although all were black of hair, it was obvious that none were exactly Indian, at least not Apache. They had the appearance which suggested Mexican bushmasters.

"Where in hell you *hombres* been?" Horn asked with some astonishment.

Mickey Free said, "We found camp of twelve *yu-dastcin gambrusinos* and we sur-round them. They fight—we fight—killed all but four we took prisoner. Soon one of four smashed Spike's head with a rock from behind." When Mickey paused, Peaches motioned to him and blank-faced said, "Him kill two with long knife," he motioned to Rowdy, "me and him kill-shoot other two—no prisoners."

Before the rest of the scouts could reply, if indeed, they intended to do so, Lieutenant Maus strode into the group of men. He pointed to Rowdy's watch-belt.

"You are required to turn that in to the quartermaster officer," he announced. "General Crook does not permit looting."

Mickey Free quickly interpreted. There was an immediate and vehement exchange of words in Pinal, Coyotero and Chiricahua dialects between Mickey and the other scouts, then silence.

"What were they saying?" Maus, ignoring Free, snapped at Jose Mario his personal interpreter who promptly interpreted from Apache to Mexican. Tom Horn then translated from Mexican into English. He said with a sneer on his thin lips, "Rowdy allows if yuh want that belt you're t'come and take it away from him."

The trilingual Mickey, his one black eye gleaming, knew that both were toned-down translations. Maus thought it over and his face turned pale. He turned and walked back to his tent.

Tom Horn, with a heap of common sense and experience above his collar, sauntered over to his bed roll. In short order he was back, carrying a copper flask. It was an item he had kept hidden, as its contents were forbidden on the trail. He unplugged it and held it out to the nearest scout.

"Here, boys, have a snort. I reckon you done earned it."

Rowdy grabbed the flask and upended it into his mouth. Dutchy grabbed it away from him and took a long drink. Spunky got the next swig. Mickey Free swore, grabbed it, and emptied it.

An hour or so later a group of four were squatted in a circle near one of the campfires. Horn was dealing three-card monte. When the game broke up he had the watchbelt around his own waist. Rowdy had that stoic expression of an Indian in deep thought; Dutchy was no longer the proud owner of the parfleche of scalps. Spunky too was empty-handed. They had gambled in their favorite game and lost. Horn hid the gold and silver items; the scalps he tossed over the cliff. There was nothing much else to do—the Indians silently withdrew to their camp nearby.

In the mornng Mickey Free appeared with the wide watchbelt strapped twice around his own slim waist. A packrat by nature, the lure of gold objects was strong within him, as was the love for good horses. Later when Maus saw Horn astride a fine grullo stallion with an ornate saddle engraved with the *Rurales* emblem which he'd seen Free ride in, he realzed that spoils of war oftentimes had a way of getting into hands that would hold on to them.

JASON BETZINEZ (Batsinas) in his *I Fought with Geronimo*, wrote, "Geronimo had sent two women to one of the Mexican garrison towns [Arispe] . . . to try to arrange for a council at which peace terms could be drawn up. . . ."

Geronimo distrusted the Mexicans even more than he distrusted the Americans, but he held the notion he could handle the Mexicans easier. With charity toward none and malice toward all, his plot was to become recognized as a Mexican citizen along with all of his people, then he could thumb his nose at the United States, and he would deal with the Mexicans as he saw fit when the time came. He had his braves do only a little meat-hunting, while waiting for the two women to return from their mission.

Mickey Free, now stalking the lone wolf trail while the U. S. troops remained in winter camp, intercepted the two women and recognized them. One was a Chiricahau whose family was at San Carlos; the other was a Pinalero whose clan happened to be at Fort Apache (Whiteriver Reservation). Mickey dallied with them for a week, kept them happily preoccupied, and they talked about everything that came to mind; he then escorted them to the vicinity of the Arispe garrison.

"As time passed and the women failed to return," Betzinez wrote, recalling the event, "Geronimo and his men began to fear that the messengers had become victim to the familiar Mexican treachery. They imagined that Mexican authorities might be forcing the women to lead the enemy to where the Indians were concealed. . . . Apaches were always alert for signs of Mexican trickery, having experienced it many times in the past."

After the two women were long overdue, Geronimo moved camp to a different location. It turned out he had moved the day before the women arrived, worn out and hungry, but with a favorable reply from the Mexican authorities. Surprised that their men had pulled out, the women followed their trail.

Mickey, having figured out what Geronimo's intentions were, rejoined his scout company, got some help and began closing in from the opposite direction. The two women out-walked both parties, however, and rejoined Geronimo about thirty-five kilometers south of the border. They informed the chief that the Mexicans had agreed to a council and would be along to take part in it.

Meanwhile, the advance scouts picked up the *Netdahe* trail and contact was made by Mickey Free and Peaches. Geronimo refused to have anything to do with them. He distrusted Tontos and he hated the halfbreed scout. He dispatched the two women again as his representatives and they came to the American camp and made all preliminary arrangements with Lieutenant Maus the day before General Crook and reinforcements arrived.

As a result, General Crook met with Geronimo, Naiche, Chi-hua-hua, Nanay, Mangus, Chappo, Perico, Kaah-Tenny, and others in Cañon De Los Embudos a hard day's ride below San Bernardino Springs for a series of talks on March 25, 26, 27, 1886.

CROOK, intending to make sure the news of this meeting with Geronimo would not be misrepresented, had a newsman and a photographer along to set the record straight in a nonpartisan sort of way. The reporter was Cairo Chase; the cameraman was Camalus S. Fly of Tombstone, and both had a reputation of integrity. During the council meetings the photographer took a number of historic photos of the Indians, scout-interpreters and officers—and the newsman got his scoop. Crook told the Apaches that the only terms he had to offer them was complete surrender. If they did not accept these terms he would allow them two days' grace then he would order several regiments of cavalry with scouts to hunt every manjack of them down and kill them. On the other hand if they did surrender, their lives would be spared, though they would have to suffer imprisonment in the East for two years before being released to their people.

In the meanwhile Crook had ordered his packers and cooks to feed everyone and keep them fed—with the usual army trail rations of hardtack and slumgullion. After gulping down his fill on the third day, Geronimo suddenly belched and abruptly accepted Crook's surrender terms.

In the next breath he demanded two days in which to round up his people, who were scattered over a vast area. After that he would follow the soldiers to Fort Bowie. Hadn't he always kept his promises? Crook reluctantly agreed to Geronimo's stipulation, having in mind putting several good scouts on his trail. The General then ordered his troops to prepare to escort the main group of "noncombatants" back to the reservation.

JUST AS the conference ended, a heavily armed Mexican force from Arispe arrived on the scene. Crook ignored them beyond a curt, *"Como l' Va?"* to the leader.

Geronimo, however, seized the opportunity to vent some spleen. He told the Mexican colonel that he was too late, as usual. The colonel got hot under the collar and accused the Apache of breaking his word. Geronimo replied by pointing to the American soldiers and emphatically said they were his friends. He pointed to stacks of supplies (some of which was his own loot) and said they were food and clothing for him and his people. He said the Americans fed him well, and that from the Mexicans they had received nothing but false promises and treachery. He called the Mexicans *gusanos* (worms) and said they brought nothing but back-stabbers with rifles and sabres. And he wound up by saying he was going back with the U. S. soldiers and scouts.

The enraged colonel withdrew his squadron. Bastinas and Massai watched them move away about one kilometer, then go into camp. Bastinas quietly reported this to Geronimo. Fearing another ambush, Geronimo and most of his warriors faded like ghosts into the hills. Mickey Free, Peaches and several other scouts, following, saw them silently encircle the Mexican camp and set up an ambush of their own.

True to his word, Geronimo took only two days to gather his people and they arrived at San Bernardino Springs right on the heels of the slower-moving troops. It was sundown at the time of arrival. Everyone was trail-weary. The Indians were not disarmed, but were allowed to shift for themselves. Opportunity beckoned to an itinerant peddler named Jean Tribollet. He got to Geronimo and Naiche, and offered them three gallons of tobacco-juice flavored rotgut—worth about $30.00 at going prices—for the totebag full of silver and gold loot they had in their possession. The Apaches could not resist. Soon the warriors were wildly drunk. Naiche fired a gun into the air in drunken exuberance. Geronimo, thinking they were being attacked by the troops, let out his fierce warcry. His jack burro brayed. His braves rallied to the alarm. Before they could regain their wits, he and Naiche and thirty-eight of their followers—eighteen warriors, twenty-two women and children—mounted their mustangs and stampeded into the night.

Newsmen were on hand, of course, to observe the wild nocturnal scene, and they made the most of it. Crook's efforts to manage the news had boomeranged. If Tribollet had not been there with his rotgut; if the Apaches had had the willpower to resist it; if the Indians had been properly stockaded upon arrival; if the trail-worn troopers had been alert; if the scouts had cared a damn; if Crook's officers hadn't been in such a hurry to take a cool bath which their orderlies had been ordered to prepare, events might well have worked out differently.

Authorities in Washington, unable to understand how Geronimo was able to escape from Crook again, disapproved of his terms of surrender. They maintained that Geronimo and his Wild Ones should have been shot on the spot where found. News reports quoted one senator as saying the Apaches should have been hanged to the nearest trees; other officials quoted said the Apaches should not have been returned to the Territory. General Crook, feeling his methods were not appreciated or backed up by his superiors, offered to resign. One other version was that he was ordered relieved from his command in the Department of Arizona.

On April 11, 1886, Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles (1839-1925) was ordered into Arizona to replace Brigadier General George Crook.—*(To be concluded in next issue.)*

OLD WEST Special! BOOK BONUS!

ECHOES of the PLAINS

PIONEER LIFE OF ELLEN CANAGA

●

By HER DAUGHTER IDA C. MILES

Privately Printed 1950

SCARCE BOOK Reprinted COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!

Ellen Crockford Canaga

Sod house on the Nebraska frontier.

This is my mother's story of early days in Michigan, her trip to Nebraska in a covered wagon and the pioneer days in Nebraska. I have written it in simple language for that was the way Mother talked. She did not have a chance to get an education, but she longed for her children to have the opportunity which she was denied. Each person mentioned was a true character. Mother passed away in 1935.—Ida Canaga Miles

I WAS BORN in Ohio in 1848; moved to Elmhall, Michigan, with my parents, Joseph and Mary Crockford, and four brothers, Henry, William, Benton and John, when I was five years old. The country was new and thinly settled. No one had much money, but very little was needed for there was not much we could buy. All the pioneers were interested in, was in getting a home. Everyone was glad to help another fellow, because he never knew when he himself would need assistance. A neighbor meant a helper and a sympathizer.

The country was covered with a dense forest and many rocks. Father found it slow work, struggling and working early and late hours trying to clear the land. The only tools the men had to work with were a one-bladed ax, a crosscut saw and some wooden wedges they had made of hardwood. Only a small patch of ground could be cleared in a year. The first thing they did was to construct a log house. They built some sheds for the cattle and horses, for the winters were long and cold and the snow very deep. The stock lived on the native grass.

Early in the spring the menfolks would tap the maple trees and place spouts in them made from alder trees. The alder stem was soft in the center. This could easily be cleaned out, making a hollow stem. They placed buckets and cans under the spouts to catch the sap. We gathered the sap twice a day and boiled it down and made maple syrup and maple sugar out of it. This we all enjoyed very much. In the winter time we would look forward to the coming of spring when we could get out and make the maple sugar.

We did not get to go to school very much. We only had three or four months of school a year. Each parent had to furnish his children with books. If he was not able to buy the books the child had to stay at home. And quite often we were kept at home to work. The only studies that were taught were reading, writing and spelling. People were more interested in getting a home than they were in the education of their children.

Later on a baby girl came to live with us. We named her Elizabeth. I was very fond of her. Now I had a sister to play with. In two years another boy was added to the family; we called him Jacob. Later on another boy; his name was Joseph. We called him Joe for short.

There were no doctors in the country. When Mother was sick, Father was the doctor, nurse, cook and washwoman. When the rest of us were sick Mother took care of us. As luck would have it we had very little sickness in the family, and all grew to be strong and healthy.

A young man came to the neighborhood by the name of Elias Canaga. He was from Ohio. In a few months we were married. I felt quite grownup now and was anxious to get a home of my own.

Brothers Henry and Benton were married before I was. They were able to find some good land to homestead but all the choice land had been taken when Elias and I were married, so we had to look elsewhere.

WE WORKED hard trying to get enough land cleared to raise a crop to live on. After a year we became discouraged and wanted to go somewhere where we could plant a crop without having to work so hard to clear the ground first. We had been reading about the plains of Nebraska. The broad and rolling prairies. We thought it would be fine to live in a country where the ground was ready for the plow. We thought how grand it would be to hunt buffalo and elk and rabbits and all kinds of birds. To just roam the prairies at will, where we could see for miles in every direction. We would not have to build roads but could just go anywhere. Would not have any timber or rocks or hills to bother us.

We had read of Nebraska being admitted as a state on March 1, 1867, and of the relocation of the capital at Lincoln on July 29, the same year. And the establishment of the State University at Lincoln on February 15, 1869. And the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad through Nebraska to the Pacific Coast on May the 11 of the same year. The Enactment of the Free Homestead Law January 1, 1863. This all interested us, and especially the Free Homestead Law.

On March 17, 1870, our first child was born. A little girl. We named her May. Soon after that we decided to leave the little village of Elmhall, Michigan, and go west. If we didn't find anything that suited us we would go on to Nebraska, "The Promised Land."

Father said, "If you have decided to move I will have a sale and go with you. It is too dangerous for young folks to start out alone where there are so many Indians."

Father settled up his business, sold his furniture and stock, and was soon ready to go with us. We packed our trunks and filled our lunch baskets and the last night came for us to spend under the old home roof. It was a beautiful night. I shall never forget it. The moon shone bright. Outside in the old apple tree the crickets were singing their soft melodies. The tap-tapping sound of the branches on the roof and the doleful sound of the doves soon lulled us off to sleep.

The next morning all was hurry-scurry. Friends and relatives came to bid us goodbye and wish us good luck and to hope that we would not be killed by the Indians. Among the neighbors who came was a young man about twenty years old; he was mentally deficient. No one paid any attention to him. I noticed him coming toward me and he was trembling and shaking all over. He said as he looked at me and took my hand, "Dis tumin and doin', is what dets me." I bade him goodbye and left.

There were nine of us going: Father and Mother; three brothers, John, Jacob and Joe; sister Lib; my husband, Elias Canaga; and myself and daughter. Our daughter was now five weeks old. We had two covered wagons. The weather was fair and we were all feeling fine. Our hearts were jubilant and merry, our air castles were grand beyond expression. We were filled with hope. (Oh, the hopes of youth.) That is the thing that makes life worth living. If it were not for the whistle and merry song of youth, what a dreary world this would be. I say, keep on with your laughter and song. We must have it to brush away the clouds of sorrow and give us a brighter dawn.

IT WAS not long till my health failed me. The baby grew tired and weary riding in the covered wagon over the rocks and hills, for there were no roads, just trails. I grew quite sick but we could not stop; we must move on. Mr. Canaga tried to get a place in a house for me to sleep nights. The people were afraid to take us in. They had heard so much about the gypsies that they were afraid of every emigrant wagon they saw. They were afraid I had some contagious disease because I was sick. Right there I promised myself that if ever I had a home of my own, I would never turn anyone away who came to me hunting shelter. Although that was many years ago, I have kept my promise.

They all enjoyed the campfire at night but me. I was too sick to get any enjoyment out of life. The baby fretted and cried all the time when the wagon was standing still. She wanted to keep moving. The doctors now call it colic. I was inexperienced and did not know why she cried so much; I did not know what to do for her.

Every morning before we started out, I would bathe the baby. Like most young mothers, I thought it had to have a bath, regardless of the weather conditions.

At noon we would stop for dinner. Mother spread a clean cloth on the ground and put the food on it. They all laughed and told stories and planned on what they would do when they arrived in Nebraska. One thing that we all agreed upon was, that we would feast on buffalo meat. The happiest hours of our lives are when we are living on air castles and bubbles. But, oh, when the bubbles burst!

The nights were damp and cold. As we neared the plains the wind seemed to come with more force and vengeance. Sometimes it blew so hard that it almost took the canvas off the wagons. The country was thinly settled. Sometimes we would drive for miles before we could find a place to camp where there was water and grass for the horses. Most of the time the only fuel we could get was cow chips and buffalo chips. We used these also for smudges. If we camped along where there was water the mosquitoes were very bad. Someone would have to get up several times in the night to build up the smudges or we could not sleep.

Our family slept in one wagon. Father's family could not all sleep in their wagon so the boys slept on the ground. They enjoyed sleeping that way when the weather was nice and calm, but when it was storming, it was not so pleasant. One evening when it was about time to camp we were near a long, steep hill. Mr. Canaga thought we should drive to the top of the hill to camp, that it would be better for the horses next day. So we drove to the top of the hill and camped for the night.

The sky was clear and balmy, but in the night we were awakened by a bad storm. It thundered and lightened, rained and hailed and the wind blew a hurricane. I was so frightened that I did not know what to do. Mr. Canaga said, "There is not any danger, there is not a thing we can do but stay in the wagon and make the best of it." We did.

Pretty soon we felt the wagon moving. This frightened me worse than ever. My husband tried to quiet me by saying that the ground was smooth and we could not tip over, for me to go to sleep and forget it. It stormed most of the night. When morning came we found ourselves at the foot of the hill, but we did not tip over. The ground was so wet and muddy that we had to wait several hours before we could drive to the top of the hill again.

After three weeks we arrived at Ripley, Brown County, Illinois. We had relatives there and thought it best to rest awhile till the hot weather was over. I was so glad to get to rest.

My three uncles lived there. The country was thinly settled and most people had to get along without a doctor's care if they were sick. After some rest the baby began to get better but my health did not improve much.

While there, we lost both our horses. It took all the money that we made that summer to buy another team. We borrowed money of my uncle to start out on our long journey again. Just as we were ready to go, our baby took sick with cholera infantum. My uncle's baby lay a corpse in the house with the same disease. It was considered fatal. The only doctor in that part of the country lived ten miles away. Mr. Canaga started out afoot to get him. Long, anxious hours passed while we were waiting for him and the doctor to come. Every minute she grew worse. She seemed to be burning up with fever. We bathed her in tepid water and did everything we could for her and still she grew worse. Her little eyes rolled back in her head as she moaned. She did not recognize anything.

"Oh, will the doctor never come?" I kept saying as I watched the road. "God have mercy on our darling." Her breathing was getting shorter and slower. Only a mother can realize what I went through. When I saw Mr. Canaga coming and he was alone, my heart seemed to quit beating.

"Where is the doctor?" I said.

"He was called out to see another child that had cholera infantum, so he told me to go over to see that old physician, and I did. That is the reason I was gone so long."

The old physician had said, "Give her a tablespoon of castor oil with one drop of laudanum in it. If she throws it up give her another one and place a wet cloth in cold water at her throat. After the oil has gone through, give her a teaspoonful of Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam."

We did as he advised and saved our baby. We always kept a supply of this medicine on hand after that, and saved many babies with it.

In September we bade my uncles and friends goodbye and started again for the trackless West. My uncle said he would come later. The roads were dry and dusty; sometimes the wind would blow the dirt so badly that we could not see the road in front of the horses. Some days we could not get any water to drink or for the horses. The farther we went, the fewer people we saw. It seemed like a wilderness. Some days we would not see a house, not a thing but cactus and buffalo grass.

AFTER four weeks of hard travel, we arrived at Lincoln, Nebraska. The town was small, only a few houses, and they were not painted; some were made of logs.

Immigrants were camped all over the town. We had not been there long till it began to rain and it rained for two weeks. We tried to rent a house. There were none to rent. We finally found a stable, twelve feet square, that we could get for $10.00. We were not able to pay that much so had to camp out in the rain. We were camped on Antelope Slough, on the east side of town. I shall never forget our stay there.

The cold rain beat through our wagon cover till everything in the wagon was soaking wet. The bedding was so wet that I could wring water out of the quilts. When I would slap my hand on the pillows the water would just fly from them. Sick at heart and discouraged, we could not give up. "That home" in the future was the hope that inspired us.

We had with us an old cook stove with an elevated oven on it. We set this on the ground beside the wagon. There was no other shelter. We cooked on this by gathering sticks or cobs or cow chips, anything we could find that would burn. I dried the baby's clothes in the oven.

One day while I was sitting in the wagon crying—I was so sick that I could hardly hold my head up—my brother Joe came along with his big overcoat on, shivering in the wet and cold. When he saw that I was crying, he said. "Never mind, Ellen, we will have something to tell our children when we get old." An expression like that, coming from a young man, was enough to make any person laugh through the tears.

It was soon noised around town that there was a sick lady and babe in a covered wagon in the east side of town. Three men came to see us the next day. They were very kind and wanted to help us. They said there was an old house about three miles north of town and that we could move in. The man that did own it was in debt so deeply that he ran away and left it.

The next day the men came back and helped us move. We thanked them very kindly for helping us at a time like that; we only wished we could pay them for their kindness. The house was built of boards stood endwise. Foot boards on the roof. We were mighty glad to get to move. The next thing to think about was where to get something to burn.

We had reached the plains at last—the place we had yearned and longed for. Oh, how desolate it seemed. How we longed for the old home and the beautiful trees. The timber that had seemed so useless and was going to waste, how we would appreciate it now if we had it! So it is in life—never satisfied, always wanting the things that are just out of sight. We burned anything we could find for fuel, even cornstalks and sunflowers.

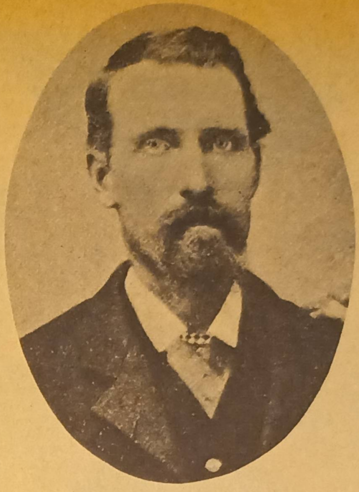
On October 19 there was an ad in the Lincoln paper that read like this, "The Bohanan Brothers have for sale 3,000 pounds of fresh buffalo meat." This interested the menfolks very much, and they inquired as to where they got the meat. This made them more anxious than ever to go hunting. But they were compelled to work if they could find anything to do for we were out of funds and needed money.

Mr. Canaga tried to get work but there were three men for every job. After it quit raining and the mud dried up he got a job of shucking corn, provided he would take 200 pounds of flour for pay. He was glad to do that. He heard of a place along the creek where there were some stumps standing, that he could have for wood if he wanted to chop them up. When the weather was bad so he could not shuck corn, he would chop on those stumps. He hauled a load to Lincoln and exchanged it for groceries and a piece of pork. We were glad to get meat; it was the first we had had for a long time.

FATHER and Mother moved in with a bachelor. They were about two miles from us. Father helped the bachelor get his corn out and Mother did the cooking. In that way they went through the winter very nicely. In the spring, Father got a job hauling two loads of lumber to Crete. He told Mr. Canaga that he could haul one load if he wanted the job. Sister Lib said she would stay nights with me while they were gone. She was seventeen years old but was afraid of the Indians the same as I was. The people had told so many stories about the "Wild West" that we were afraid to step out of the house.

When the first night came we put the baby to sleep, blinded the windows, and locked the door. We decided to play a game of checkers to pass away the time. We made a checkerboard and sat down on the floor to play. We didn't have any chairs, not even a stool to sit on. We were afraid to talk out loud for fear an Indian would hear us. We thought they might be slipping around outside. We could hear the hungry coyotes with their wild, half-human screams, as terrifying as an Indian war-whoop. The longer we sat there the more frightened we became. We could not keep our minds on the game. We were afraid to make a sound. Finally we tiptoed off to bed.

We could not sleep much. We could hear peculiar sounds outside all night long. It sounded as though someone was dying. Such a mournful sound, it frightened us nearly to death. The next morning as soon as it was daylight outside we jumped out of bed and thanked the Lord we were alive. We fed the baby and got our breakfast and looked all around outside to see if there had been any Indians near the house. We could find no trace of anyone having been there. Sister Lib stayed most of the day with me, then she said she had better go home before dark for the men would soon be there.



Uncle William Crockford

I waited and waited but the men did not come. Dark came and I was still alone. What could I do? Suppose they did not come? Oh, what a long, lonely night I put in waiting. The sky was clear and bright, but the thought of being alone in a strange country, two miles from any living person and knowing about the many cruel and wicked things the Indians were doing, just made my blood run cold. I was afraid they would come while I was alone. I could hear the mournful howl of the coyotes, the wailing of the wind, and the hideous cry of cats. Perspiration stood out on my face till I looked as though I had been ducked in the river.

Every little while I would hear a mournful sound, like someone dying or in need of help. I thought this was a warning, that some of the menfolks had been killed by the Indians. It seemed I could never endure it till morning. Every little while I would get up and tiptoe to the door, open it just a little and peep out and listen for the sound of the wagon. No sound like a wagon came, only those hideous sounds could he heard.

Morning dawned at last. I again opened the door just a little to look out, to listen for the wagon again. I left it open a little and turned around to start the fire. A shadow appeared on the floor in front of me. I thought it was an Indian. I could not speak, I almost fainted, but it was my sister. She took me in her arms and we laughed and cried together. She knew that the men did not get back and that I was alone all night. I told her of the doleful sound that I had heard all night long. "Listen," she said, "There it is again." We listened, stepped to the door, listened again, walked to the corner of the house outside and kicked over a jug that was standing there, and the sound stopped. What a relief to know that it was the wind blowing in that jug.

Lib said she believed the men had had bad luck or they would have been home before. She also said she would never leave me alone again. That day about four o'clock they returned. Mr. Canaga said they had loaded his wagon too heavy and it had broken down. One wheel was smashed. It cost more to get it repaired than he got out of the hauling.

WINTER came on very cold and severe. We suffered much for we did not have enough fuel to burn or enough clothing to keep us warm. In the daytime we would hang up the bedding around the wall to keep out the cold and at night we would take it down and put it on the bed. Many times we were without food.

Mr. Canaga was an infidel. He said he would never allow our children to attend church or read the Bible. This worried me very much, but I thought I might be able to convince him differently by the time the children were old enough to understand. One day after we had had a talk on this subject, we were walking in the old garden spot near the house. I picked up an ear of corn and was removing the kernels from the cob as I was walking back and forth, not realizing what I was doing.

"Elias," I asked, "what will we have for breakfast in the morning?" I had cooked everything we had for supper.

He looked up at me and said, "According to your belief, the Lord will provide for us."

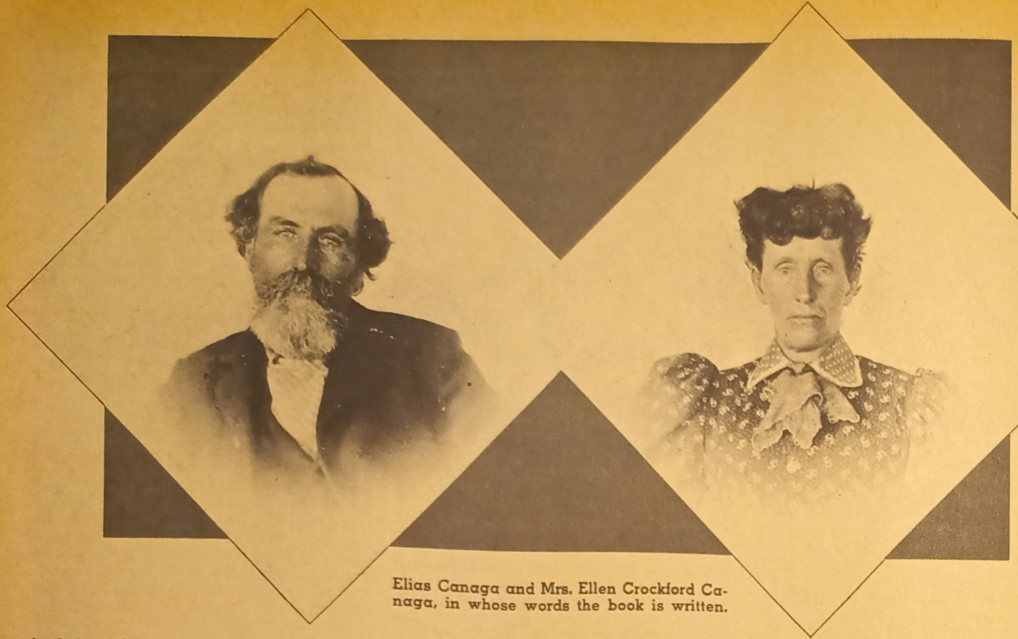
This hurt me for I had always said that the Lord will help those who help themselves. I walked back and forth and as I walked I shelled the corn and put it on a box that stood there. I was so interested in the subject that we were talking about that I did not realize what I was doing. After some time we went in the house, wondering what we would have for breakfast. We went to bed that night not knowing where we would get the next meal to eat.

Morning came. Mr. Canaga started the fire as usual, walked over to the door, opened it and looked out. He noticed that the box that I had put the corn in had been moved. He said, "Ellen, I believe you have caught a chicken." I hurried to the door to see what he meant. There in that box was a prairie chicken. The box had been made with a figure four under it for a chicken trap. We did not know it before.

We cooked the chicken for breakfast. While we were seated at the table the thought came to me of what we had said the night before. I said, "The Lord did send us something to eat, didn't He?"

Mr. Canada just smiled. I am sure he thought it the hand of Providence but he did not say a word. Thus we went through the winter, not knowing where we would get the next meal.

Spring came at last. My health was much improved and we commenced work with new hope and courage. We rented a farm six miles north of Lincoln. It had a large stone house with full basement. There had never been any doors or windows put in the frames. It was nice and cool in the summertime, but cold in winter. The flies did not bother then as they do now. Just the mosquitoes were bad. We would build smudges to keep them away. The land-



Elias Canaga and Mrs. Ellen Crockford Canaga, in whose words the book is written.

lord furnished everything and we gave him half of the crop.

On the 17th day of May, 1871, sixty-seven immigrant wagons passed through Lincoln. People were coming from all over the East to settle in Nebraska, so we did not feel so much alone anymore.

After the crops were all planted, Mr. Canaga and several other men started farther west to look up a location and to file on a claim. They thought it would be best to locate near a stream of water so they would have wood to burn and it would be easier to get water. The wells were all dug by hand with a spade. That was a long, hard job and very dangerous if they had to dig very deep.

They found land in Harlan County that looked good to them. They all filed on preemptions between Republican City and Alma. On Methodist Creek was plenty of wood and water, and easy to get. Soldiers were located at Republican City to protect the settlers from the Indians. The Indians were all over the state at that time and caused a great deal of trouble, even killing many people.

Our preemption was at the mouth of Methodist Creek. Father located near us. My uncle was one mile away. My uncle was the only man who had any money. He helped the others to file on their claims.

They returned to Lincoln, the happiest men you ever saw. They told many interesting stories about the beautiful country in which they had chosen their homes. Mr. Canaga was anxious for me to see our new place, and I was too.

In September he was going back to put up some buildings, and I went with him. When we arrived and I saw the land that he had filed on I declared that we were rich without a dollar in our pockets. We were so happy to know that we had a place to call our own. How bright the future looked. We had received the thing that we had come so far to get, a farm of our own, a home.

I realized that we were on the frontier and kept looking for an Indian to appear, but he told me there was no danger as long as the soldiers were near.

MR. CANAGA cut and hauled the logs to build a house, but we could not stay long enough to build it. We had to go back and harvest our crops. It took several days to make the trip back with team and wagon. We started back to Lincoln by following the Republican River for three days. Then we went across the divide to the Little Blue River to the northeast. There was not a road or guide post as we have now. No familiar neighbors passing. Not a thing in sight but prairie grass.

We traveled late that evening in order to get water and grass for the horses. There was a boy riding with my uncle who had been out here for sometime and wanted to go back home, so Uncle told him he could ride with him. About dark the men thought they had found a good place to camp, so we stopped. It was a low place surrounded on three sides by hills. A small body of water nearby looked like it was fed from a spring. The water was clear and cold. The wind was blowing hard from the south. The sky was very red. Something unusual about the atmosphere attracted our attention.

The boy who was with my uncle said, "It looks like a prairie fire coming!" This frightened us for we had heard so much about fires on the plains, but had never seen one. The men unhitched the horses as soon as they could and staked them out on the grass. The wind seemed to be coming harder and harder. By this time it was blowing a hurricane. The men ran to the top of the hill to see if there was anything in sight. I sat in the wagon with my baby in my arms, not knowing what to do. I thought we would soon be burned up.

The men looked south, then turned and came back on the run. I knew by this it must be a fire coming. The boy was ahead. He gathered the horses together close to the wagon, then took some grain sacks from the wagon and soaked them in water, walked a few steps to the north of the wagon and started another fire. We could not understand why he did this. He took bunches of burning grass and scattered the fire. After a small patch was burned off they moved the wagon and horses on it. They beat the back fire out with wet sacks. The wind was terrific and the smoke so thick that we could hardly get our breath. I covered my head and the baby's with the quilts to keep her from smothering to death. The fire passed quickly and then we could breathe again, but the air was now filled with black cinders. Again I thanked the Lord for sparing our lives. We would have all been burned up if it had not been for the wisdom of the boy.

When daylight came, what a blackened world! Everything as far as you could see was a sheet of smoldering ashes. We could now see more plainly than ever the narrow escape we had had. We traveled all the next day and did not see a spear of green grass. The horses were tired and hungry but no hay or grass was left. The fire had burned over thousands of acres of ground.

When we arrived at Crete, Nebraska, the boy who had helped to save our lives left us. We never knew who he was and we never saw him again, but his kindness still lingers in our memory.

The fifth day we arrived home, tired and weary, but glad to get back alive. At this time we thought there was to be a great future for Nebraska.

On the 7th day of September, 1871, the Nebraska State University opened its doors for the first time. This encouraged people more than ever to come to Nebraska, where they could educate their children in the higher learning.

AS SOON as the men could, they commenced to harvest crops and get ready for the winter. On account of the dry. hot summer the corn was not very good. And it was worth only fifteen cents a bushel on the market. As soon as the men were done shucking the corn they were going back to their claims in Harlan County to put up their buildings. My husband was to take back a load of corn. Our wagon was quite new but it had been driven many miles over the dry, dusty roads, and had stood out in the sun and wind. The tires were getting loose. So the day before they were to start back he ran the wagon into a mud hole to soak up the tires. When he was ready to get it out he called on me to help him push it. I took a quilt out with me and spread it on the ground, then set the baby on it and went to help him.

We pulled the wagon out of the mud hole and were looking to see if the tires were tight enough to stand the trip, when we heard the baby scream. I ran to her and there beside her were two rattlesnakes, one on each side of her. I screamed, ran, and picked the baby up. My husband came to see what was the matter. He soon killed the snakes. I undressed the baby and looked her all over to see if she had been bitten, but she had not. I trembled all over I was so frightened.

My folks joined the train of covered wagons and started back to their claims in Harlan County. My uncle took his family along for they were ready, and expected to camp out till they could build a house to live in. My youngest brother, Joe, a lad about ten years old, was to stay with me while my husband was gone.

The fall weather was very changeable. Some days it was hot, then it would suddenly turn cold. The baby had commenced to walk a little. She liked to be outdoors when it was warm. One day, while the sun was shining bright and warm, I thought it best to let her out in the sunshine. I took her out and put her down close to the house to let her play in the dirt. Then I went back in the house and sat down by the window where I could watch her. Joe sat close to me. He wanted me to play checkers with him.

Suddenly he looked and said, "Ellen, look at that big dog!" There within a few feet of my baby was a big gray wolf, slipping along like a cat after my baby. We both ran out screaming and making all the noise we could to scare him away. I picked the baby up and ran into the house with her. At first the wolf was startled; he looked up as if to see what had happened, then he trotted away to the canyon.

Days and days would go by and we would never see a person. We would get so lonesome and homesick at times that it seemed we could endure it no longer. There was no way that we could hear from the folks that had gone to their claims in the West. We did not know whether they were dead or alive. We worried for fear they had been killed by Indians. Oh, those long dreary nights! I sometimes dream of them to this day.

When we thought it about time for the folks to return, we began to watch the road for their return. We were out of provisions and did not have any money to buy more. We did not know what to do. We were too proud to beg—but the baby, we could not see her starve. What were we to do?

The man that we were renting from had left a pony for us to take care of and I persuaded Joe to get on the pony and go to a neighbor who lived a mile and a half away to see if he could get some sweet milk. When he got there the neighbor said she did not have any milk to spare. I could not keep my courage any longer when I saw him coming back swinging the empty pail. I sat down and cried. The baby was also crying, but for something to eat.

I begged Joe to go over on Salt Creek, to the next nearest neighbor who lived two miles away, and see if he could get milk there. I told him the baby would starve to death unless we could get something for her. He, being very fond of the baby, said, "I will risk my life for her." He started out again.

It was not long till he returned with a nice pail of milk. A friend in need is a friend indeed. The lady told him we could have milk every day if we wanted it. Words could not express my gratitude. We had been living for four days on squash alone.

We would often stand in the doorway and look over toward Lincoln and watch for a covered wagon. The man that we were renting from and another man went by one day while they were out hunting. They had some prairie chickens and rabbits strapped to their backs. I tried to get Joe to go out and ask them for one, but he said, "No, Ellen, I would rather starve than beg."

I had a bit of bread that I had been saving, with a little sugar. I took this and soaked it in vinegar and water and gave it to the baby. Now all was gone. I did not have another thing I could feed her.

AWAY in the distance on the road to Lincoln was a high hill. We would often walk there, for we could see for miles from that hill, and we would watch from there for the covered wagon to come back. But all the wagons seemed to be going in the opposite direction instead of coming. One day while we were there watching just as the sun sank behind the cold, white hills, and with it almost my last hope, we saw in the distance a covered wagon slowly approaching. We thought it some of our folks, but there was only one wagon. We could not understand that.

"Perhaps the others have stopped to rest their horses," I said.

Joe said he would get the pony and take the baby in his arms and we would go and meet them. We met them about half a mile away. It was Father and his family. I asked where Mr. Canaga was. They told me, "He is still on the claim and will be gone two weeks longer."

I sat down in the buffalo grass and began to cry. I could not hold up any longer. They tried to console me, but it seemed as though my heart would break. At last Joe said, "It is no wonder Ellen is crying. We have been living on nothing but squash for days and days. She is weak and hungry." They helped me into the wagon and we went home. They had some dry bread and some buffalo meat in their grub box. We ate that for supper and breakfast.

The next morning Father and my two brothers, Jacob and Joe, got a load of corn and Father and I took it to Lincoln. I left the baby with Mother. I had a quilt that I had pieced, called the "Wreath of Roses," and thought I would take that along and perhaps I could sell it. I hated to part with it, but said to myself if it is ever so I can, I will piece another one like it.

Father sold his corn for fifteen cents a bushel. I took the quilt to a lady who was clerking in one of the stores and asked her if she wanted to buy it. She said, "How much do you want for it?" I replied, "$4.50."

She said if I would trade it out she would take it, and I said I would be glad to. I got fifty pounds of flour, some bacon and a pair of shoes for the baby, and enough yarn to knit two pairs of stockings for her. How proud I was to think that I had done something to help along.

The weather was getting cold and the house we were living in had not been finished. The baby had been without shoes or stockings, so I took the yarn I had bought and hurriedly knit her some.

Just before Christmas my husband came home. He told of how he had built a log cabin and had things ready for us to move on the claim in Harlan County in the spring.

The winter was very cold. Coal was high-priced so most of the farmers burned corn for fuel. It was even cheaper than wood. The only stove we had was the cook stove and it did not heat the room very much. One day, while my husband was gone to town with a load of corn, I ran out of anything to burn. It was too cold to take the baby out of doors so I put her to sleep, laid her in the box cradle, and tied her in so she would not fall out if she woke up. I found a sack and ran as fast as I could to the corn field to get some corn to burn. The field was about one mile away. I got the corn as quickly as I could and hurried back.

When I arrived the baby was trying to cry but she was so hoarse she could hardly make a sound. Her hands were like ice. I picked her up and hugged her close to my breast till she was warm, for the house was cold and there was no fire. By the time she was warm my feet were frosted. She sobbed and sobbed herself asleep again. Then I laid her down and started the fire. When my feet began to get warm they hurt me so, I could hardly stand it. They hurt me all winter. But this was only the beginning of things, as we found out later.

MY SISTER, Lib, as we called her, was working in Lincoln. While there she met some young folks and I thought it would be nice to have them eat Christmas dinner with us. Lib thought that would be fine so we invited them. My folks were all coming over for Christmas. We had lived on the frontier long enough that we had learned how to catch wild chickens and quail with a box trap, and there were plenty of them. We made a box and turned it upside down on a figure four that we made out of sticks. We put the bait on the figure four and when the chickens or quail would try to pick it off they would spring the trap and the box would fall to the ground with the chickens under it.

We planned to have a big chicken dinner before we were to leave Lincoln for our preemptions in Harlan County. This was the first time we had entertained since coming to the state. The dinner consisted of cold prairie chickens and quail with dumplings, mashed potatoes, cornbread and beans. The young lady who came with my sister was very beautiful. We were all admiring her. We were trying to entertain as best we could, under the circumstances. After we had been eating for some time I passed the dish of dumplings again. Sister passed it to the young lady. The young lady shoved back from the table and said, "No, by gosh, I've had enough." This came so unexpectedly that my sister laughed very loud. The young man who was with the young lady blushed and looked so surprised he could not say a word.

In the spring my uncle came back from Harlan County to get a load of corn as there wasn't any corn raised any closer than Lincoln. While he was there my sister decided to get married while we were all together. Arrangements were made and the wedding took place at my father's house. She married John Sternas. They started housekeeping near Lincoln. We were getting ready to move to our preemption and I hated to go on and leave her. She was very jolly and was a great comfort to me, as she was the only sister I had.

We moved from Lincoln to Harlan County on the 15th of April, 1872. Father was not ready to move just then, so came a month later. My uncle went back with us with a load of corn. Our wagons were very heavily loaded. We had to drive slowly and at night sleep on the ground for there was no place in the wagons to sleep. We were getting along nicely till about the fourth day when a bad storm came up. We stopped at a sod house to get warm and eat our dinner. We were going by way of the Oregon Trail, as we thought there would be more travel this way. We were on the Platte River.

We stayed at this place two hours and the storm kept getting worse instead of better. It was blowing and snowing, at times rain and sleet. The people were very kind to us and seemed glad to see us. They wanted to know where we were from; we told them Michigan. "That is the place we came from!" they said. And of course we felt acquainted right away. We spoke of different people and they were acquainted with the same people.

The lady spoke up and said, "By the way, did you know Boney Hamp?" I said I did, that I had introduced him to a schoolmate and they were married just four weeks later.

"They are living about four miles from here, right on your road," she told me.

I said to Mr. Canaga, "Suppose we hitch up and drive to their place for the night?"

He wanted to know if I could stand the cold and rain. I told him I could, so he hitched up the horses and we started on. We were facing the storm, and it was getting worse. Water was freezing on everything. The horses were getting so wet and cold they could hardly face it any longer. It was dark and no house was in sight. We traveled on and on till the horses would go no farther. I said those people in the soddy must have been mistaken, for we have not seen a house since we left. Everything was now covered with ice and snow. What were we to do? We could go no farther and we could not make our beds on that ice.

We stopped and unhitched the horses and fed them. Mr. Canaga held a quilt up by the wagon while my uncle spread some hay on the ground for me to make a bed on. I put the bedding on the hay and we lay down in the storm to sleep. We did not sleep much, but as the gray dawn crept over the hills the wind ceased and it quit storming.

After I had prepared breakfast I saw smoke coming from the ground about a quarter of a mile away. I thought someone must live there in a dugout, and said I would like to go over there and get warm.

My husband replied, "You will have to wade through water to get there."

"That will be all right for I could not be any wetter than I am right now."

I STARTED OUT with my baby in my arms. When I arrived at the place I saw a small dugout in the side of the bank with only one window in it, and that was in the door that I knocked on. A lady came to the door and opened it. It was my old schoolmate, but she did not recognize me. She invited me in and said, "This is bad weather for you to be out with a baby." She told me to take off my wraps and get warm. I did, and my feet were so wet and cold that she urged me to take off my shoes. I took them off and poured the water out of them. I wrung the water out of my hose and hung them on the oven door to dry, then held my feet in the oven to get warm.

I sat there for some time talking about the weather and frontier life. At last I said, "Mary, have you forgotten me?"

She came up close and said, "Why, who are you?"

I told her my maiden name and she threw both arms around my neck and cried. "To think you camped out in this awful storm in sight of our house and we did not know it. Our dugout is only twelve feet square and we only have two beds but we still have room for you. We do not have any chairs to sit on but you are welcome just the same."

They had four small children. Her husband went out to the road where the men were and had them come over for breakfast. We enjoyed ourselves very much and had a nice visit. They told us about the Indians and how cruel they were. They said Mr. Martin and his two sons were hauling hay about three miles from home when the father, who was riding on the first load of hay, was attacked first and severely wounded. One arrow penetrated the hay and struck him on the collar bone. He realized by this time that he could not save himself by running. He then turned his rifle down upon them and fired as he ran.

They soon left him and ran for the boys. The little boys saw them coming and cut out across the field for home. The Indians rode up behind them and shot an arrow into them, pinning the boys together as they sat on the horse. They fell to the ground and the Indians thinking them dead, rode on. The father saw them fall from the horse, and he too, thought they were dead. He went on to the house, got the rest of the family and started to a neighbor's, leaving the boys dead, as he supposed. He had not gone far when one of the horses that he was driving fell dead. On examining the horse he found an arrow had penetrated his body.

He put his wife and baby on the other horse and the rest of the family went on foot. They arrived at the neighbor's house but they had not been molested. They all wept on account of the little boys who had been killed. Early the next morning the men took their guns and went in search of the bodies. They went to the place the boys had fallen off the horse, but they were not there. They then slipped in the house where they found traces of blood on the floor. They could not understand where the blood came from. They searched the barn yard and there hid away were the boys, alive.

The boys said they lay real still until the Indians were gone. They drew the arrow out, which had only passed through their clothing and just entered the flesh of their bodies. They went to the house and found the family all gone. They did not know whether they had been killed or not. They found some tobacco and put it on their wounds then they hid in the sod barn, where they were found the next morning. The boys soon recovered. This story made us more fearful than ever of the Indians.

After breakfast we started on our journey again. The weather had moderated and the sun was shining part of the time. The next day we left the Oregon Trail just west of Lowell and started across the divide to the Republican River. There was not much of a road; in fact, just a trail across the prairie. I was getting so tired of riding that I thought I would put the baby to sleep, and then get out and walk awhile. I walked for some time keeping close to the wagon for I was afraid of Indians and Texas cattle, as well as wild animals. I noticed a grave with a marble slab at the head and one at the foot, near the road. This attracted my attention, to see a tombstone in such a new country. The grass had grown over the grave so as to almost hide it from sight. I walked to the grave to see what was written on the stone. I thought it the most beautiful verse I had ever read. The words were as follows:

Remember well, while passing by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so you will be,
Prepare in life, to follow me.

I read it over and over again, till I had it committed to memory. My health was very poorly and I thought it would not be long till it would come true. And I wanted that verse on my tombstone. I was so interested in the verse that I forgot everything. When I looked up to see where the wagon was, it was about three miles away. They had not missed me, for they were so busy with the team.

I tried to run, but soon tired out. I was afraid to call for fear some Indian would hear me. It seemed that I could never catch up with them. I hurried as fast as I could, repeating the verse as I went, for fear I would forget it. They saw me coming and waited for me.

When I caught up with them, they wanted to know what I had been doing. They said they were hurrying as fast as they could so as to make the half-way house by noon (that was Walker's Ranch) for it was not safe to camp out on the prairie alone, besides there was no other place that we could get water. It was one o'clock when we arrived at Walker's Ranch, now called Wilcox. They watered the horses by paying ten cents a head for the water. The well had been dug by hand with a spade; it was 216 feet deep.

The people there told us that the day before we arrived their two-year-old heifer fell to the bottom of the well. They worked for hours before they pulled her out. A man had to go down into the well and tie a rope on her, then pull her out with a rope and pulley. She was badly chilled, but after she was warmed up she began to graze as though nothing had happened to her.

While we were there I wrote down the verse I found written on the tombstone so as not to forget it. We filled our jugs with water and started on again. That night we had to camp out on the high divide without any water for the horses.

Old photo of Joseph and Mary Crockford, Ellen Crockford Canaga's parents.

We built a campfire out of buffalo chips to cook our supper on and used the water in the jugs for coffee. By this time we had learned how to cook with buffalo chips for fuel and we got along very nicely. The next day we arrived on the Republican River. We refilled the water jugs and watered the horses. We knew now that we were near home.

That night we camped near a little stream that emptied into the Republican. There we found a dugout with some people living in it. They told us that some emigrants had camped there the week before and had lost their little girl, three years old. They hunted for her for three days and nights but could not find her. They thought the wolves had eaten her up, so drove on without her.

Two more days of hard travel and we landed on our claim. It was May 7, 1872. We were tired and hungry, but very happy. It was "Home, Sweet Home" to us.

THE NEXT MORNING the sun shone more beautiful. We at once started to fix up the place. The house was built of logs, and the roof was made of poles with brush on top of them and then sod on top of the brush. It kept out the cold but not the rain. We had one room, with two windows and one door. We were very proud of it and glad to be in a home of our own—one that we had built ourselves. Now we were ready to enjoy life.

Mr. Canaga took the boxes that our goods were packed in, and made me a cupboard. Put one on top of another, with one shelf in each box. I made a curtain out of an old dress to hang in front of it. I thought this would keep out the flies and the dust. We had lived outdoors so long that it seemed strange to live in a house again. It seemed so close and hard to get our breath, and so warm that we could hardly sleep. So we just left the door open at night.

One night we heard something rattling among the dishes. I said, "Someone is in the room." Mr. Canaga got up and there was a skunk in the cupboard. One morning while I was getting breakfast I went to the box cupboard in a hurry, reached under the curtain, picked up the meat plate and walked to the table. When I looked down there was a large centipede lying on the plate. I was so frightened that I could not let go of the plate, but just stood there and screamed. Mr. Canaga took it out of my hands and knocked the centipede into the fire. It was about nine inches long. The large ones were considered very poisonous.

On May 21, 1872, our second child was born, a boy. We named him Thomas Benton Canaga. He was the second white child born in Harlan County, Nebraska. We now had a girl and a boy, which were a great comfort to me when I was alone. There were no doctors we could get in time of sickness, so my aunt came and took care of the baby and me. The neighbor women were also in attendance and very kind and helpful.

That spring Mr. Canaga broke up and planted fifteen acres in corn and potatoes, watermelons and some other things. I helped him all I could for I enjoyed being out of doors. Our nearest railroad town was Lowell. We had to drive there in a lumber wagon for our provisions. It was about fifty miles away. It took several days to make the round trip with the team for there were no roads, just a trail. When one man in the neighborhood was going, he was always heavily loaded for he would haul for all the other neighbors. A gun was carried in case of Indian attack, also to keep off wild horses and Texas cattle which were very numerous. It was very dangerous camping out on the prairie alone.

The menfolk thought it great sport to catch wild horses and break them to ride and work. If you needed a horse, all you had to do was to catch one and break it, and it was yours; nobody claimed them.

WE HAD PLENTY of moisture that year and crops were good. Our thoughts were on the future as to how we would educate and bring up our children to make them good citizens. I was kept busy, taking care of the children and doing everything I could in the way of raising chickens and growing a garden. I had ten hens and a rooster to start with. I raised twenty-four young chickens by hand, as we did not have brooders. I wouldn't kill any of them to eat. I wanted to keep them for next year so I could raise a lot more.

We lived mostly upon the resources of the country. The only fruit we could get was wild plums, chokecherries and grapes. Sometimes the folks back east would send us dried apples and peaches.

We planted sorghum and when it was at the right stage we would strip it of its leaves and cut the top out and let it stand awhile, then cut it and haul it to a neighbor who had a sorghum mill. He would press the juice out and boil it down into a molasses, for half. We used this to spread on our bread, also to cook with. Our principal diet was cornbread and molasses. This was very wholesome, but we did get tired of it.

We rendered out tallow from beef and buffalo meat and made candles. The light was not bright enough to see to read by but that was all right, for we didn't have anything to read. Not many of the pioneers were able to bring books with them on account of being so heavily loaded with the necessities of life. Mothers spent their evenings knitting stockings, wristlets, sweaters and scarves. They did not need much light to see to knit, they had done so much of it.

The men would rest or spend their evenings braiding ropes. The soldiers had taught them how to make ropes. Ropes were scarce and very useful to the pioneers. They took the hides from cattle or buffalo, scoured them with salt, then cut them into strips or rawhide strings. They used three strands for flat braid and four for round braids.

Wild game was plentiful at first, including buffalo, elk, antelope and deer, prairie chickens, wild turkeys, quail and jack rabbits

There were no roads or bridges. When we wanted to go anyplace we started out in a general direction and went as far as we could, then around the head of a pocket or canyon, then in another direction. When we came to a stream of water we would ford it and we had to be on the watchout for quicksand. Thus we traveled till we arrived at our destination. If a storm came up while we were out we would look for a canyon to get into for protection. There was always a terrific wind with every storm, in the summer time with hail and in winter time a blizzard, which the horses would not face.

Mother and I were out walking one day and saw something red in the distance. We wondered what it could be so we started out to see what it was. As we drew near we saw it was a devil-tongue cactus. We were counting the blossoms on it when we heard someone shooting to the west of us. We looked up and saw a wounded buffalo coming toward us. We tried to run and I fell down; I had stepped into a hole. I could go no farther. The buffalo was within a few feet of us, when our dogs came out from the house and barked, causing the animal to turn and run in another direction. We did not tarry very long after that and I hobbled along, with Mother's help, to the house.

There was something exciting going on all the time, night and day. This was indeed frontier life, and that was what the menfolk enjoyed.

OUR LITTLE GIRL was now about two years old. She slept at the foot of our bed. One morning about daybreak we were awakened by the sound of her voice. We looked to see where she was. There in the doorway stood our little girl in her nightgown, wet all over. At first we could not understand where she had been, for we had not missed her. We jumped out of bed and ran to her, and she took hold of my hand and pulled me outdoors. I followed her to the edge of the creek. The creek was full of water, from bank to bank, a ragging torrent. We had not had any rain but it must have rained north of us. She had got wet wading in the tall grass so I took her home and dressed her as quickly as I could. After that I had to watch her closely to keep her from the stream.

That summer, after the crops were laid aside, Mr. Canaga decided he would go over on the Platte River and work through the haying season. We needed all the cash we could get for we did not have crops enough to sell. He went the last of July, just before the watermelons were ripe. I told him he would miss the melons.

"I can't help it," he said, "we must have something to live on and buy clothes with. Maybe there will be some left when I get back."

Brother Joe was to stay with me while he was gone. The watermelons were the nicest I ever saw. I picked out five of the largest and covered them with hay so they would keep, and told Joe not to pick them. When we thought it was about time for Mr. Canaga to come home we kept watch of the road, looking for him. Our provisions were running short. We were out of flour and meat, but had plenty of garden truck. We did not have any cows so had to do without milk.

While my husband was gone we stayed alone most of the time during the day and in the evenings we would shut up the chickens just as soon as they would go to roost. Then we would go to Mother's to spend the night. We were afraid of Indians and did not want to stay alone. Mother lived close, so Brother Joe would carry one of the children and I would carry the other. We always had to walk as there was no other way to go.

One day Joe wanted to stay with Mother and not go home with me. He said he would keep the little girl there if I would let him stay. So I said, "All right, I guess I can get along alone for one day."

I took the baby in my arms and started off alone. I arrived home safely and got along very nicely till about one o'clock. I was standing in the door just glancing around and wondering when Mr. Canaga would get home when I looked up the road and saw seventeen Indians coming toward the house. They were riding ponies and had feathers on their heads and were painted in bright colors. I had often heard that when they were dressed in bright colors they were on the warpath.

These were the first Indians I had ever seen, but I knew they were Indians by the way they dressed. I was so frightened my heart almost quit beating.

Mary Canaga

I didn't know what to do. There I was alone with my baby. I also knew that the soldiers had been moved from Republican City and there was no protection in the neighborhood. There I was, without a gun in the house. I looked at the baby in the cradle and wondered what I could do to protect it. I thought of the stories I had heard about how cruel Indians had been to children.

I thought of an old pair of sheep shears that we had, and they were very sharp. I ran and got them and hid them under the cradle. I decided if we had to die, I would not give up without getting one of them, too.

I sat down by the cradle, waiting for my time to come. There was no use to run. It was like waiting to die. My heart seemed to quit beating; the baby slept on. They came to the door and said something rough. I could not understand them. Then they walked into the house and I spoke to them. I thought by the way they acted they were hungry and wanted something to eat. They looked in the box cupboard and in the flour barrel, and all around the room. They filled the room. I did not have a thing in the house to eat. They looked at each other and laughed and talked. One of them I could understand a little; he talked broken. He looked at me and motioned to his mouth and said, "Melons." I told them where the melon patch was so they would go away. They all left the room and went out to the melon patch. How glad I was, for I thought now I am rid of them.

I stayed by the cradle and watched. After awhile I saw them coming back and thought that they were coming back to kill me, but they passed the door and did not stop. I watched them and soon discovered that there was a whole tribe of them, not half a mile from the house. This frightened me more than ever, for I thought they were plotting to destroy everything we had and then kill me.

Just before one of the Indians who had been in our house met the others, he gave a whoop and waved his arm and came running back. I grabbed the sheep shears again, for I thought they were all coming back. He ran past the door and out into the melon patch and then returned. He was swinging a large tomahawk and said as he passed the door, "Good paleface squaw." I cannot express how I felt. Words fail me, for when I first saw them I was sure they were coming to kill me.

Father and Mother were living on the main road and, of course, I thought they were all murdered, and my little girl, too.

As soon as the Indians were out of sight, I took my baby in my arms and ran up to Mother's house. The Indians had been there, too, but had not harmed them any. We found out later that they were the Pawnee Indians, and had been out west on a buffalo hunt.

The next morning Joe and I went home. They had eaten and destroyed every melon in the patch, even the ones I had covered with straw.

My husband came home in a few days. I saw him as soon as he came in sight of the house. I had been looking for him for several days and hoping that he would soon come home. We had not heard a word from him since he had left as there was no way to send a message, either by wire or mail. Lowell was the nearest town where we could get our mail and that was a very long way off. We did not get the mail very often.

We were very glad to see him but we did not have any watermelons for him. I was feeling very badly about it and told him what had happened to them. He said, "That is fine with me. We had all the melons we could eat where I have been working."

MR. CANAGA at once began to cut his hay and harvest the crops. He had more corn than he needed so he traded it for a heifer that was to be fresh soon. We raised enough potatoes to last us till we could raise another crop. We were pleased to think we had plenty of clothes and enough to eat, and wood to keep us warm for the winter.

A man started up a sawmill just three miles from us. This gave the menfolk work all winter cutting down trees and hauling logs to the mill. They sawed the trees down with a crosscut saw and hauled them with oxen. This was a new industry for this part of the country. The trees were not large—mostly cottonwood, box elder, elm and ash—but we were glad to get a board of any kind to build with. They used ox teams in the timber because the horses they had were not heavy enough. They were wild horses brought from the range in Oregon or caught on the range in Nebraska.

We bought enough rough lumber to put a floor in the house. We also built a corn crib and a shed for the cow, covered the cow shed with hay and piled hay all around it to keep it warm. We thought we were progressing nicely, and were very happy.

Mr. Canaga and my two brothers, John and Jacob, spent much time hunting and fishing, for this was the way we derived most of our meat.

One day a neighbor came along and wanted my husband to go with him on a buffalo hunt. He did not have a team of horses and he wanted my husband to take his. I begged him not to go, for I was afraid to stay alone again.

I asked, "What could I do if a prairie fire should come, with these two children to take care of and grass knee high all around the house?" But he said he guessed there was no danger on account of the creek being on one side and the river on the other. He did not think a fire would jump over them.

I prepared his grub box and the next morning they started, leaving instructions for me to shut the heifer up every night in that hay pen, which I did. Joe was going to stay with me again.

Mr. Canaga had been gone about a week when the cow was fresh. Joe and I and the children went up to get Father to come and milk the cow. She had never been milked before. When we got there Father said it was too late to bother with her that night but he would go early in the morning.

The next morning he got up before we did and went down and milked her. When he returned he said, "I set the milk in the house and you can feed it to the chickens when you get back."

We did not start home that day till about one o'clock. Mother was out in the yard and she noticed that the wind was blowing very hard from the south and that there was a pecularity about the atmosphere. She came in the house and said, "There must be an awful storm coming. Just see how black it is in the south." Father looked out and shouted, "It is a prairie fire!"

"Oh, my cow," I thought, "shut up in that hay shed; she will burn up." I left the children there and started home.

Father said, "Come back, you can never get there," but he was so busy with his own things that he did not notice that I kept on going.

Jacob started after me, soon passed me and ran on. We ran all the way and before reaching the house saw the fire cross the river. A burning tumbleweed carried it across. The flames were so close the back of my neck was burning.

Jacob ran to the corral and threw the fence down and the cow took her calf and went to some plowed ground that was near just as the shed that she had been in took fire. I thought my brother had been burned to death, when all at once he fell in the doorway of the house.

I picked him up and in a few seconds he was able to tell me how he had let the cow out of the barn and then stopped to get a breath behind the corn crib out of the smoke.

The gunnysacks that I had on the floor for a carpet, I picked up and wet in the bucket of milk that Father had set in the house when he milked the cow. There was no water in the house. When the house would take fire we would beat the flames out with the wet gunnysacks. After the head fire was past we carried water from the creek, and in this way saved the house.

When the fire had passed by, there was not a thing left but the black smoldering ground. Our stable, the hen house and corn crib and hay were all gone. Everything was burned up but the house. I could see some of the chickens up in the tree tops along the creek. Before the fire I had five hens setting. They were burned up and the eggs, too.

We were gone so long Mother began to get uneasy. She asked a neighbor boy to get on a horse and see if he could find us. The only hope that they had was that we had jumped in the water of the creek and had been saved that way. We first thought of getting in the creek but gave up when we saw the tall grass on both sides was afire, and the flames were leaping from bank to bank.

When the boy arrived I was having a chill and could not speak. He at once rode back to tell my mother that we were still alive, but that they must go and get us. Father soon came after us. We stayed with my parents until my husband came home, going back and forth to milk the cow. You cannot realize what a terrible thing a prairie fire is unless you have been in one. The wind blew for days afterward and the air was so full of ashes and cinders that you could only see a few feet ahead.

It was about a week after the fire that my husband came home. It was midnight, very dark and the black ground helped to make things worse. He had driven a long way that day in order to get home that night. The team was so tired and hungry that they could not go any farther. He drove up in front of the house, unhitched the team and started for the barn. The barn was not there, neither was the hay. He brought the team back and tied the horses to the wagon. He then went to see if the corn crib had been burned. It had. The horses, though tired and hungry, had to go without anything to eat.

He went to the house, no one was there. He thought we were at Mother's, so did not look for us as it was so late. I have often wondered if he remembered what I had said to him about a fire before he left.

The next morning he came after us. We told him of our narrow escape. As we started home that morning we could see the cabin that we called home, dreary in its loneliness. But as luck would have it the men had killed several buffaloes on their hunt, so we had penty of meat to eat that winter.

ABOUT THIS TIME a neighbor, G. B. Nettleton, asked my husband to take a load for him up the river about one hundred miles, where he was moving. He had a homestead at Driftwood Creek, south of where McCook now stands. My husband went, and decided he would rather live there than where we were, so he filed on some land. This was the fall of 1872. My parents relocated also.

The next spring we had fifteen acres of ground to plow, but no hay to feed the horses while they were working. We wanted to break up more ground but had to go slow with the horses on account of no food for them except green grass, and it was very late in growing. Our house was nearly surrounded by water. The Republican River was on one side and Methodist Creek on the other, forming a peninsula. There was just one way for us to get out, for there were no bridges.

One day we heard that there was a waterspout up the river from us. We were worried and uneasy about it because of our location. The river was rising rapidly. The clouds looked threatening, and we could hear a rumbling and rushing, a crashing and the shaking of the ground, as if an earthquake was taking place. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

It just sprinkled where we were, but by dark the creek was bank full. High water was coming down the river and the creek both. Soon water was running through our yard. We wondered what to do. We thought we were going to be washed away. There was a sea of water all around us.

My husband ran and hitched the horses to the wagon and we started to drive out. It was very dark and the only time we could see anything was when lightning would flash. The wagon was hub deep in water. We could not tell where the road was or the river or the creek. The horses got off the road and fell into a hole. The babies were crying and so was I. We wondered where we were—whether we were on the bank of the river or the creek or where. My husband jumped out and cut the tugs loose with his knife to release the horses. Then he led them to higher ground, pausing for lightning to flash so he could see where he was going.

I stayed in the wagon with my two babies till he returned to get us. While we were waiting, we could hear the water rolling and rushing all around us and expected every minute to be washed away. My husband had noticed a place near that was not covered with water and he took us to this dry spot where we stayed till morning. We would set sticks up at the edge of the water to see if it was rising or going down. The long hours dragged slowly by.

At dawn we looked around to see how close we had come to driving into the river. If we had gone any farther we would have been drowned. As soon as it was light enough we drove to Father's house and ate breakfast with the folks. After breakfast we went home. Then we discovered that we would have been all right if we had stayed in the house.

This storm came the middle of June and on the 29th of the same month, our third child was born. It was a little girl. We named her Mary.

After the flood we were dissatisfied with our new home and wanted to locate on higher ground. So we decided to sell our interest in the claim if we could get $600.00 for it. We then would move on the land that my husband had filed on in the western part of the state. In 1873 the State Legislature designated the land lying in Townshops 1, 2, 3 and 4 North, Ranges 27, 28, 29 and 30 West as Red Willow County. This was where our new claim was located and we were glad the county had been named.

IT WAS July now, 1873. The corn and all the crops were nice and green. We had a good garden and everything was just going fine. We wrote to our folks in the east of what wonderful country this was and asked them to move here with us. Of course we were in constant fear of Indians and often heard that they were killing white people every chance they had, but we had hopes of escaping them and were feeling fine to think we had such good crops and were getting along so well.

One nice day I was out walking in the yard and admiring the beautiful country and feeling thankful that we had moved west and had a home of our own. My baby was only two or three weeks old and I was not very strong but glad I could enjoy the sunshine.

I noticed a dark cloud rising in the west which looked peculiar. My first thought was the Indians were coming and I called to my husband, "Come quick, the Indians are coming. See that smoke, they have set the prairie on fire." I knew there was no one living on that divide.

My husband came running and said, "No, that's not a prairie fire. The grass is too green to burn." I suddenly became very weak and leaned against the building to keep from falling.

"What can it be?" I asked.

"Perhaps it is a storm."

We watched the cloud and it seemed to rise higher and higher. The air was calm where we were and it did not seem like a storm coming. We were both saying, "What can it be?"

We found out very soon. Oh, if I could only forget it! As the cloud came over us, grasshoppers began to fall. The ground became covered with them, several inches deep. The corn and all crops soon disappeared like dew before the morning sun. By night there was not a green thing in sight. They cleaned up everything they could eat. We went in the house and sat down and wondered what we would do, how we could live and what we would feed our horses and cattle till we could raise another crop. My husband said he would have to go somewhere to get work so that we would have something to live on.

While my husband was gone a man came wanting to buy the farm. I told him we wanted $700.00 for it. He said he would take it, so as soon as my husband returned the man came to talk about it. He said he wanted the farm but did not have any money. He said he would give us a large span of gray horses and a new wagon as a down payment. Later he sold us some cattle and gave us a mortgage for $200.00 on the cattle and horses he had left. We were now getting ready to move on our claim in Red Willow County.

There was a preacher in the neighborhood holding meetings. We had prophets in those days, the same as now. This one had been holding meetings in a dugout located on a side hill. It had a sod front with two windows and a door on the south side. These were the only openings in the building.

Preachers, in those days, preached about the "wrath of God" and everlasting punishment instead of the love of Christ.

This preacher's hobby was the "Second Coming of Christ." This was the subject he always talked on and he was very emphatic. He impressed upon the minds of his audience the importance of being prepared for the Second Coming. He told them how the sinful would be put in the fiery furnace and burned forever; how the Lord would come in a cloud and destroy the earth and all the sinners. He told them that the Second Coming would be in two years.

Many believed, and the people who were converted thought it best to keep him in the neighborhood so they would all be prepared for the great event.

As the date drew nearer, the people were more enthusiastic. This was their only subject whenever two or more were gathered together. They tried to persuade every person to their belief.

As the time approached they decided to have an all-day session so that all might repent of their sins. The day was set in June on Saturday. They all gathered at the place of worship, early in the morning. They took a light lunch with them for they figured this would be all they would ever need. They came from every direction—in wagons, on horseback and afoot.

Elder Brown, the minister and prophet, came very early on his plow horse. He tied it to some brush nearby. He figured she would never need anything more to eat since the world was to come to an end that day. The prayer meeting began very early in the morning, with Reverend Brown doing most of the talking. He prayed for the Lord to have mercy upon the sinner. Many testified and told of their wrongdoings and told of all the sins they had committed. They prayed long and earnestly. At noon they stopped long enough to eat their lunches and then went on with their prayers. They sang good old songs such as "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." You could hear them for a mile away. They did not have any musical instrument in the church at that time.

As time went on, the carrying on grew louder and louder. Some were praying, others shouting for the Lord to come. Some of the women fainted, others cried. Then there was an awful crash and a cloud of dust filled the room. Women screamed and moaned and children cried; the men shouted and ran for the door. Some of the men ran for half a mile before stopping.

There in the middle of the floor lay Reverend Brown's horse. She had become hungry and slipped out of her bridle and walked on top of the dugout to get some green grass, and had fallen through the roof onto the floor. At first there was silence, then they decided they had better go home. Slowly they filed out to see the sun set and rise again—much to their surprise.

ONE DAY fourteen Indian squaws and children came to our house asking for food. Their grief was heart rending as they cried and mumbled to themselves. We could not understand them, only we knew they wanted food and that they were on their way back to Genoa, a town on the Loop River.

Later we learned that the Pawnees were hunting buffaloes in the country now known as Hitchcock County, on the little stream northwest of the town now known as Trenton. There were 300 warriors, 400 women and children, 1,200 ponies and a great many dogs.

They had been warned by the white people that they were being watched by Sioux warriors, but Sky Chief, the leader of the Pawnees, thought this was a scheme to get the buffaloes, so did not pay any attention to the warning. On August 3, 1873, the Pawnees rode out to meet a herd of buffaloes coming from the northwest, but to their surprise the buffalo robes were thrown off and they were confronted by the Sioux. The Pawnees turned, gathered their women and children, pack ponies and dogs into a ravine for protection. The hill was covered with fighting Indians as the Sioux seemed to come from every direction.

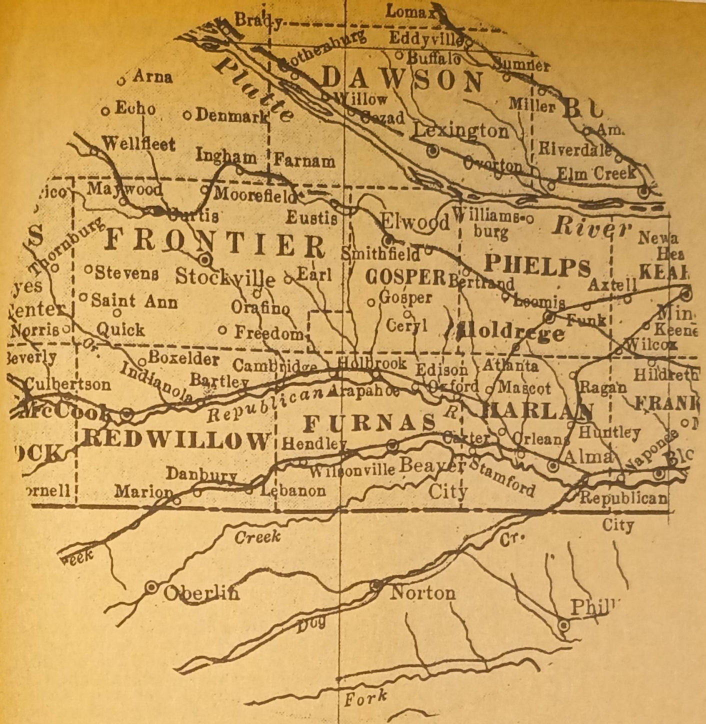
Mr. Williamson, a white man who was sent out by the Government to go with the Pawnees to keep peace, rode out in front with a white cloth on a long pole. A stream of bullets and arrows came at him, so he turned and started back. A bullet hit his horse, and it stumbled and fell dead at the edge of the ravine. Mr. Williamson fell into the ravine and was saved.

Sky Chief had ridden off in pursuit of a buffalo just before the fight started. The Sioux found him first and killed and scalped him. The air was full of arrows and bullets. An awful encounter followed. On every side the Pawnees were driven back. They gave the alarm for the women to flee for their lives. Some, however, crawled into holes and under the brush. Those that did not run were all killed and scalped. For three miles the Sioux warriors followed them. The Pawnees were driven in a tangled mass down the massacre canyon. As the ravine narrowed it became a gorge and many were trampled. All the time the Sioux were on the top of the hill firing down upon them.

They would all have been killed if it had not been for the U. S. Cavalry coming up the Republican River at the time. The Sioux being on top of the hill saw them first and recognized them by their flag. This caused them to turn and flee and as they went they took with them several of the pack ponies belonging to the Pawnees.

The Sioux killed 156 of the Pawnees, and most of their ponies and equipment were lost. To this day I can see those squaws with their babies in their arms, crying for their lost husbands.

ON ACCOUNT of my poor health I hated to move so far from Mother. And the claim that my husband had filed on in Red Willow County was on the south side of the river. There were no bridges and you never knew when there would be a flood, and fording the river was a dangerous thing on account of the quicksand shifting. I dreaded to think of moving to this farm.



Red Willow Creek area in southern Nebraska showing Elwood near the Platte in Gosper County.

August came and we were to move. My husband loaded up our goods and started. The children and I were to stay with Father and Mother till he came back. I told him before he left that I hoped and prayed that the river would be so high when he arrived there he could not cross.

When he arrived at the river it was very high and out of its banks in many places. He stayed there five days waiting for the water to go down so he could cross. While there a man came along and told him about a nice quarter of land on Red Willow Creek, with plenty of wood and water. My husband went at once to look at it and he was well pleased. He thought it a much better place than the one he had. He broke out five acres of sod, then fixed a dugout to live in. He did not have time to put a roof on but put his goods in it and came back after the family. I had not heard a word from him since he left, for there was no way in which he could send us a letter or a message of any kind.

I was so glad when he came back and told me what he had done. Mother said she would keep our little boy until we were settled and then they would bring him to us. We loaded up the rest of our goods and started. We were on the road three days.

Just at sunset the third day we came in sight of the timber on Red Willow Creek. Across the creek were five wagons. We found out later that they had just buried a child who had died with whooping cough. This made me feel uneasy. I wondered what we would do if our children got sick, and if there was any doctor close by.

As we neared our new home it seemed to me that we were going to the end of the world—in other words, to the jumping-off place. The baby was very cross; she had been fussing and crying all the way out there. When we arrived at the dugout it was dark. Mosquitoes were singing and biting till it seemed they would eat us up. I was so homesick I thought I never could stand it. Oh, if only I had wings to fly, I would not stay here a minute. But we were like all other settlers; we were there and could not get away.

The night passed and the next day my husband put a roof on the dugout and made a door for it. There were no windows and just a dirt floor. We lived in this dugout for six weeks. During that time my folks came with the little boy. He could not walk very well alone, being only about a year old. I would let him play just outside the door in the sunshine, and one day I heard him cry and ran to see what was the matter. There he sat in a bed of big red ants. He was covered with them. They were stinging and biting and crawling all over him. I picked him up as soon as I could, took all his clothes off, brushed the ants off and took a wire hairpin and dug them out of his ears and nose. He had bites all over him and was crying as hard as he could.

I realized that something must be done quick. There was no doctor to get and it was too far to any neighbors. It was up to me to save our boy. I did not know what else to do so I painted him all over with indigo. This was what we used to blue our clothes with. This I hoped would kill the poison. His eyes were soon swollen shut. I could tell by the way he cried that his throat was swelling, too. I worked and worked with him for three days. Then he began to get better and in a few days was all right.

IN THE FALL of 1872 the government of Nebraska had the western part of the state surveyed. The counties named were Red Willow, Phelps, Furnace and Hitchcock.

Thirty-two families passed the winter of 1873-74 in Red Willow County. D. N. Smith, agent for the Republican Valley Land Association, erected the first building in Indianola. He presented it to the county and it served as a courthouse, post office, schoolhouse and church, also a law office. The benches were made of cottonwood slabs and it was lighted with candles. This was the western frontier, with only buffaloes and Indians beyond.

The Indians were frequent visitors and to prevent them from becoming hostile we would give them something to eat, even though we did not have much for our families. Many a stagecoach and emigrant train were attacked and some people were killed.

One of the pioneers started to a little town twenty-five miles away, leaving his wife and little boy in their sod house till he could get home. He drove a team of oxen and did not arrive in the village until late in the afternoon. They told him that the Indians were coming. He turned around and started for home as fast as the oxen could go. In the meantime a hunter had stopped and told the man's wife that a report had come that the Indians were coming. This frightened her very much. She took her little boy in her arms and started for the nearest neighbor who lived two miles away. When she arrived there they were not at home. She was tired and did not know what to do, so she went back home.

She met several Indians on her way back but they did not harm her. She noticed, in particular, that the squaws were carrying all they could handle. When she arrived home she found the meat barrel was empty. Before she had time to lock the door, four big Indians walked in. They were all carrying tomahawks, had on their head-dresses and were painted in bright colors. They looked around the room as if in search of something. When they discovered several sacks of flour the leader started to take a sack. This gave the woman courage. She snatched a rifle from the wall and aimed it at him. The Indian who stood beside her raised his tomahawk to strike her, then changed his mind and turned around and walked out. The others followed. She quickly shut the door behind him and bolted it fast. Then she watched through a crack in the wall and saw the Indians go away. She was so weak she just trembled. Her husband hurried as fast as the tired oxen could go, but did not get home till night.

We had to go about one hundred miles for provisions. It was a place called Plum Creek, now named Lexington, on the Platte River. It took days to make the round trip with a team. Neighbors would take turns going. One man would haul for all the rest, and in this way the women and children were not left alone in the neighborhood. They were all afraid of Indians.

My husband and a neighbor thought they might make a little money on some horses, so they bought sixty head of ponies and drove them east to sell. My brother Jacob was staying with me while Mr. Canaga was gone. We kept our fishhooks set all the time in Red Willow Creek. This was the way we derived most of our meat. One day while my brother was out looking at the fishhooks, a neighbor rode up and said, "Mrs. Canaga, be ready in fifteen minutes, there will be a team here to get you. Indians are coming and we are all to go to Indianola." He rode on to tell the rest of the neighbors.

As soon as he left I ran to the pig pen to turn the hogs out. Then I ran to where the cows were lariated out, and turned them loose. I was calling all the time to my brother to come quickly, that Indians were coming.

When I arrived at the house, my brother was there. I told him we must hurry, that a team would soon be there for us. I washed the children's faces and put clean clothes on them, then gathered up some of their clothes in a sheet and tied the corners together. We didn't have any suitcases. I put some bread and butter in the bundle, and we were ready when the wagon came. Other neighbors were in the wagon, as many as it would hold.

When we arrived at Indianola people were there for miles around. The menfolk brought all the ammunition and guns they could find. They hurriedly formed a circle on the outside with wagons. Then a circle with the horses. Then the men hid behind the horses. The women and children were all kept inside the only house. We stayed there like that all night, the men keeping watch and the women taking care of the children. We were expecting to be attacked by Indians any minute. We were so frightened—I will never forget how we felt and what a long night we put in.

THE NEXT DAY a cowboy said, "If you will furnish me a horse, I will ride up the river and see how close they are." They gave him a young mare to ride and he left at twelve o'clock. We waited and watched, and waited and watched, till about five o'clock. Then we saw the young mare coming back with a piece of paper tied around her neck. We hastened to her. It read, "What you have taken for Indians is a herd of Texas cattle." What a relief!

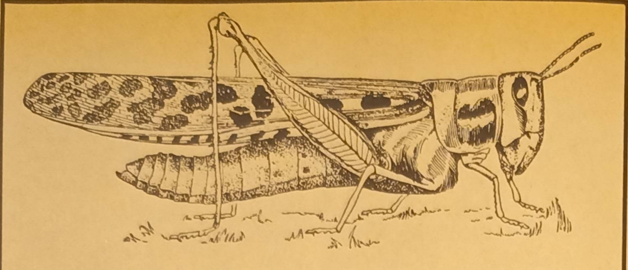
We all took a long breath and cried for joy.

One neighbor said, "I guess we better go home." Others said, "Not till morning." I told my neighbor if he was going home I would like to ride with him.

"Ellen," Brother said, "if you go back now you will have to go alone." I thought of our cows and pigs; they were all we had to depend upon for a living. "I'll go alone then," and I did. When I arrived home everything was all right. The Indians had not been there. I shut the cows in the corral and fed the pigs and everything was fine.

My neighbors came over and took me home with them. I was glad they came after me, for I was afraid to stay alone after such a scare. They lived in a sod house that was ten feet wide and twelve feet long. They had two beds, a stove, a table and a few chairs. They did not have room for us but said they would make room for us at a time like this.

They fixed a bed on the floor for the children, who were so tired they were glad to get to lie down anywhere and went right to sleep.



Rocky Mountain Grasshopper.

About midnight I woke up. Something seemed to be crawling all over me and biting me. I looked and it was fleas. I decided I would get up and walk around out in the yard, for I could not sleep any longer. The fleas were eating me up alive.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. I could hear the hoot owl calling his mate and the mournful sound of a dove. I sat down on a bench that was there in front of the house. I sat there for a long time. Memories of my old home came back to me and I wondered if we had bettered ourselves any by coming out west. Suddenly I heard a rattling in the brush close by. This frightened me. I rushed back in the house and as I entered the neighbor raised up in bed and said something that I could not understand. Then I heard his wife say, "Don't shoot, it's Mrs. Canaga." He had his gun in his hand and was ready to fire. "I thought it was an Indian," he said.

The next morning I went home and my brother soon came. He told me how the rest of the neighbors stayed at Indianola all night. They were afraid to go home.

My husband was away two weeks, and it seemed like ages to me. He brought back thirty ponies he could not sell. The rest of them he had sold on time and had taken notes for pay, as the buyers had no cash. He said times were dull and money was scarce in the east. Mr. Canaga never was able to cash the notes and we lost all.

There were very few people living in Red Willow County at this time and those who did live there were many miles apart. Each and every man took it upon himself to protect his neighbor as well as his own family, especially when he knew the menfolk were gone.

One day Mr. Stenner thought he would ride over to a neighbor's house and see how they were getting along. He mounted his horse and rode away. His wife was looking out the window watching him ride up the hill where he met two Indians who were on horseback, too. They shook hands with him and seemed glad to see him. The wife and daughters, who were in the house, were so frightened they did not know what to do, but thought they were civilized Indians or they would not have been so friendly.

Nevertheless they stayed by the window, watching. Presently Mr. Stenner started on and just as he turned his back on them they shot and killed him. Before the women could do a thing the Indians were in the house. They tied Mrs. Stenner and bound her to the post that was in the center of the room. They took the girls by the hair, for they had beautiful long hair, and drug them all around the room in front of their mother, beating and whipping them with their horsewhips till the girls' screams could be heard for miles. The floor and walls were covered with blood. This caused the mother to swoon into unconsciousness. When the Indians thought they were all dead they left and rode away.

Two days passed by and the neighbors, not seeing anything of the Stenner family, thought it best to look about them. As they neared the house, they found the body of Mr. Stenner, mangled almost beyond recognition by wolves. They knew then that Indians had been there, and they rushed into the house. The mother was still tied to the post, but did not recognize them. The girls were lying on the floor, where the Indians had left them, still unconscious. The neighbors took the women home with them and gave them nourishment and medicine such as they had, for there was no doctor they could get. In a short time Mrs. Stenner and the girls regained consciousness and were able to tell what had happened.

When this story became known among the settlers it caused much uneasiness. Before this when an Indian seemed so sociable he was considered civilized and was not suspected of any harm. Now the white people were afraid of every Indian they saw.

THERE WERE several children in the neighborhood who were old enough to go to school but there was no school for them to attend. The parents were all anxious for their children to have a good education, so they called a meeting of all who had children five years of age or more to decide what to do. They voted to hire a teacher by subscription. Each family was to pay so much per child on the teacher's salary, and those who could not pay, could board the teacher part time and that would go on the teacher's salary. The school was to be held first in one home and then another since there was no schoolhouse. George McCoy was the first teacher and received $12.50 a month part of the time and occasionally as high as $15.00, depending upon the number of children in school. His board was taken out of this. We had three months of school in a year.

On December 17, 1873, School District Number One was organized at Red Willow. They didn't have money to build a schoolhouse so they decided to hold school in a building that John Lawton had built of logs on his homestead, and then deserted. It was a cabin with two windows and a door on the south side and a fireplace on the east end. It was considered a safe place for the children because it had what was called an Indian cave connected with the house on the north side. This was a cave dug back of the house with a small tunnel leading to the house. If Indians came, the children and teacher could crawl through this tunnel to the cave and the Indians would not find them. If the Indians set the house on fire, the teacher could close the opening and the smoke would not get to them, and the Indians would not know they were there. This house was used for a schoolhouse until 1885. Then a frame building was erected across the road, where the new building now stands. Ada Buck was the first teacher in the frame building.

On Arbor Day, 1886, while Ada Buck was the teacher, trees were planted around the school in a celebration in which my children participated. Each tree was named by the child who planted it and was given the name of the child's favorite author.

We did not raise much in 1874 on account of dry weather and grasshoppers. We met with many hardships and discouragements. Many of the pioneers grew restless and left their homesteads, and moved back east to the place from which they came. Money was hard to get. This is recorded in history as "a money panic" which affected the whole world. Being one hundred miles from a railroad town we had no market for the things we did raise. Eggs were worth five cents a dozen when we could sell them; butter, eight cents a pound; cattle and hogs, two cents a pound; corn, eight cents a bushel; and wheat, forty cents. We had to live on cornbread and sorghum, wild game and fish.

Rocky Mountain grasshoppers were one of the worst things we had to contend with. They had long slender bodies and sometimes grew to be very large. They were different to the grasshoppers we have now. They traveled in swarms and would fly for miles before stopping. It was a sad day for the farmer when they settled down on his crops. On July 20, 21 and 22, 1874, great clouds of them settled down upon us. There were so many that they darkened the sky. The vibration of their wings filled the air with a humming sound; it sounded like an awful storm coming. Then a hush would fall as they dropped to the ground and began to eat. They soon ate all the green crops except broom corn and sorghum. They ate the bark off the trees and gnawed holes in the rail fences. They were so thick on the ground that the earth looked as though it was moving. It was hard to drive a team across a field because the hoppers would fly up and strike the horses on the head like hailstones.

We thought when they had eaten up all the crops they would fly away again, but instead they crawled into the ground and laid their eggs there and then died. We had hard times before the hoppers came, but now starvation was staring us in the face. There was no hope left, for the ground was filled with eggs that would hatch in the spring.

These were the darkest days Nebraska had ever known. On September 8, the government issued a proclamation requesting relief for those who had suffered from the grasshoppers and drouth. Some were too proud to accept it. Others hunted game and lived as the Indians lived on "jerky," dried buffalo meat. Others gave up their homesteads and moved back east. Often we would see a covered wagon going east with one horse and one cow hitched up, pulling the wagon.

Thus the years went by, and on the 21st of June, 1875, our fourth child was born. We called her Ida. We had to get along as best we could when there was sickness in the family for there was not a doctor in the country. Ida was the third white child born in Red Willow County.

ONE DAY I was trying to sew a little. I was making a pair of pants for my husband. My little girl was cross and fretful. She was about two years old. I did not have any toys, so I went outdoors to see if I could find something that she could play with. Early in the spring I had planted some seed that I thought were flower seeds. (They turned out to be Jimson weed.)

I picked some of the dry pods from the plants and shook them. They rattled, so I thought they would make a nice rattle box for her to play with. She played with them and was quiet for a while, then she came to me crying harder than ever. I spoke up very crossly and said, "Go away, Crosspatch, till I finish these pants."

She turned to go and I noticed she staggered as she went. I threw the pants down and said, "Mary, come to Mama." She turned and looked at me with a wild expression in her eyes. As I picked her up she grabbed my hair with both hands, as if she was afraid of falling. Just then my husband came in with a load of wood.

"Something is wrong with our little girl," I said.

He came up close and reached his arms out to take her. She grabbed with both hands for his whiskers.

"I'm afraid she is poisoned," and I spoke of the Jimson pods (Jamestown Weed) I had given her to play with.

I gave her all the sweet cream she would drink, then I gave her butter and sugar. She lay in spasms all night. We sent for a man who pretended to know something about medicine. He stayed with us till morning. We finally got her to vomit and she threw up about a thimbleful of the Jimson seed. Then she began to get better, but it was two weeks before she could walk again.

While she was sick I was lying on the bed with her and reading a Sunday School paper. I read in that paper about a tramp who was traveling along the dusty road one day and walked out into the cemetery. He threw himself down beside a tombstone to cool off and went to sleep. When he woke up, he sat up and read this verse on the tombstone:

Remember well when passing by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am, so you will be;
Prepare in life to follow me.

The tramp took a pencil from his pocket and wrote this beneath the verse:

With your advice, I'm not content
Until I know which way you went.

I jumped up and got the verse I had prized so highly and burned it up. Then I said to myself, "I don't want that verse on my tombstone."

AT FIRST we did not have much social life, but as more people moved in we began to have prayer meetings in the homes. We organized literaries and met in the schoolhouse. We had a program consisting of readings and songs, and violin and mouth organ music. There were no other musical instruments. We debated and had spell-downs and basket suppers at the close of the entertainment. We would go miles in a wagon to these entertainments. We would put some hay in the wagon box then spread a quilt over the hay. We did not have even a wagon seat to sit on. Sometimes several neighbors would go in one wagon.

Children found work herding cattle and picking up bones. Buffalo and cattle bones brought $1.50 a load. Children would pick up these bones and stack them and when they thought they had a load the men would take them to market.

One nice warm day the children wanted to know if they could go out where their father was plowing and follow in the furrow behind him. I told them they could if they would be on the watch-out for snakes. They said they would. While they were out I thought I would get some sewing done. I sat down in a chair to do some basting.

Mary came running in and said, "Mammie, see what I have," and before I could say a word she poured a can of fishworms in my lap. I screamed and jumped and threw the worms all over the room. They began to crawl in every direction. I had quite a time cleaning them out.

There were many snakes all over the country. Rattlesnakes and copperheads were the only ones that people were afraid of. These were considered very poisonous. The homesteaders kept whiskey or alcohol on hand to give in case a person was bitten. This was the only thing they knew to do. The children went barefooted as long as the weather would permit, to save on shoes. There were no pasture fences; it was free range, and children had to herd the cattle barefooted. They were on constant watch for snakes but sometimes the smaller children would forget.

Russell Loomis' little boy was following along behind his older brother. His brother ran over the snake and did not see it and when the little boy came along the rattlesnake bit him. They were two or three miles from home and by the time they arrived home the poison had gone through his system till they could not do a thing for him and he died. This frightened the homesteaders more than ever. Many times cattle were bitten by these snakes. Their bodies would swell up and in a day or two they would die. When a dog was bitten he would run for water and if he could find some mud and water he would crawl into it and stay there till he got better.

Rattlesnakes and burrowing owls lived in the same burrows with prairie dogs. Sometimes their towns would cover several acres of ground, and, of course, they had the space all to themselves, because everything was afraid of rattlesnakes. One of these prairie dog towns was only about 600 feet from our house. We did not molest them. They were hard to catch or kill.

Wild cattle annoyed the pioneers a great deal. Since there were no fences to protect crops they would come in at night to graze. And if there had been a drouth and it was hard for them to find something to eat they would come in large herds.

One cold winter night our dog began barking viciously. We knew by the way he barked that there were wild animals around. My husband jumped up, grabbed his gun and ran out. He said as he went that there was a herd of wild cattle in the hay lot. I was frightened for I thought of their long horns and worried that they might gore him to death. I was afraid to go out.

I heard the dog barking and my husband yelling as loud as he could. I knew he was trying to scare them away. They were so poor and wobbly they couldn't run. He picked up a club and beat them on the head and some of them he knocked down, they were so weak. With the dog's help he finally drove them out. The barn was a dugout and the roof was on a level with the ground, covered with willow and straw. He was afraid they would get on it and fall in on the horses and kill them, but they didn't. We had to drive them away many times during the winter.

The buffaloes were not so bold. They had what were called buffalo wallows where they would sleep at night. These wallows would be several feet across, and when it rained they would fill up with water and look like small lakes. The buffaloes had fords in the rivers where the water was shallow. They would come here in herds to get a drink and sometimes would wade across to feed on the other side. One of the fords was on our claim. I often watched them come down for water. At first buffaloes and antelopes were plentiful. Later on it became the custom to go on a hunt for the winter's supply of meat and for some to sell. Many pioneers supported their families in this way. They sold or traded jerky for supplies. It was not a question of getting ahead or making money, but being able to merely exist.

MY BROTHER, John Crockford, moved to Montana. Here is a copy of a letter he wrote to his brother, Henry in Michigan:

Jefferson River, Montana
September 16, 1881

Dear Brother and Sister:

I am propped up in bed, and take my pen in hand to drop you a few lines. Julia and baby are well. I am not. I was tackled night before last by a big grizzly bear, and was torn up very badly. I am crippled in the left thigh, my leg being nearly torn off. My face is torn, also one hand. I tackled the bear first. I was hunting grizzlies and tracked one into a thicket, when all at once he rose up on his haunches right before me, about ten feet away. Sat there and looked at me, but did not offer to hurt me till I shot him. Before I had time to think he had me in his paws and smashed me onto the ground. I had an awful fight with him. He was larger than an ox. I struck him on the mouth with the gun, and broke his two large teeth out. That was what saved me. He kept getting weaker and weaker from the shot I had given him. I finally tore away from him and crawled into the river and he did not follow. I was two miles from my wagon. I had an awful time to get back. There are two men going out to get the bear tomorrow if they can find the place. I know I killed him, or I would never have got away. I was no more in his paws than a mouse is in a cat's, at first. But he got so weak he reeled when he was on top of me.

Oh, Henry, what a place I was in. I prayed and fought awful hard. I am in such pain. I can't tell you where to write, for I don't know. I am on the road to Yellowstone River to hunt buffaloes, but I guess that is about played out now. I am not able to travel. My left thigh is the worst, torn almost off. I may be a cripple for life.

If you will direct to Butte City, Montana Territory, I will get it. I will send there for my mail. I will close now. Goodbye.

John Crockford

The men found the dead bear later. John subsequently died from the injuries he received.

ON JUNE 15, 1877, the government under military command by Major Howard took the Ponca Indians across Nebraska to the Indian Territory. The pioneers were feeling better because the government was taking the Indians away.

Farmers also had begun to realize that if they stayed they must find some way to destroy the grasshoppers. They rigged up nets to catch them in. Some dug ditches and filled them with poison bait and destroyed them while feeding. That spring was late and we had a hard freeze after the grasshoppers' eggs hatched and they were destroyed in that way.

Crops were getting better and many people were moving in. Quite a little town was growing up in Indianola. Although there was no railroad we could get some of the necessary things of life there.

There was a rumor that the Burlington Railroad was going to build through the State to Denver, and that the tracks would follow the Republican River. This enthused the pioneers more than anything else.

In the year 1878 was our last Indian scare. A man came riding a horse and notified the people that Indians were coming. He said that there was a whole tribe of them coming and for every person to go to the Overacher home for defense. Men, women and children were quickly notified to gather there. They came from miles away.

The Overacher house was built of sod on a side hill and had a dugout basement. This made a good place for the women and children. The men quickly arranged the wagons around the horses and then stood behind them for protection. The women gathered butcher knives and hatchets and prepared themselves in case the Indians would break through the line of defense outside. This caused intense excitement. Some of the women were crying, others moaning and fainting.

Someone gave the alarm that they were there. Our hearts seemed to stop beating. We waited and waited, afraid to even breathe for fear they would hear us. But they didn't come. Then my brother said he would get on a horse and ride to the top of the hill. Maybe the Indians had passed by. He rode, then reported that there were no Indians. How we rejoiced.

A doctor by the name of DeNeer located in the little village of Red Willow. He was a welcome man in the neighborhood. We had done without a doctor for so many years.

That summer an epidemic of diptheria broke out in the neighborhood. Every person who contracted the disease died. Many families lost all their children. Two of our children, Mary and Ida, caught it, as all the well children were allowed to go the funerals of their playmates. We sent for Dr. DeNeer. When he arrived he said there was no hope for Ida but he would do what he could.

He made a funnel with a piece of writing paper and through that he blew sulphur into the children's throats; then he instructed me how to keep up that treatment, and they recovered.

The Burlington Railroad built through to Denver in 1882. It came through Indianola in 1879. A spot about ten miles west of Red Willow was designated as a division station. They built a roundhouse there and named it McCook.

Herd leaders on the Nebraska prairie.

AMONG the early settlers of Red Willow County were two women whose names should go down in history for their part in making Nebraskans better citizens. They were Mrs. John Longnecker and Mrs. Royal Buck. They were the first ladies to settle in this barren wilderness, and brave they must have been to come so far from their homes and loved ones to settle among the Indians and buffaloes.

Mrs. John Longnecker was well educated, refined and cultured. She came from Kentucky with her husband soon after they were married. They brought with them a good library, which was of much value to the neighborhood as there were no schools or churches for some time. She was a great worker among the young folks. Although she had six children of her own, she always found time to help with the amusement and entertainment of the others. She helped to organize the church and taught the young folks' class for many, many years.

Elias Canaga, son Thomas Benton, daughter Nellie, and Ellen Crockford Canaga.

Quite often she would take all of them home with her for dinner, and after dinner she would see to it that they were properly entertained. She would loan them some good books to read and encourage them to fit themselves for higher and better work. She trained them for leadership. Her influence and teachings will live long in the hearts and lives of those who came in contact with her. She now lies at rest in the little cemetery on the hill at Indianola.

Mrs. Buck was a homebody, but nevertheless did much to improve the life of every family in the neighborhood. She was kind and lovable, well educated and refined. She raised four children.

On cold days she would watch for children going to and from school and if it was cold weather she would call them in to get warm. Often she would give them a warm drink, a piece of pie or a piece of cake, to cheer them up, then wrap them up good before they started on. She would encourage them to study hard and grow up to be good men and women. If she thought they were not properly clothed she would call on their mothers and advise them as to their care and dress. She helped me a great many times in the bringing up of my children. She will live long in the hearts of every mother and child that she knew.

One bitter cold morning the neighborhood was shocked to hear of the death of Ella Buck. The Bucks' oldest daughter had a pet horse that Ella had been riding to Red Willow post office every day. The post office was about two miles away and she always went about ten o'clock in the morning. It was the style in those days for a woman to ride on a side saddle, with both feet on one side of the horse, and to wear a long skirt that nearly touched the ground.

This particular morning it was ten degrees below zero and the ground was frozen very hard. There was a light snow on the ground and in patches. The horse came home without her. Mr. Buck jumped on the horse and started back to find her. He had not gone very far when he found Ella lying on the side of the road with her neck broken. She gasped once and was gone. He saw a paper in the grass nearby which made him think that the horse had become frightened at this paper and had jumped sidewise, tossing her off. The mother was overcome with grief when she found out what had happened. It was a sad funeral, for everyone in the neighborhood mourned the loss of this young lady.

ON JANUARY 12, 1882, our fifth and last child was born. We named her Nellie. It was a bitter cold night, snowing hard and the wind had drifted the snow many feet deep in places. A neighbor rode on horseback seven miles to get the doctor, Dr. Shaw, who lived in Indianola. He drove a team and buggy through the deep snow and many times would have to get out and shovel his way through. He was almost frozen when he arrived. We had him stay till morning and wait for the storm to abate.

The news came on June 8, 1882, that the first successful telephone connection between Lincoln and Omaha was accomplished. Many people said it could not be true that the voice could be carried over a wire.

After our frame schoolhouse was built we had nine months of school a year. There were no pencil tablets at that time but the teacher was able to get foolscap paper and she gave each pupil one sheet with instructions to be careful how they used it, as there was only one sheet for each pupil. She gave one lead pencil to each; it consisted of unpainted wood and had no rubber on the tip. There was one eraser in the school for all the children. Pupils used slates to work their problems on.

The blizzard of January 12, 1888, will long be remembered by all early settlers as the worst recorded in history. It had been warm and calm all day till about three in the afternoon. The wind came from the north and the clouds began to hover. The wind blew harder and harder, the clouds became more dense, snow began to fall. As the wind increased it grew colder. A teacher in the west part of the state, fearing a bad storm, dismissed school and told the children to hurry home. By the time the children arrived home it was getting bitter cold and the wind was fairly howling. The wind and snow raged for three days and nights. Men could not get to their barns to feed their stock. All houses, barns and sheds that were dugouts, were completed covered with snow.

The storm was soon followed by another one. We were snowed in for two weeks before we could hear from our neighbors. We had one neighbor by the name of Brown who lived in a dugout, and if it had not been for another neighbor, a Mr. Long, the Browns would have all perished. Mr. Long lived close and fearing that they were covered up with snow, succeeded in getting there after three days of shoveling drifts. Their doorway was completely covered. He shoveled snow for hours to get them out. When he got them they were all right but glad to be released.

In the western part of Nebraska was the sand hill region. That was the last part of the state to be settled up. It was not considered of much value and a dangerous place to live. There was a family living there by the name of Haumann. It was a large family—nine to ten children. The oldest girl was working for a neighbor. She was in the habit of going home on Sunday, but this particular Sunday she could not go home. Two of her sisters, eight and four years of age, went over to see her. On their way home they stopped to pick some flowers and soon were lost. That night they did not return home so the next morning their parents went to look for them. It was soon learned that they were lost. People came from far and near to search for the little girls. Sometimes they would find footprints in the sand, and would think they were close. But they hunted and hunted till Wednesday noon, when they found the youngest child.

She was carrying one shoe in her hand, the other one she had lost. She had gone so long without water or food and was so frightened that her mind was affected for days. It took months for her to recover. They did not find the other little girl till the seventh day. She had taken off her apron, spread it on the brush, and crawled under it and died. Her little form was wasted away so that her parents could recognize her only by her clothing. The neighbors wept with the family, as they tenderly laid her to rest near her home.

THE WELLS that the pioneers had dug to get water were very deep and it took a long time to dig them by hand. One man would be at the bottom of the well digging with a spade and there would be others at the top pulling the dirt up in a bucket with a rope and pulley. Sometimes it was a man pulling the dirt up and sometimes it was a woman. Just whoever they could get. When they had struck enough water to get along with they would quit digging, put a curb around the outside of the well, then build a frame up over it and place a pulley and rope in this and draw the water up in a bucket. It took a long time to pull the water up if the well was 200 or more feet deep; it was very hard work.

When the settlers gave up their homesteads and moved back east during the hard times, these wells were left open. Grass and sunflowers grew up over them and the curbs rotted away and they were not visible. When the rains came the hole washed larger and left a very dangerous place. A man living in Custer County was driving along one evening and discovered he was not on the road. It was getting quite dark. He crawled out of his wagon to see if he could tell where he was. He walked around in front of the horses when all at once he realized that he was going down.

He wondered what he could do, where he was and what had happened, thinking there was no hope for him. He put his hands together and offered up a prayer to Almighty God to have mercy on him. The farther he went the faster he went. He thought he would never stop. At last he realized he was in mud and water, four or five feet deep. He knew then he had fallen into an open well. He managed to get his head up out of the water, but was dazed and could not think what to do, if anything.

At last he was able to get on some boards and trash that had fallen into the well and in this way kept pretty well out of the water till morning. It seemed like a long night. He knew that there was no hope of anyone finding him. He thought of his knife. He took it out of his pocket and began to dig foot holds in the wall. This was slow work but it seemed his only chance to get out. He worked for two days and two nights. He was almost exhausted, still he kept digging. At last he reached the top. He fell on the ground and thanked the Lord that his life was spared. The well was 143 feet deep. He crawled to the nearest house, for he was too weak to walk and he had hurt one foot when he fell. The neighbors took him home and in time he recovered. A complaint was sent to the Legislature and a law was passed forbidding anyone to leave an open well.

After the coming of the railroad the country improved rapidly. The county seat was moved from Indianola to McCook and a new courthouse was built. McCook grew very fast. A flour mill was erected there and many other improvements. Churches and schoolhouses were all over the county. The districts now all had nine months of school a year.

More people were moving in every year. Crops were getting better. We were now able to get coal oil, and lamps were used in place of candles. A herd law was passed. Farmers were able to get barbed wire to fence their pastures. Spring wagons and buggies were taking the place of lumber wagons.

We began to feel glad that we had come to the new country. We had our home and the children would have a chance to get a good education. These were the things we came west for.

IT'S NOT all pleasure living in a country when it is new, but the tragedy of it all is the children who lose their lives.

In the fall of 1887, the town of Elwood had just been started. Very few people lived in that part of the state because the county was so rough and it was very hard to get water. They had to dig their wells by hand with a spade and go down two hundred feet or more to strike water. This was very dangerous as the sides of the well would sometimes cave in on them while digging.

E. D. Usher lived near what we called "The Devil's Gap." This is the top of the divide between the Platte River and the Republican River. The head of the canyon from the north comes very close to the head of the canyon from the south. There is a narrow strip of land between the two canyons which is very high and the canyons on either side are sixty feet deep or more. The land is quite level on top and breaks off abruptly into these deep gulches.

At this particular time Mr. Usher had company visiting, a family named Nelson. They had a little boy six years old they called Jamie. They also had other small children with them. One day the Nelson and Usher children were out playing on some hay. In the canyon the menfolk came driving along in a wagon with some barrels in the back of the wagon. They were on their way to the William Umberger ranch to get some water. They did not have a well and were hauling water from their neighbor's place.

Jamie ran out to the wagon. The other children saw him go, but thought he was tired of playing and wanted to go home with his dad, so paid no attention to him. When the children went home that night Mrs. Nelson said, "Where is Jamie?" They told her he went with the men to get water. When the men came home, Jamie was not with them and they had not seen him. A light snow was beginning to fall. They must find him at once for it was getting dark. They hunted till it was so dark they could not see any longer. They lit their lanterns and called on the neighbors to help them find the lost child. They hunted all night—still no trace of him.

The next morning when it had quit storming they found his tracks but could not follow them. They hunted that day and more people came. They came from far and near to hunt for the lost child. The second day they found his cap. They searched everywhere—in the canyons, on the divide, in the brush and in the grass, everywhere—but they could not find Jamie. The search went on night and day till everyone was worn out. The mother was frantic over the loss of her child.

On the sixth day they found his little form, stiff and cold in death. He was lying in a little hole in the ground with his little legs crossed as if he were asleep. He was at the edge of Frontier County. As near as they could tell he had traveled about fourteen miles. It was a sad day when the parents returned to their home in Saline County carrying their little boy back there for burial.

I MOVED to Lebanon, Oregon, in 1910. My four daughters live here. My husband and son, and most of the people spoken of in this book, are now resting underneath the soil on the plains of Western Kansas and Nebraska. My grandson, Walter L. Miles, is now flying over the trail that we blazed in a covered wagon many years ago.

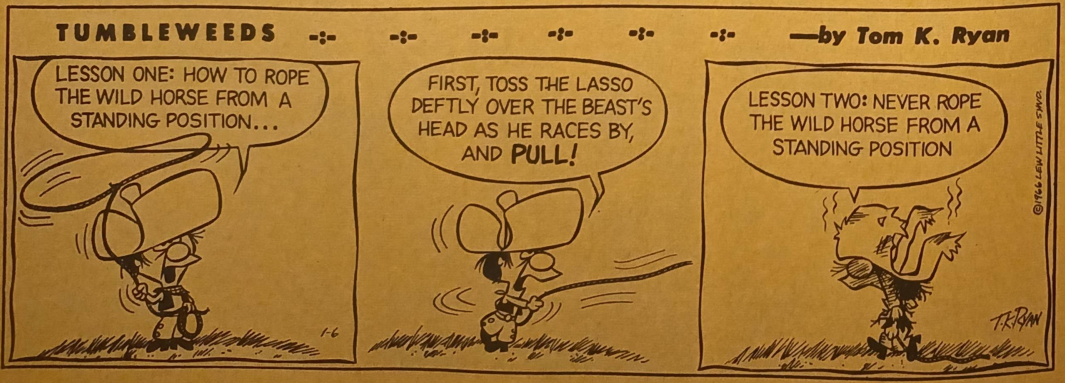
As I sit here alone in my modern home in Lebanon, at the age of eighty-seven, I realize that I am nearing the end. The sun will soon be setting. I hope that I have not made these sacrifices in vain; that my children and the younger people of today will strive to make this a better world in which to live.

Echoes come back to me of a home built on the barren prairies, of the hardships endured, and of the early friendships and the simple pleasures we enjoyed.

The sublime faith of most of the early settlers was marvelous. They met discouragement and disaster with strong determination to succeed. Nothing could shake them from their goal, of conquering the wilderness and making it "to blossom as a rose."

May the spirit of progress never die out. May the younger generations have that determination to succeed, let come what will. And may they learn to enjoy their work, as did the early settlers. The poet . . . has said:

The moving finger writes, and
having writ, moves on;
Nor all your piety, nor all your wit
Can alter one short line—nor all
your tears
Blot out one word of it.


TUMBLEWEEDS —by Tom K. Ryan
LESSON ONE: HOW TO ROPE THE WILD HORSE FROM A STANDING POSITION...
FIRST, TOSS THE LASSO DEFTLY OVER THE BEAST'S HEAD AS HE RACES BY, AND PULL!
LESSON TWO: NEVER ROPE THE WILD HORSE FROM A STANDING POSITION
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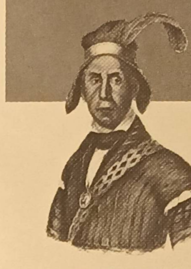
1-6
T.R.Ryan

Biographical sketch prepared under auspices
of Department of War at Washington in 1854

AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY


YAHA HAJO

ON THE 29th of March, 1836, as the main body of the American troops in Florida was about to encamp on the banks of the Ocklewahah, two fires were discovered, newly lighted, on the opposite side of one of those lakes which abound in this country. Supposing them to be signal fires, lighted by the Indians to communicate intelligence from one party to another, Colonel Butler's command was detached in search of the enemy. The troops had proceeded three or four miles, when four Indians were discovered and pursued by the advance guard. General Joseph Shelton, of South Carolina, a gallant gentleman who accompanied the army as one of a band of volunteers from that patriotic state, dashed forward and charged upon one of the Indians, who, finding he could not elude the attack, halted and faced his opponent.

When but a few steps apart, both parties leveled their guns at each other; the General fired first, wounded his adversary in the neck, and, dropping the gun, drew a pistol. Advancing on the Indian, he placed the pistol at his breast and drew the trigger, but the weapon missed fire. The Indian brought his rifle to his shoulder and shot the General in the hip; at the same moment the brave savage received a fatal wound from another hand, fell on his knees, attempted to load his rifle in that position, and died, resisting to the last gasp with the obstinacy which always marks the death of the Indian warrior.

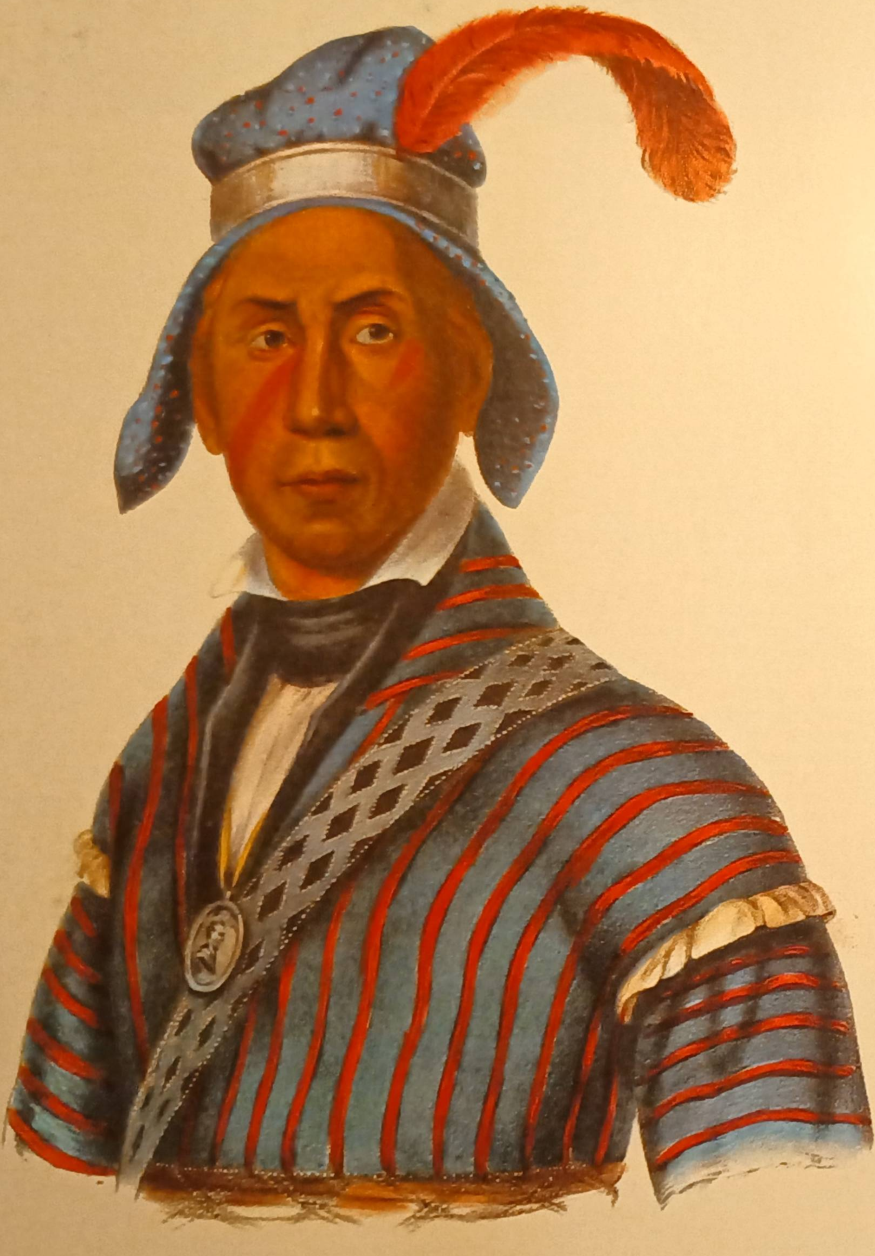
Near the scene of this encounter were several lodges forming a temporary hamlet whose inmates had been hastily scattered by the approach of the troops. Here, among the few articles abandoned by the inhabitants in their flight, were found forty or fifty human scalps, the sad memorials of the vindictiveness of warfare. They were attached to small pine sticks in the form of flags, to be used at the dances and feasts of the warriors when these trophies are exultingly displayed. The locks of hair attached to some of them were long and fine and were evidently those of women, perhaps of young and beautiful women who had fallen under the edge of the tomahawk; some were the scalps of children and gray-haired men; but all were preserved with equal care, as if the warrior regarded with the same pride the slaughter of the helpless and the defeat of an able adversary.

The warrior who was slain in the manner just described, was Yaha Hajo, or the Mad Wolf, a Creek chief, who visited Washington City in 1826 as one of the delegates from that nation but afterwards emigrated to Florida, where he held the same rank. His name is not expressive of his character, which was comparatively mild and benevolent. He was especially noted as a successful hunter, and was considered one of the best in Florida. For this exercise he seemed admirably fitted by his finely moulded form, which evinced both strength and agility, and exhibited a fine specimen of savage beauty. He was erect and slender. His chest was broad and high, his limbs round and elegantly turned, and his muscles were greatly developed by constant exercise. The hands of the Indians, never being employed in labor, are usually small, bearing that evidence of gentility which Sir Walter Scott lays down as an indubitable sign of aristocratic birth. Those of Yaha Hajo were remarkably small and delicately formed, while his feet had the hollow sole and high instep common to his race, and might have served as models for the sculptor, except that they were too small for just proportion. His nose was Roman, and all his features fine and prominent.

The Mad Wolf was the second principal war-chief of the Seminoles, and was one of the deputation of seven chiefs appointed to examine the country west of the Mississippi, assigned to the Florida Indians by the treaty of Payne's Landing, and who reported favorably; and also one of the sixteen who signed the treaty at Fort Gibson, ratifying that of Payne's Landing. But although thus far committed on the subject, and favorably disposed towards emigration, he later united with the majority of the people in their opposition to it and became an active leader in the war. The truth is that the measures adopted to bring about this result were neither conciliatory nor efficient; the wishes and interests of the Indians, in several particulars, were not consulted as they should have been, nor were the means for effecting the removal forcibly either adequate or promptly applied.

We find in Mr. Cohen's book a report of a phrenological examination of the head of this chief, which we shall copy because it will be interesting to those who have confidence in phrenology, not because we have any faith in it ourselves.

"Exceedingly circumspect in all his actions, he must have been remarkable for persevering in every undertaking on which he had determined, how cruel soever the means. His cunning and courage ably fitted him for the station he is supposed to have held among his countrymen; acquisitiveness, although very large, would not, from its relative size, have formed a prominent feature in his character. His eloquence must have been of the persuasive kind, and his images not wanting in boldness—his attachments must have been firm. The recollection of events and places is strongly marked on his skull, but the reflective organs are small. Grave in his demeanor, moderate mirthfulness, [he had a] large love of approbation."



YAHA-HAJO,

A SEMINOLE WAR CHIEF.